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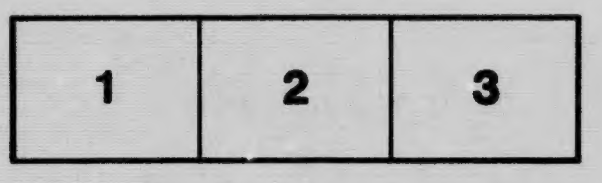

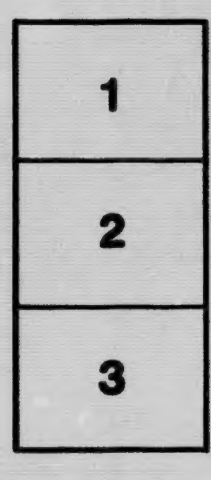

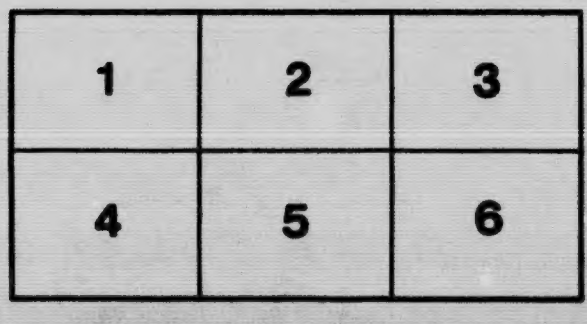

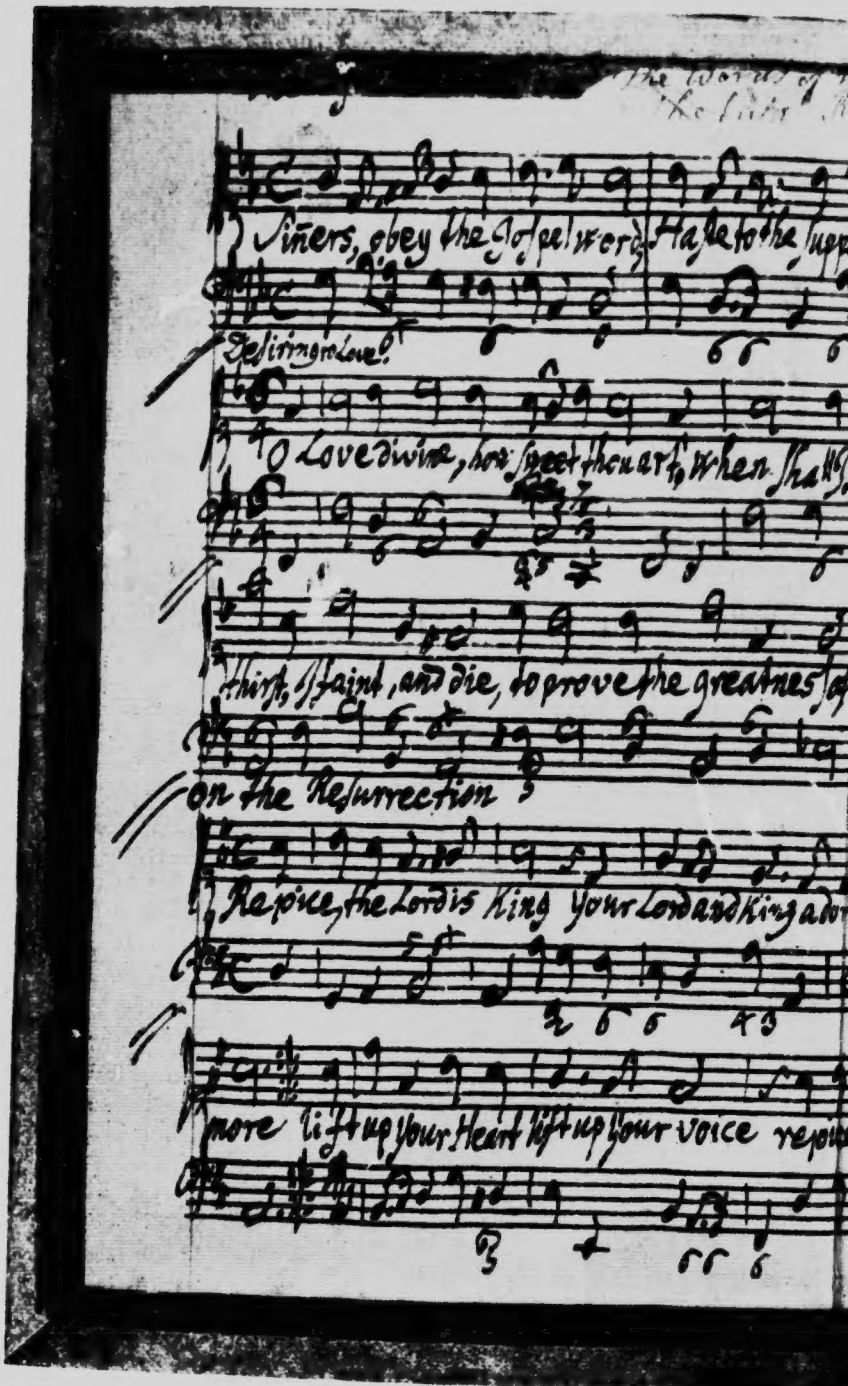

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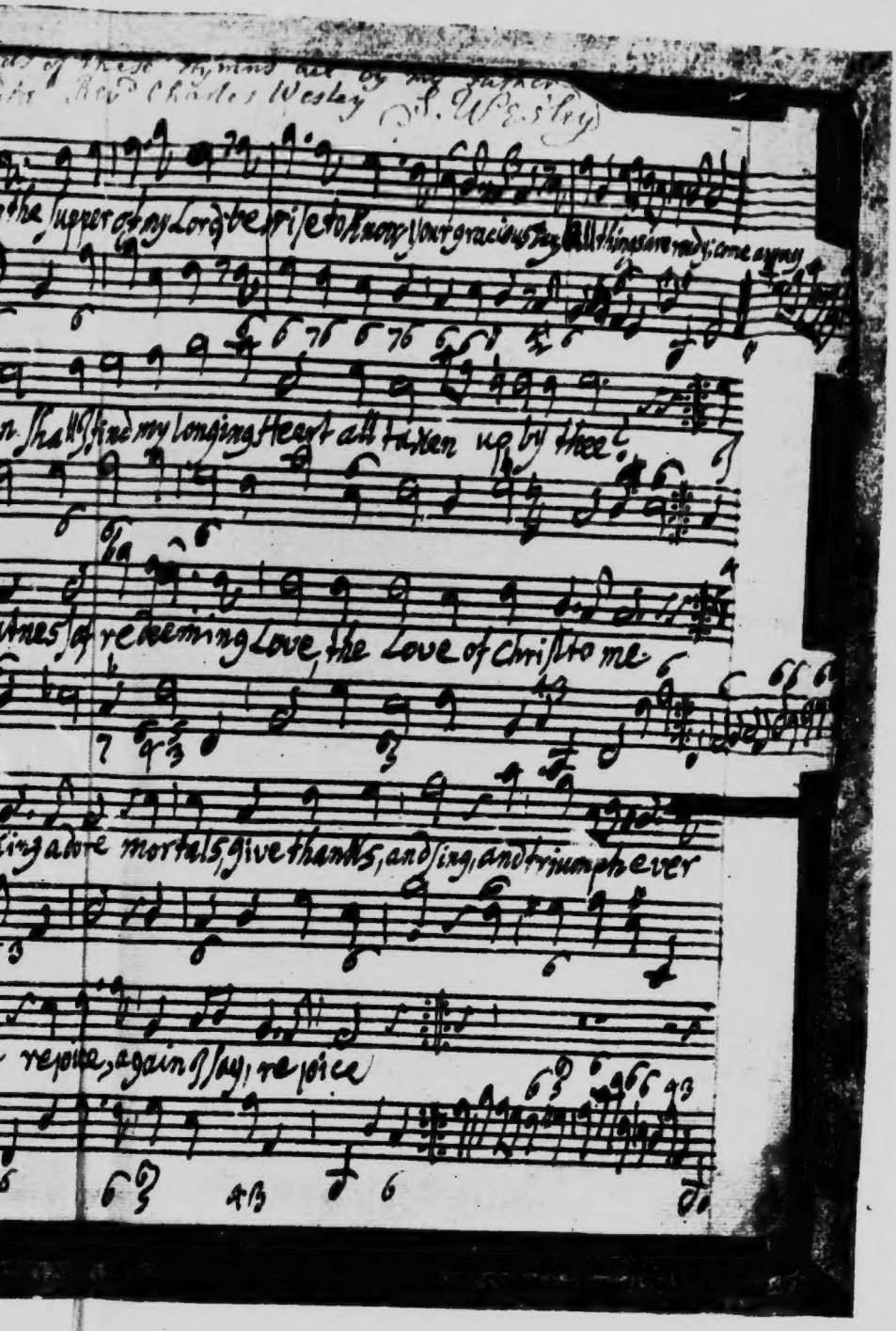

IN THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE

BEING THE HYMN BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA

ANNOTATED EDITION

THE NOTES WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

JAMES EDMUND JONES, B.A. (Tor.)

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
TORONTO: 25-27 RICHMOND STREET WEST
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PREFACE

THE mass of details involved in the compilation of a Church hymnal is enormous.

Canon Julian, it is true, by his monumental work —*A Dictionary of Hymnology*—has greatly facilitated the researches of compilers, but that work, large as it is, could not possibly mention in detail the numberless various readings and the selections made by different editors.

It was the original intention of the compiler to mark in this Annotated Edition most of the best known variations of the hymns contained in the Book of Common Praise, and thus secure a record of a very important part of the labours of the late Compilation Committee of the General Synod of Canada (of which he was for three years the Secretary and Convener), but the plan was found impracticable for lack of space, and therefore only what seem to be the most interesting and important of the various readings have here been retained.

Two comprehensive and complete interleaved copies, however, have been prepared, one of which is deposited in the library of the Church House, London, England, and the other in the private library of the compiler, where they may be consulted by any hymnal editor or student of hymnology.

The primary object of this Annotated Edition is to make it easy for the ordinary worshipper to familiarize himself with the history of the hymns contained in

our Hymn Book, and also with many interesting and instructive details concerning the text.

It will be observed that the notes are not presented in the usual form of a general review of hymnology, but are set directly under each hymn as it comes, the whole being contained in a single volume of moderate size, portable and convenient. So far as the compiler is aware, no Church hymn book has hitherto been annotated and set forth in this fashion.

Frequent reference is made to many of the hymnological works consulted by the compiler, a partial list of which is hereto appended.

To the Rev. James Mearns, M. A., Sub-Editor of Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, an acknowledged authority among scholars in this particular field, the compiler of these notes is greatly indebted, not only for a minute revision of the proofs, but also for a general oversight as to the accuracy of the work, and for many valuable suggestions.

Mr. Geo. S. Holmested, K.C., and Rev. F. G. Plummer, of Toronto, and Mr. W. J. Walker, of New Westminster, B.C., have also contributed valuable suggestions, and have rendered great help in a close reading of the proofs. The Rev. G. F. Davidson, M. A., rector of Guelph, Ont., has done excellent work by enriching, elaborating and completing the fuller Index of Subjects appearing in this edition.

But chiefly is the compiler indebted to his father, the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., founder and Rector (1871) and Rector Emeritus (1902) of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, for his scholarly criticism and untiring collaboration during the four years that this book has been in the making.

The compiler desires to express his gratitude to the

General Synod of Canada, for their permission to bring out, upon his own personal responsibility, an Annotated Edition of the Book of Common Praise. He has been much encouraged by the cheering and appreciative words written to him in this connexion by so many hundreds of subscribers, bishops, clergy and laity, from all parts of the Dominion.

Hymns are the common and priceless heritage of all the Churches. It is interesting to observe that out of the 795 hymns in the Book of Common Praise 467 are found in Hymns Ancient and Modern; 441 in Church Hymns (1903); 405 in Hymnal Companion (3rd edition, 1890); 382 in the American Hymnal; 380 in the Scotch Presbyterian; 369 in the Irish Hymnal; 364 in the American Presbyterian; 363 in the Hymnal Companion (2nd edition, 1877); 344 in the Canadian Presbyterian; 329 in the Baptist; 278 in the English Methodist Hymnal.

Of the 251 hymns common to the latest editions of Hymns Ancient and Modern, Hymnal Companion, and Church Hymns, all but seven are in the Book of Common Praise.

Never are Christians of various names brought so nearly heart to heart as when they are gathered by faith and in rapt devotion around the footstool of their ascended Lord, Who, though unseen, is always near, to hear our humblest cry for light and leading. To WHOM BE THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

J. E. J.

32 PRINCE ARTHUR AVENUE, TORONTO.

July, 1909.

ABBREVIATIONS

A. & M. = *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, Complete Edition, 1889. Wm. Clowes & Son, London.

A. & M. '04 = *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1904 Edition.

additl. = additional.

altd. = altered.

Am. = *The Hymnal* of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, 1898.

Am. Meth. = *The Methodist Hymnal*. Eaton & Mains, New York, 1905.

arr. = arranged.

b. = born.

B. C. P. = *The Book of Common Praise*, 1909.

Bapt. = *The Baptist Church Hymnal* (English and Canadian), 1900. Psalms and Hymns Trust, London.

Bk. of Pr. = Lord Selborne's (Sir Roundell Palmer) *Book of Praise*, 1866.

Bp. = bishop.

Can. Pr. = The Canadian *Presbyterian Book of Praise*, 1897. Oxford University Press, London and Toronto.

Carey Brock = Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's Hymn Book*, 1881. Rivingtons, London.

cent. = century.

2 C. H. = *Church Hymns* (S. P. C. K.), 1871.

3 C. H. = *Church Hymns*, 1903.

Ch. of E. H. = *The Church of England Hymnal* (Bell and Fox), 1894. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

Cong. = *The Congregational Church Hymnal*, 1887.

d. = died.

dox. = doxology.

E. H., and Eng. H. = *The English Hymnal*, 1906. Oxford University Press.

Eng. Meth. = *The Methodist Hymn Book*, 1904. Wesleyan Conference, London.

follg. = following.

H. B. = Hymn Book.

2 H. C. = Bishop Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion*, 1877.

3 H. C. = Bishop Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion*, 1891.

hyls. = hymnals.

Ir. = *The Church Hymnal* of the Irish (Anglican) Church, 1874 and 1891.

MS. = manuscript.

orig. = original.

Ps. = Psalms.

rev. = revised.

S. P. C. K. = Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

Sc. = *The Church Hymnary* (Scotch), 1898. Henry Frowde, London.

sing. = singular.

st. = stanza.

tr., transln. = translation.

v. = verse.

SOME OF THE AUTHORITIES CONSULTED

A Dictionary of Hymnology, by John Julian, D.D. Revised Edn. with Supplement. John Murray, London, 1907. 21*s.*

English Hymns, their authors and history, by S. W. Duffield. Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. and London, 1886. $3.00.

Some Hymns and Hymn Writers, by Rev. Wm. B. Bodine. John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, 1907. 15*s.* net.

The Hymn Lover, by W. Garrett Horder. J. Curwen & Sons, London, 1900. 5*s.*

Hymn Tunes and Their Story, by James T. Lightwood. Charles H. Kelly, London, 1905. 5*s.* net.

The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns, by S. W. Duffield. Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y. and London, 1889. $3.00.

Famous Hymns and their authors, by Francis Arthur Jones. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1908. 6*s.*

The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary, by Rev. John Brownlie. Henry Frowde, London, 1899. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Music of the Church Hymnary, by William Cowan and James Love. Henry Frowde, London, 1901. 5*s.*

Hymns that have Helped, by W. T. Stead. 1*d.*

The History and Use of Hymns and Hymn Tunes, by Rev. David R. Breed. Fleming H. Revell Co., London and N. Y., 1903. 5*s.* net.

Romance of the Psalter and Hymnal, by Rev. R. E. Welsh and F. G. Edwards. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1889. (Out of print, but to be found in many libraries.)

The Story of the Hymns and Tunes, by Theron Brown and H. Butterworth. American Tract Society, N. Y., 1906. $1.75.

Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers, by Rev. Wylie Mahon, St. Andrews on the Sea, New Brunswick, 1908.

My Life and Sacred Songs, by Ira D. Sankey. 2nd Edition, Morgan & Scott, London, 1906. 5*s.*

Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, 1906.

AUTHORIZATION AND INSTRUCTIONS.

The following resolution was passed at the General Synod, 12th Sept., 1905.

Moved by Mr. Jas. Edmund Jones, seconded by Ven. Archdeacon Fortin:

1. That it is in the best interests of the Church of England in Canada that there be only one Hymnal in common use in the public services of the Church.

2. That the General Synod do authorize and direct the compilation and publication of such hymnal, provided that in the contract with the publisher the Synod is not to become responsible for the cost of the publication of the Hymnal.

3. That, the Upper House concurring, a Joint Committee be appointed to consider and deal with this matter, and such Committee shall be charged with the active and executive duties arising out of such compilation and publication, with power to appoint an executive committee to transact the business thereof.

4. That such Joint General Committee do appoint a 'Compilation Committee whose duty it shall be to prepare a draft Hymnal for submission to the members of the Joint Committee.

5. That in the appointment of members of the Compilation Committee, the General Committee be not restricted to the members of this Synod.

6. That the Compilation Committee do submit the draft Hymnal for suggestions and criticism to such diocesan committees as may be authorized to act in this matter.

7. That the copyright in the Hymnal be vested in the General Synod, and that the royalties or profits arising from any agreement that may be made be paid to the Treasurer of this Synod, to be administered as this Synod may hereafter direct, the expenses of the General and Compilation Committees to be a first charge upon such fund, and that in computing the expenses of this Synod there be provided the sum of $500.00, to be advanced from time to time to the Convener of the Committee towards the necessary outlay in connection with the compilation of the Hymnal, the same to be repaid to the General Synod from the royalties received from the sale of the book, or otherwise as may be arranged.

8. That the Compilation Committee shall, as far as possible, secure the advice and co-operation of the members of the General Committee during the prosecution of the work, and shall submit to them the final draft, and the draft as finally settled shall be submitted to the next session of this Synod, a copy of the draft being sent to each member of this Synod at least one month before the meeting of the Synod.

At the first meeting of the General Hymnal Committee, on 14th Sept., 1905, the following series of resolutions were moved by Mr. Jas. Edmund Jones and seconded by Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, and passed:

1. That Mr. Ernest G. Henderson be temporary secretary of the committee and that the permanent secretary be appointed by the Compilation Committee.

2. (*a*) That the Compilation Committee shall consist of eighteen members, six of whom shall be members of the Upper House. (*b*) That committee shall have power to fill any vacancies that may occur from time to time. (*c*) That from the Lower House seven members of the committee shall be appointed by a Nominating Committee, consisting of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, Canon Crawford, the mover and seconder. (*d*) That such seven members, together with the members appointed by the Upper House, shall appoint five others, who may or may not be members of the Synod, to complete the membership of the committee.

3. That the Executive Committee consist of three members, who shall be appointed by the Compilation Committee.

4. That to each member of the Upper House and to every clergyman of the Church of England in Canada in active work a list be sent of the hymns contained in the hymnal in use in his parish, and that he be requested to indicate thereon: (1) The hymns generally used by him; (2) The hymns never, or practically never, used; (3) The hymns considered indispensable; and that a similar list be sent to the president of each branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

5. (*a*) That the Compilation Committee make a special effort to enrich the collection of hymns for Missions, for Children, and for Lent. (*b*) That wherever practicable or advisable, tunes occurring more than once be printed in different keys, with cross references. (*c*) That when a hymn is suitable for general use, and also for special seasons or occasions, it be included, if possible, in 'General Hymns,' with references under the special headings. (*d*) That alternative tunes be provided wherever deemed advisable, especially for hymns with which more than one tune has become associated in Canada. (*e*) That in the Hymnal be included a collection of Ar can chants

suitable for smaller choirs, and that inquiries be made as to the advisability of binding, optionally with the Hymnal, some standard pointed Psalter, and as to the possibility of obtaining a royalty thereon. (*f*) That, if found practicable, the General Hymns be arranged alphabetically, as in 1908 edition of 'Church Hymns.' (*g*) That full indexes of metres and texts and subjects be provided. (*h*) That the name of the Hymnal shall be 'The Book of Common Praise.' After considerable discussion, clause by clause and as a whole.—Carried.

6. Moved by Mr. James Edmund Jones, seconded by the Very Rev. Dean Paget, that in the selection of hymns and tunes the book be as representative as possible of all legitimate schools of thought and taste within the Church.—Carried.

7. Moved by the Rev. W. J. Armitage, seconded by the Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan, that the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ottawa be chairman, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Huron be vice-chairman of the Joint Committee on the Hymnal.—Carried.

8. Moved by Mr. James Edmund Jones, seconded by Mr. E. G. Henderson, that the following be appointed local secretaries to conduct the plebiscite as to hymns now in use in Canada: The Rev. Canon Crawford, Nova Scotia; Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, Fredericton; Mr. R. Campbell, K.C., Quebec and Montreal; Mr. W. B. Carroll, Ottawa and Ontario; Mr. E. G. Henderson, Huron, Niagara and Toronto; Very Rev. Dean Coombes, Rupert's Land, Keewatin and Algoma: Mr. Percy Wollaston, jr., Columbia, Caledonia, New Westminster and Kootenay; Chancellor C. P. P. Conybeare, K.C., the remaining dioceses.

MEMBERS OF GENERAL COMMITTEE.

ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE UPPER HOUSE, AND THE FOLLOWING:—

Very Rev. Dean Crawford,
Ven. Archdeacon W. J. Armitage,
Rev. Dr. F. G. Scott,
Rev. Canon Cody,
Rev. Canon Welch,
Rev. Canon William Clark,
Very Rev. Dean Partridge (ob.),
Rev. A. G. H. Dicker,
Ven. Archdeacon Naylor,
Rev. Canon Dyson Hague,
Very Rev. Dean Smith (ob.),
Ven. Archdeacon Harding,
Rev. Gilbert F. Davidson,
Ven. Archdeacon Forneret,
Ven. Archdeacon Bogert,
Ven. Archdeacon Fortin,
Rev. Canon Stocken,
Very Rev. Dean Paget,
Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath,
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VICE-CHAIRMAN.—The Right Rev. David Williams, Lord Bishop of Huron.

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The Right Rev. Andrew Hunter Dunn, Lord Bishop of Quebec;
The Right Rev. John Philip Du Moulin, Lord Bishop of Niagara;
The Right Rev. George Thornloe, Lord Bishop of Algoma;
The Right Rev. James Carmichael, Lord Bishop of Montreal;
The Right Rev. David Williams, Lord Bishop of Huron;
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W. B. Carroll, Esq., K.C.,
E. G. Henderson, Esq.
CHAIRMAN.—F. E. Hodgins, Esq., K.C.

ON THE COMPILATION OF A CHANT BOOK.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec,
Jas. Edmund Jones, Esq., B.A.,
Rev. F. G. Plummer.

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PREFACE

By way of preface are here subjoined the following reports which were adopted unanimously by both Houses of the General Synod on Saturday, September 26, 1908.

REPORT OF COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

In the Report here presented your Committee set forth the manner in which they have endeavoured to follow out the instructions and directions given them by the Synod itself, and also those given by the large General Hymnal Committee.

But, before entering upon the main subject of this report your Committee desire to review briefly the circumstances under which the Synod was moved to action in the matter of compiling and publishing a hymnal.

Several different hymnals have hitherto been in use in the Church of England in Canada. The inconvenience of this state of things combined with other circumstances to make the compilation of a hymnal under the direction of the General Synod advisable. In 1905 memorials were presented from nearly every Diocesan Synod favouring the appointment of a Committee of Compilation. Before the meeting of the General Synod the widest possible publicity was given to the discussion of the proposal, and so fully and so strongly was the matter laid before the Synod that it was unanimously decided to proceed at once with the work. It was felt by every one that the time had arrived when all parties in the Church could work sympathetically and enthusiastically together in the preparation of a hymnal of which the guiding principle should be 'unity by inclusion and not by exclusion'; and that in such a hymnal all Churchmen might unite upon the broad and catholic lines of the Book of Common Prayer.

At first there were some misgivings as to the magnitude of the financial responsibility involved in the undertaking, but it was made clear in debate that the Synod could enter upon it without assuming financial risk, and might indeed reasonably expect a large return in the form of royalties.

Your Committee were in session from January 1 to 5, April 24 to 27, August 21 to 28, 1906; January 2 to 10, July 23 to August 1, 1907; and February 20 to 26, 1908; the above dates being inclusive.

Throughout the three years much detail and clerical work was also accomplished by sub-committees and by wide correspondence, every point being eventually passed upon by the full Committee.

As expressed by formal resolution of the General Hymnal Committee during the session of Synod in 1905, the Compilation Committee's aim has been 'that in the selection of hymns and tunes the book be as representative as possible of all legitimate schools of thought and taste within the Church.' With this object in view it was directed that 'to each member of the Upper House and to every clergyman of the Church of England in Canada in active work a list be sent of the hymns contained in the hymnal in use in his parish, and he be requested to indicate thereon: (1) the hymns generally used by him; (2) the hymns never, or practically never, used; (3) the hymns considered indispensable; and that a similar list be sent to each branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.'

The Committee have not considered themselves bound in all cases to exclude a hymn in strict accordance with the opinions thus expressed, inasmuch as some hymns, though beautiful, have failed to win general acceptance owing to their being set to unattractive tunes. At the same time the Committee believe that no hymn has been omitted which has hitherto been found of general practical value. Moreover, by providing alternative tunes your Committee trust that they have made it possible for any congregation under ordinary circumstances to sing any hymn in the book.

Not only were the clergy asked to express their opinions, but professional and amateur organists in Canada were, as far as possible, consulted, and invited through the public press and otherwise, to communicate with the Committee. The publisher has spared no expense to enable the Committee by means of four printed drafts, issued from time to time in the past three years, to secure the utmost publicity for every detail of the work. Thousands of suggestions were received and considered, and it is difficult to give any adequate

idea of the amount of detail involved in the labours of the Committee. In making the selection the Committee have carefully examined the hymnals of our own Church and also other collections.

The usual course in the compilation of hymnals is for the Literary Editor or Committee first to prepare and arrange the material, and then to hand it over to a musical editor for the preparation of an edition with tunes. In the compilation of this hymn-book the selection of the words and tunes was made by the same committee. The advantages of this latter course were many: e.g. hymns, especially those written in unusual metres, were passed upon from the point of view not only of their intrinsic merit, but also of the practicability of setting them to suitable music; for it was felt that however great may be the literary merit of a hymn, its value for congregational use depends largely upon the music to which it is set: or where two hymns were proposed of equal merit covering the same ground, or a hymn had been translated into English in different metres, the Committee by considering the music and the words at the same time were thus enabled to choose the hymn set to the better music.

Again, in the matter of order and arrangement a plan has been adopted which, while not in any degree impairing the literary excellence of the book, has permitted the Committee to adhere more closely to the system of grouping hymns of the same metre, in order that, as a rule, at one place more than one tune for the same hymn may be found. Alternative tunes are thus supplied without increasing the bulk of the book, the first tune being on the left-hand page and the second on the right, each over different words. As a result of the use of different hymnals in Canada, some hymns had in various parishes and dioceses become wedded to different tunes. By the adoption of the above system the Committee trust that the difficulty caused by this diversity has been largely overcome.

The General Hymns, Hymns for Children, for Missions, and for Parochial Missions, have been arranged alphabetically as far as the above system would permit. The Index of Subjects and the Index of Texts will facilitate the choice of hymns, as will also the tabulated lists hereinafter referred to.

One of the aims of the Committee has been to make the book thoroughly practical, and to that end they have provided all necessary indexes, references, directions, and explanations. Attention is called to the following details, some new and others adopted from various sources:—

1. The transposition of tunes in many cases to lower keys as more suitable for congregational singing.
2. The setting of a tune in different keys (with cross references) where the tune occurs more than once.
3. The tabulated lists of hymns suitable for Sundays and Holy Days.
4. The tabulated lists of hymns suitable for use as easy anthems by small choirs.
5. The placing among 'General Hymns' of hymns of a special character, suitable also for general use, with a reference under the special season.
6. The numbering of stanzas.
7. Asterisks indicating what stanzas may be omitted on occasion, if it is found advisable to shorten a hymn.
8. Where the first line of a hymn varies in different hymnals, the insertion of both forms in the index: e.g. 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' 'All praise to Thee, my God, this night.'
9. The indication of dates in the case of Saints' Days, &c.
10. Where hymns are paraphrases of Psalms, or of other passages from Holy Scripture, the clear indication of this fact.
11. The inclusion of a number of standard carols; of 'The Story of the Cross,' and of the 'Story of the Advent of Jesus.'
12. The inclusion of some hymns which have only of late acquired a popularity which promises to be lasting: e.g. hymns from Stainer's 'Crucifixion.'
13. The ample selection of hymns for special occasions.
14. The fuller provision made for processionals and also for short closing hymns, sometimes known as 'vesper hymns.'
15. The printing at the foot of hymns of the names of authors and translators, with dates of publication.
16. The full provision of hymns for Lent, for Children, and for Missionary Services.
17. The provision of hymns for older boys and girls.
18. The full supplementary lists given under special seasons and occasions.
19. The printing in many cases and the suggestion in other cases of additional tunes.

20. The absence of 'tunes specially composed by request for this work.'
21. The enforcement of a rule that all original matter should be submitted anonymously to the Committee.
22. The Index of Metres, containing full directions for using the same.
23. The convenient grouping of metres in the Index according to the number of lines in a stanza.
24. The alphabetical list of tunes, which gives alternative names where a tune is known by more than one name.
25. The names of owners of copyrights, given not in the preface but more conveniently in the alphabetical index, which serves to show our indebtedness to owners of copyrights who have permitted the use of tunes.
26. In the Musical Edition the insertion of the date of first publication of the tune.

In the choice of tunes, as in the selection of words, the first duty and the final responsibility rests upon the Compilation Committee. But in order to secure musical accuracy, Sir George C. Martin, the eminent organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, has been consulted in every detail. The name of Sir George C. Martin is sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness of the revision.

The most arduous labours of the Committee were in connexion with the text of the hymns. Wherever common use has endeared a particular reading to the Church, the Committee have not deemed it expedient to revert to the original form: e.g. 'Hark, how all the welkin rings,' the original of 'Hark, the herald angels sing.' The following variations from the original will serve further to illustrate the difficulty of retaining in all cases the original reading:—

No. 587, *Ye Servants of God*, v. 3, ll. 5, 6, 'The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim' (orig. 'Our Jesus's praises'); No. 416, *Jerusalem the Golden*, v. 2, l. 2, 'All jubilant with song' (orig. 'Conjubilant'); No. 606, *Rock of Ages*, v. 4, l. 2, 'When mine eyelids close in death' (orig. 'When my eyestrings break in death'); No. 443, *Crown Him with many crowns*, v. 3, l. 3, 'Those wounds yet visible above' (orig. 'Rich wounds'); No. 419, v. 3, *Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove*:—

'Dear Lord, and shall we always be
In this poor dying state?'

Orig.

'Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?'

The Committee enjoyed the great advantage of assistance and advice from the Rev. James Mearns, the learned sub-editor of Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology,' who has compared each hymn with the original and verified all dates and references, so as to secure the utmost accuracy in detail.

In many hymns the writers themselves have in later editions made improvements which they desired to see adopted, but which have not yet found their way into some hymnals. For example, in 'Come, ye thankful people, come,' No. 346; 'The radiant morn hath passed away,' No. 33; 'The day Thou gavest,' No. 27, the later texts have been adopted.

If any verse or expression is found which does not happen to be familiar to some individual reader, he is asked to remember that the Committee did not decide any textual question without the most careful and grave consideration, and only after having consulted the many authorities and sources of information open to them. In many cases readings which seem to be new are, in fact, the original form.

The hymns under 'Parochial Missions' were specially called for at the session in September, 1905, of the General Hymnal Committee, at which the Upper House was present. It was felt that in railroad construction camps, in lumber camps, and in similar surroundings, where the mission work of the Church is being carried on, and will be for many years, these hymns would be found useful and necessary. They are grouped together at the end of the book. They may not be found necessary in every parish, or under all circumstances, and the same may be said of some other types of hymns, but in the manifold activities of the Church, experience has proved their value.

As the hymnal has been compiled on an inclusive basis, it has necessarily resulted in a somewhat larger collection of hymns than hymnals commonly in use in the Church.

For the convenience of the Synod and in order to enable the Committee to make a more complete and satisfactory report, the publisher whom the Committee secured has incurred the considerable expense of printing and binding the edition herewith presented. Immediately upon receiving instructions from the Synod he will proceed to produce the book in editions both with and without

tunes, and also bound up with the Book of Common Prayer. The book will then be obtainable in more than one hundred different sizes and styles of printing and of binding as provided by the contract.

In the meantime he has, in accordance with the terms of his contract, met all the cost of compilation, including the travelling and other expenses of the Committee. These expenses are in no way a charge upon the royalties to be received by the Synod.

The Committee wish to acknowledge in the most grateful terms the invaluable assistance rendered to them in the course of their work by many who were not formally associated with them and whose names are too numerous to mention, but to whose suggestions it is largely due that the book is less imperfect than it would otherwise have been.

In bringing their labours to a close the Committee desire to express their profound sense of thankfulness to Almighty God both for the guidance of the Holy Ghost, which they believe has been granted to them throughout their deliberations, and also for the spirit of brotherly kindness and Christian tolerance manifested by men of widely differing views, who without any sacrifice of principle have honestly striven to appreciate each other's convictions and to work for the good of the Church as a whole. The undertaking has been carried on in that spirit of broad and deep charity in which it was originally conceived; and the frank discussion of the many questions which came before the Committee has emphasized not our differences but the underlying heart union which binds together all the members of our Mother Church. We pray that Almighty God will bless this book to His glory and to the everlasting good of human souls.

Submitted on behalf of the Committee.

CHARLES OTTAWA,
CHAIRMAN, *Hymnal Committee.*

DAVID HURON,
VICE-CHAIRMAN, *Hymnal Committee.*

JAMES EDMUND JONES,
CONVENER AND SECRETARY, *Compilation Committee.*

REPORT OF JOINT GENERAL HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

This Joint General Hymnal Committee, to the members of which the Compilation Committee have submitted, from time to time, the various drafts of the Hymnal, do commend the final draft thereof to the General Synod, and report in favour of permitting the use thereof in the public services of the Church, it being understood that nothing in the Hymnal contained shall be construed as an authoritative pronouncement upon any doctrinal question, or interpreted as impugning or varying any of the articles or standards of the Church, as set forth in the solemn declaration prefixed to the Constitution of this Synod; and that, with the permission of the Synod, a copy of this resolution be printed in or after the preface to the Hymnal.

CHARLES OTTAWA,
CHAIRMAN.

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS

The following hymns are suggested for Sundays and Holy Days: if this list be adhered to it will help to introduce new hymns and prevent too frequent repetition. For Holy Communion, see Nos. 313–328.

First Sunday in Advent, 617, 646, 67, 536, 784, 66, 56, 605, 64, 18.
Second Sunday in Advent, 62, 540, 533, 396, 54, 65, 647, 404, 60, 20.
Third Sunday in Advent, 63, 58, 632, 418, 670, 285, 287, 481, 396, 660.
Fourth Sunday in Advent, 53, 534, 807, 638, 286, 784, 537, 62, 70, 166.
First Sunday after Christmas, 668, 514, 75, 780, 725, 712, 657, 290, 444, 466.
First Sunday after Epiphany, 95, 463, 517, 309, 94, 417, 423, 501, 532, 531.
Second Sunday after Epiphany, 376, 510, 99, 93, 478, 501, 533, 536, 427, 37.
Third Sunday after Epiphany, 492, 490, 630, 584, 501, 502, 101, 529, 511, 21.
Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, 93, 497, 624, 402, 530, 289, 579, 542, 450, 34.
Fifth Sunday after Epiphany, 92, 543, 12, 424, 293, 462, 105, 429, 562, 710.
Sixth Sunday after Epiphany, 100, 485, 287, 679, 510, 514, 6[illegible] 547, 507, 484.
Septuagesima, 50, 44[illegible] 696, 108, 412, 611, 629, 469, 637, 51.
Sexagesima, 104, 491, 642, 575, 522, 516, 551, 451, 543, 22.
Quinquagesima, 534, 470, 576, 496, 483, 696, 105, 564, 471, 22.
First Sunday in Lent, 110, 121, 113, 590, 244, 564, 613, 540, 607, 106.
Second Sunday in Lent, 491, 116, 123, 490, 109, 506, 574, 610, 554, 559.
Third Sunday in Lent, 114, 567, 468, 697, 563, 450, 580, 496, 421, 117.
Fourth Sunday in Lent, 395, 415, 403, 118, 498, 782, 500, 404, 112, 497.
Fifth Sunday in Lent, 130, 138, 120, 640, 633, 181, 623, 476, 788.
Sixth Sunday in Lent, 132, 136, 601, 137, 133, 406, 142, 141, 143, 496.
Easter, 157, 520, 170, 163, 160, 166, 178, 166, 160, 29.
First Sunday after Easter, 162 (2), 159, 196, 161, 165, 163, 174, 41, 167, 43.
Second Sunday after Easter, 44, 342, 688, 707, 634, 598, 759, 775, 592, 572.
Third Sunday after Easter, 168, 47, 45, 455, 172, 683, 536, 682, 615, 484.
Fourth Sunday after Easter, 171, 635, 577, 440, 344, 394, 190, 594, 19.
Fifth Sunday after Easter, 43, 175, 42, 595, 618, 177, 576, 606, 411, 36.
Sunday after Ascension, 178, 179, 184, 186, 183, 180, 185, 182, 181, 627.
Whitsunday, 187, 435, 441, 191, 470, 189, 188, 538, 594, 604.
Trinity Sunday, 1, 493, 410, 635, 456, 192, 480, 648, 196, 631.
First Sunday after Trinity, 2, 223, 215, 679, 283, 655, 642, 764, 603, 30.
Second Sunday after Trinity, 3, 482, 483, 534, 406, 544, 479, 504, 762, 24.
Third Sunday after Trinity, 612, 482, 202, 418, 378, 597, 306, 783, 615, 25.
Fourth Sunday after Trinity, 4, 596, 201, 636, 382, 376, 591, 494, 506, 33.
Fifth Sunday after Trinity, 643, 599, 384, 590, 578, 379, 303, 600, 606, 495.
Sixth Sunday after Trinity, 602, 513, 478, 467, 636, 473, 510, 448, 76, 300.
Seventh Sunday after Trinity, 6, 460, 626, 652, 511, 447, 445, 414, 476, 32.
Eighth Sunday after Trinity, 7, 260, 620, 654, 468, 619, 407, 782, 140, 38.
Ninth Sunday after Trinity, 8, 518, 476, 606, 601, 469, 396, 219, 630, 35.
Tenth Sunday after Trinity, 9, 668, 540, 548, 563, 431, 571, 513, 760.
Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, 666, 107, 701, 404, 44, 521, 263, 477, 303, 31.
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, 14, 466, 445, 696, 703, 386, 490, 634, 622, 27.
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, 16, 49, 452, 417, 566, 482, 488, 396, 420, 711.
Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, 10, 565, 429, 535, 624, 626, 553, 368, 651, 22.
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, 5, 579, 718, 464, 505, 380, 641, 667, 638, 24.
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, 523, 307, 787, 225, 397, 388, 508, 765, 420, 52.
Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, 1, 456, 408, 650, 660, 474, 480, 547.
Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, 290, 509, 700, 402, 312, 226, 588, 465, 589, 537.
Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, 11, 256, 436, 119, 391, 767, 498, 497, 508, 531.
Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, 664, 10, 630, 656, 616, 614, 659, 328, 220, 39.
Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, 543, 617, 526, 419, 362, 400, 495, 517, 393, 662.
Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, 14, 463, 111, 296, 384, 458, 129, 768, 430, 669.
Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, 97, 566, 534, 501, 532, 457, 713, 459, 567, 562.
Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, 661, 445, 677, 628, 569, 300, 539, 523, 24.
Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, 43, 291, 634, 109, 322, 587, 605, 779, 622, 31.

For Saints' Days and Holy Days reference may be made to the Table of Contents and to supplementary lists at the end of the several sections.

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS

The following hymns are suggested as Solos or Anthems for small choirs. If such hymns are repeated on the following Sunday, the congregation will thus easily learn many new tunes.

1st Sunday in Advent, 68, 636.
2nd Sunday in Advent, 69, 496.
3rd Sunday in Advent, 68, 461.
4th Sunday in Advent, 56, 527.
1st Sunday after Christmas, 76, 81.
1st Sunday after Epiphany, 88, 90.
2nd S. after Epiphany, 296, 321.
3rd S. after Epiphany, 417, 332.
4th S. after Epiphany, 302, 319.
5th S. after Epiphany, 306, 311.
6th S. after Epiphany, 312, 292.
Septuagesima, 629, 448.
Sexagesima, 351, 516.
Quinquagesima, 335, 38.
1st Sunday in Lent, 106, 144.
2nd Sunday in Lent, 112, 127.
3rd Sunday in Lent, 116, 146.
4th Sunday in Lent, 126, 141.
5th Sunday in Lent, 149, 407, 150.
6th Sunday in Lent, 136, 139.
Easter, 166, 42, 751.
1st Sunday after Easter, 170, 43.
2nd Sunday after Easter, 171, 94.
3rd Sunday after Easter, 174, 30.
4th Sunday after Easter, 165, 25.
5th Sunday after Easter, 14, 639.
S. after Asc. Day, 180, 579, 186, 181.
Whitsunday, 425, 193.
Trinity, 32, 198.
1st Sunday after Trinity, 637, 33.
2nd Sunday after Trinity, 573, 636.
3rd Sunday after Trinity, 563, 634.
4th Sunday after Trinity, 474, 563.
5th Sunday after Trinity, 410, 477.
6th Sunday after Trinity, 456, 459.
7th Sunday after Trinity, 142, 393.
8th Sunday after Trinity, 445, 557.
9th Sunday after Trinity, 385, 391.
10th Sunday after Trinity, 352, 375.
11th Sunday after Trinity, 398, 605.
12th Sunday after Trinity, 400, 609.
13th Sunday after Trinity, 402, 620.
14th Sunday after Trinity, 699, 569.
15th Sunday after Trinity, 488, 752.
16th Sunday after Trinity, 461, 634.
17th Sunday after Trinity, 347, 698.
18th Sunday after Trinity, 349, 678.
19th Sunday after Trinity, 475, 676.
20th Sunday after Trinity, 496, 671.
21st Sunday after Trinity, 501, 507.
22nd Sunday after Trinity, 350, 503.
23rd S. after Trinity, 352, 551, 87.
24th S. after Trinity, 493, 672, 716.
25th S. after Trinity, 531, 693, 48.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy Sea.
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore art to be!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in Power, in Love, and Purity!

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in Earth, Sky and Sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

FROM BISHOP HEBER'S AUTOGRAPH

British Museum, Add. MSS. 25,704

BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE
ANNOTATED EDITION

1

11.12.12.10.

'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' Rev. iv. 8.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
GOD in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
GOD in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY! Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

Bishop Reginald Heber, who was the second missionary Bishop of Calcutta, occupies a unique place in hymnody, in that every published hymn of his still continues to be used. His hymns found in this collection, including *Brightest and best* (417); *The Son of God goes forth* (636); *Bread of the world* (236); *From Greenland's icymountains* (297); *By cool Siloam's shady rill* (418); *Lord of mercy and of might* (471), and Nos. 1, 24, and 65, have been compared with his original MS., consisting of two volumes of ordinary twopenny exercise books, on the backs of which are scribbled problems of Euclid. These originals were presented to the British Museum by the family of Dean Milman, who himself contributed some hymns to a collection of Heber's published by his widow in 1827, one year after his death. Other hymns of Heber, not in this hymnal, are, *Hosanna to*

the living Lord (A. & M. 241), *Thou art gone to the grave* (3 H. C. 539, 3 C. H. 287). 3 C. H. has twenty-seven hymns from his pen.

In our own collection this hymn has been placed first and by itself, as one of the noblest utterances of praise to Almighty God, thus forming a sublime ascription and a fitting introduction to a Book of Common Praise.

On the evening of September 26, 1908, after a long and memorable discussion, this hymnal was, under thrilling circumstances, unanimously adopted by bishops, clergy, and laity in synod assembled, and this hymn was sung by the General Synod of Canada and a crowded audience, as an act of praise to God, amidst a scene of intense enthusiasm.

Very few editors have ventured to tamper with the text. St. i. 2 has been variously altered, in order, seemingly, to make the hymn suit any hour of the day: '*Gratefully adoring*, our song,' '*Morning and evening*, our song,' '*Holy, Holy, Holy*, our song,' '*Morning, noon and night*, our song.' St. ii. 4, Cong. has '*Who wast* and art'. See notes on No. 297.

TUNE. *Nicaea.* Takes its name from a town in Asia Minor, where the first General Council of the Church, called by the Emperor Constantine (A. D. 325), formulated a large part of what is now known as the Nicene Creed.

The metre of this tune is very unusual, few if any hymns being found that adopt it.

The great Samuel Sebastian Wesley wrote a magnificent tune (Can. Pr. 1), but Dykes's tune prevails. The B. C. P. contains forty-nine tunes by Dykes, who has written some of the best-loved tunes, including those usually sung to *Ten thousand times ten thousand*; *Come unto Me, ye weary*; *The King of love my Shepherd is*; *Jesu, lover of my soul*; *Lead, kindly Light*; *Eternal Father, strong to save*; *Our blest Redeemer*; *I heard the voice of Jesus say*, &c., &c. See Index of Composers.

MORNING

2

PART 1. L.M.

'I myself will awake right early.' Ps. cviii. 2.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 By influence of the light divine
Let thine own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

5 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King. Amen.

3

PART 2. L.M.

'I myself will awake right early.' Ps. cviii. 2.

1 GLORY to Thee Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2 LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

BISHOP T. KEN, 1692.

Bishop Thomas Ken, of Bath and Wells, was one of the seven bishops who refused to read the *Declaration of Indulgence* and were imprisoned in the Tower of London by James II.

When a boy at Winchester School he carved his name on a stone pillar, as may still be seen, thinking no doubt to leave thereby a permanent record of himself. But his later ambition appears in his lines:

> And should the well-meant songs I leave behind
> With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
> 'Twill heighten e'en the joys of Heaven to know
> That in my verse the saints hymn God below.

Ken's Doxology, *Praise God from Whom all blessings flow*, is sung by more Christians the world over than any other English verse in existence.

He was fearless in rebuking immorality in high places, and refused the use of his house to Nell Gwynne when Charles II went to Winchester. Shortly after that the King

appointed him bishop, and is reported to have said, 'I must go and hear little Ken tell me my faults.' For an interesting account of Ken's life, including his attitude towards Judge Jeffreys and his victims after the Bloody Assize, and of his ministrations to the King and to Monmouth on their death-beds, see his biography by Dean Plumptre.

Ken's versions of 1695 and 1709 differ considerably. Hardly any hymnal has adopted either in its entirety. The full text of each is given in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*. By way of illustration, st. ii is here appended:

1695

Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
T' improve thy talent take due care,
'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare.

1709

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem,
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

The original has fourteen verses. 3 H.C. 2 has st. vi the reply to st. v:

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

Ken's later edition has 'All praise to Thee' in line 1 of Part 2.

According to his wish he was buried at Frome, 'under the east window of the chancel, just at sun-rising.' There, in the solemn scene and as the dawn broke, his friends buried him, singing 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun'.

TUNES. *Morning Hymn* and *Tallis's Canon*. *Tallis's Canon*, by Thomas Tallis, the 'father of English Cathedral music', first appeared in Parker's *Psalter*, circ. 1561, as one of the first set of hymn tunes in which the music is written in four parts.

'The essence of a canon is that the music sung by one part shall after a short rest be sung by another part note for note.' In this canon the tenor follows four notes behind the air, and finishes the air as the first four notes of the tune are sung in the second verse.

4

L.M.

'His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.'
Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
GOD will provide for sacrifice.

*4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer GOD.

6 Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1822.

The Rev. John Keble was the author of *The Christian Year*, published in 1827, of which 300,000 copies were sold before the copyright expired. From the profits Keble rebuilt Hursley church. There are sixteen verses in *The Christian Year*, including st. v, as in Can. Pr., Sc., Eng. Meth., Bapt., and Cong., the last word of which, 'new,' beautifully introduces the next (the sixth) verse, 'New every morning.'

5 O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

St. iv of above is in 3 C. H., 2 & 3 H. C., Am., and Sc. Sc. also contains st. xiii (which precedes and completes the thought in st. v above) and st. xv:

13 We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

15 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

St. vi above follows st. xv in the original, and the thought

is thus continued. In st. v. 2 'would' has been changed to 'will' in every hymnal.

By his famous Assize Sermon on 'National Apostasy' Keble gave the first start in 1833 to the Oxford Movement or Tractarian Controversy. It has been said, 'that only fifty clergymen out of twenty thousand left the Church of their fathers was largely owing to the sanctified good sense and the dauntless faith of Keble.' For an interesting account of his life see Bodine's *Some Hymns and Hymn Writers*. Nearly one hundred hymns by Keble are still in use. Keble College, Oxford, was founded to his memory in 1870.

TUNE. *Melcombe*, by S. Webbe (in the *Essay on the Church Plainsong*, 1782), six of whose tunes are in B. C. P., including *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (*Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come*). Webbe wrote many anthems, glees, and masses still in use.

5

L.M.

'Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.'
Ps. v. 3.

1 NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
Lift we our hearts to GOD on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 May He restrain our tongues, lest strife
Break forth to mar the peace of life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
The pride of sinful flesh subdued
By temperate use of daily food.

4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our GOD.

5 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore,
One GOD, both now and evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

This ancient Latin hymn of the fifth century has been wrongly attributed to St. Ambrose. It was the daily office hymn at Prime ('The First Hour,' 7 a.m.) in almost every breviary. The Latin original is interesting, especially as a different form by Charles Coffin appeared in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, and was translated into common metre verse by Cardinal Newman. See No. 10.

Iam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet,
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat;

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia,
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas.

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

St. i. 2, 'Lift we' as in 3 C. H. not 'We lift' as in A. & M. (orig. 'precemur,' not 'precamur').

St. ii. 2, 3, as in 3 C. H.; A. & M. has 'from strife, And shield from anger's din our life'.

St. iii in A. & M. is:

> From thoughts of folly kept secure,
> And pride of sinful flesh subdued
> Through sparing use of daily food.

St. iii in 3 C. H. is:

> Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
> The pride of fleshly sense subdued
> By temperate use of drink and food.

St. iv as in A. & M.; 3 C. H. has:

> So when the daylight leaves the sky,
> And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
> May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
> Sing glory to our Lord again.

For an account of the translator, Rev. J. M. Neale, see No. 34. His version is much altered.

TUNE. *Jam Lucis*, in G, a plainsong melody (to be sung in unison), takes its name from the first two words of the Latin hymn to which it was set in 1582. Heroic efforts have been made in recent years to revive the singing of plainsong melodies, sometimes reproducing the old notation, with its four lines.

But modern congregations do not take kindly to any but those few splendid strains that are destined to immortality in the service of song, such as Veni Creator Spiritus, No. 485, and Pange Lingua, No. 131. Jam Lucis, and Veni, Veni, Emmanuel (*O come, O come, Emmanuel*), are comparatively modern. The homophonic era, in which only the air was sung, lasted till

the 10th cent. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (384), and later Pope Gregory the Great (590), improved unison singing and musical methods. Plainsong is even yet often called 'Gregorian music', and by edict of the present Pope is the authorized mode of music in Roman Catholic services. See Nos. 116 and 60.

6

Six 7's.

'Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of righteousness arise.' Mal. iv. 2.

1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

This hymn is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, by Rev. Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of the Methodist revival, who wrote seven thousand hymns, which fill thirteen volumes in Dr. Osborn's edition. Of these 489 have survived in the *English Methodist Hymnal*; 580 in the *Canadian Methodist*, 22 in *Hymns A. & M.* In the B. C. P. the largest number by one author is 28, being those by Wesley, including *Jesu, lover of my soul* (507); *Hark! the herald angels sing* (78); *Lo, He comes* (56); *Hail the day that sees Him rise* (179); *Love Divine, all loves excelling* (433); *O for a heart to praise my God* (567); *Ye servants of God* (587); *Rejoice, the Lord is King* (605); *Soldiers of Christ arise* (617).

Neither he nor his brother John ever left the Church of England. He declared—'I have lived, and I die, in the communion of the Church of England, and I will be buried in the yard of my parish church' (Marylebone). W. Garrett Horder, in *The Hymn Lover*, says: 'Wesley's hymns are more subjective, and grow more directly out of the personal experience of the writer than do the hymns of Watts, which sprang rather

from the contemplation of the divine facts and doctrines of Scripture.' George Eliot, in *Adam Bede*, introduces this hymn very effectively in a Sunday morning walk by Seth Bede upon the Derbyshire Moors. See notes on No. 507.

TUNES. *Ratisbon*, *Barmouth*, and *Madrid*.

7

Six 7's.

'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.' Ps. cxix. 117.

1 AT Thy feet, O CHRIST, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, SAVIOUR, with Thy Cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, LORD, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
CHRIST our GOD, show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

CANON BRIGHT, 1867.

Canon William Bright (Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford) in the *Monthly Packet*, 1867. He was the author of *And now, O Father, mindful of the love* (238); *Once, only once, and once for all* (251); *And now the wants are told* (399). He con-

sidered that if a man wrote a hymn which could bring comfort and consolation, the author had no more right to withhold it from the public than a publisher has to copyright the Psalms.

TUNES. *Ratisbon*, *Barmouth*, and *Madrid*.

8

L.M.

'I have set God always before me: for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.' Ps. xvi. 9.

1 FORTH in Thy Name, O LORD, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

This hymn appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, by Rev. Charles Wesley (see Nos. 6 and 507). His third verse, omitted in most hymnals, is:

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

The *English Hymnal* is the only modern hymnal that retains the original of st. ii. 4: 'And prove Thine *acceptable* will.' Words of four syllables are usually avoided by hymn writers.

TUNES. *Warrington*, and *Mozart*.

9

L.M.

'When wilt Thou come unto me?' Ps. ci. 2.

1 COME to me, LORD, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

2 Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

3 Come to me in the evening shade,
And, if my heart from Thee hath strayed,
O bring it back, and at Thy side
Securely let me there abide.

4 Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds its balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find her rest,
Like John, upon my SAVIOUR's breast.

5 Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, SAVIOUR, bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art, Thy child may be.
Amen.

H. V. TEBBS, 1855.

Written in 1851, published in 1855 by Henry V. Tebbs, who established the first Sunday School in Chelsea. This hymn has been translated into seventeen languages. St. iii. 3, 4 in orig.:

O bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Bishop Ryle in 1860 changed st. i. 4 to 'Like *fragrant incense* to the skies'.

TUNES. *Warrington*, and *Mozart*. The latter, adapted from the Kyrie in Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, is also arranged to fit hymns of four lines of seven syllables. See No. 621.

10

C.M.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him.' Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O CHRIST, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honour, LORD,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy Word,
And in Thy favour end. Amen.

Tr. (1842) from the Latin by REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

See No. 5. The second verse of Coffin's version, 1736, is:

Nil lingua, nil peccet manus,
Nil mens inane cogitet:
In ore simplex veritas,
In corde regnet caritas.

The translation is by Rev. John Henry Newman, who left the Church of England in 1845, and became Cardinal in 1879. Wrote *Apologia pro Vita Sua* in defence of his course. See No. 581.
TUNES. *Meditation*, and *St. Marguerite*.

11

L.M.

'I am the Light of the world.' St. John viii. 12.

1 O JESU, LORD of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the FATHER'S face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
True Day dispersing shades of night;

2 Come, Very Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And shed the HOLY SPIRIT'S ray
On every thought and sense to-day.

3 So we the FATHER'S help will claim,
And sing the FATHER'S glorious Name,
And His almighty grace implore
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And quench the darts of wickedness;
In life's rough ways our feet defend,
And grant us patience to the end.

5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be truth and peace.

6 So let us gladly pass the day,
Our thoughts as pure as morning ray,
Our faith as noontide glowing bright,
Our minds undimmed by shades of night.

7 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin of St. Ambrose by
REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (340-97), was one of the Fathers of the Western Church. A distinguished lawyer, he was at the age of thirty-four baptized, and consecrated bishop. St. Augustine, who with his mother, St. Monica, was in Milan, tells how the Empress Justina ordered the bishop to give up one of the basilicas to Arian worship (386). He refused, and was sentenced to exile. The citizens of Milan supported him, and he formed his protectors into bands of worshippers, for whom he prepared a course of offices in which were included many hymns. This hymn was for Lauds (Daybreak) on Monday mornings. The Latin begins 'Splendor paternae gloriae'.

The translation is by Rev. John Chandler, twelve of whose translations appear in B. C. P., including *As now the sun's declining rays* (29); *The Advent of our King* (58); *Conquering kings their titles take* (423).

TUNES. *Splendor paternae gloriae*, and *St. Bernard*. *St. Bernard*, by Dr. Wm. Hy. Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns A. & M.*, and himself a composer of hymn tunes of the first rank, including *Abide with me* (Eventide); *Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go* (St. Matthias); *Lord, in this Thy mercy's day* (St. Philip); *And now, O Father, mindful of the love* (Unde et memores); *Christian, seek not yet repose* (Vigilate); *Thou art coming* (Beverley).

12

C.M.

'Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus.' Col. iii. 17.

1 MY FATHER, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in JESUS' Name.

4 My FATHER, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1875.

The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker was the chairman from 1857 to 1877 of Compilers of *Hymns A. & M.* Canon Henry Twells wrote: 'In the year 1857 a company of clergy met together to consider the question of hymnology. There were at least 300 different hymnals in use in the Church of England, none of them predominant and none of them, in the opinion of these clergy, altogether satisfactory. It was resolved to compile a new hymnal to be adopted by those present and to be recommended to their friends. One of the leading features of this enterprise was to be the policy of the householder described by our blessed Lord, who brought out of His treasury things both new and old. Most existing books confined themselves almost entirely to modern hymns. This gave rise to the title *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*' Sir H. W. Baker wrote, *There is a blessed home* (639); *I am not worthy, Holy Lord* (240); *The King of Love my Shepherd is* (630); and fifteen others, and also six translations which appear in B.C.P. So perfect and so generally acceptable are they that no editor has ventured to tamper with them.

TUNES. *St. Timothy*, and *St. Peter*. *St. Timothy* by Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, who had exquisite taste in the writing of airs, which were usually harmonized by his musical editor, Dr. W. H. Monk.

13

C.M.

'The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.' Ps. cxviii. 15.

1 NOW, gracious LORD, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a SAVIOUR'S Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the day we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

This hymn appeared in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, written by the Rev. John Newton and William Cowper. In *The History and Use of Hymns*, 1903, the Rev. D. R. Breed says: 'Both were rendered motherless at a very early age, Newton at seven,

Cowper at six. Both passed a wretched youth, but with opposite effects: self-reliance and strength of character to Newton, timidity and melancholia to Cowper. Newton became a wild, disbelieving blasphemer; Cowper an irresolute, despairing, would-be suicide. One was driven to Christ by the violence of his sins, the other by the violence of his sufferings.' See Nos. 401, 466, 468, 484, 667.

The hymn was written to be sung 'before annual sermons to young people, on New Years' evenings'. St. iii. 3, 'day,' orig. 'year'.

The following verse is omitted in most hymnals:

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

TUNES. *St. Timothy*, and *St. Peter*.

14

7.7.7.7.7.8.

'My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.'
Ps. v. 3.

1 JESU, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy SPIRIT's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest. Amen.

Tr. (1855) from the German of Christian Knorr von Rosenroth by JANE BORTHWICK.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, a distinguished German scholar, in his *Neuer Helicon*, 1684. The German begins 'Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.' This translation by Jane Borthwick, who with her sister Mrs. Findlater translated *Hymns from the Land of Luther* (H. L. L.), has acquired much vogue, due in part, perhaps, to the beautiful tune Macfarren wrote for the peculiar metre. German hymns outnumber those in any other language. It is said that evangelical singers have produced over one hundred thousand. St. iv. 5, Sc. has '*Zion* hill'.

TUNE. *Lux prima*, by Sir G. A. Macfarren, written for the *Song of Praise*, 1876. Though blind, he was Principal of the Royal Academy of Music and professor at Cambridge University.

15

6.6.6.6.

'O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee.' Ps. lxiii. 1.

1 HOLY FATHER, hear me;
Thou art my defender,
Be Thou ever near me,
Loving, true, and tender.

2 JESUS, blessèd SAVIOUR,
LORD of life and glory,
Grant me now Thy favour
As I kneel before Thee.

3 Comforter benignest,
Who abiding in me
All my need divinest,
Move me, draw me, win me.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come, and leave me never,
Thine abode most lowly,
Only Thine for ever. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1881.

In his *From Year to Year*, 1884. See No. 600. 3 H.C. has ii:

Jesu, blessed Master,
Lord of life and glory,
Bid the hours fly faster
Till I kneel before Thee.

iii. 2, is as altered by author. He had originally 'Tabernacling in me'. TUNE. *St. Alban's.*
Also suitable: 290, 556, 559, 621, 664, 698.

16 MID-DAY

C.M.

'If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will him He heareth.' St. John ix. 31.

1 BEHOLD us, LORD, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

Contributed to *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. See No. 37. Written 'for use at mid-day service in a London city church'.
TUNES. *St. David*, and *Elm*, the former from a Psalter compiled by Thomas Ravenscroft in 1621. He was one of the first to assign names to tunes.

17 THE THIRD HOUR

L.M.

'They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' Acts iv. 31.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, Who ever one
Art with the FATHER and the SON,
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

2 In will and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, Thy praise be sung;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1836) from the Latin of St. Ambrose by
REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

From *Tracts for the Times*, No. 75, 1836.

THE SIXTH HOUR

L.M.

'At noon will I pray.' Ps. lv. 17.

1 O GOD of truth, O LORD of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Brightening the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noonday's fiery beams;

2 Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
From passion's heat preserve our life,
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And give our souls true peace in Thee.

3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of St. Ambrose by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

From *Hymnal Noted*, 1851.

THE NINTH HOUR

L.M.

'The hour of prayer, being the ninth hour.' Acts iii. 1.

1 O GOD, of all the strength and power,
Who dost, Thyself unmoved, each hour
Through all its changes guide the day,
From early morn to evening's ray;

2 Brighten life's eventide with light
That ne'er shall set in gloom of night,
Till we a holy death attain,
And everlasting glory gain.

3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of St. Ambrose by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin hymns begin :—

1. Nunc, Sancte nobis Spiritus.
2. Rector potens, verax Deus.
3. Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

From *Hymnal Noted*, 1851. Text of all three parts is as in A. & M. 1861.

For a different transl. of third part see No. 28. See also No. 11. TUNE. *Te Lucis.*

18 EVENING

10.10.10.10.

'Abide with us, for the day is far spent.' St. Luke xxiv. 29.

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1847.

Rev. H. F. Lyte was perpetual curate of Brixham, where William III landed in 1688 'to uphold the religion and liberties of England'. F. A. Jones in *Famous Hymns* gives an interesting interview with one of Mr. Lyte's choir, who said: 'Mr. Lyte had the gentlest manner and most winning expression. . . .

A short while before he left us to go to Nice for his health some Plymouth Brethren persuaded me and a dozen other members of his choir and Sunday School to join them. . . . He took it calmly enough, and said that nothing would be farther from his thoughts than to stand between us and our consciences. . . . When *Abide with me* was written each of us was given a copy, and then we realized perhaps more keenly than any one else the true meaning of:

> When other *helpers* fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, O abide with me.'

Lyte wrote the pathetic lines:

> O Thou Whose touch can lend
> Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply,
> And grant me swan-like my last breath to spend
> In song that may not die!

The last Sunday evening before he left for Nice, to seek the health he never found, he strolled along the seashore meditating upon the farewell words he had said to a congregation he knew he would never see again. There came to him the wonderful words which he wrote down in his library, where he also composed a tune for them. The tune has not lived, but the words will ever be a lasting monument to his name. The hymn was written for the evening of life, not for the evening of the day. But what matters it if it be not strictly an evening hymn so long as it fulfils the latter purpose? Rev. S. J. Stone, the author of *The Church's one Foundation*, treated it as an evening hymn in the following pathetic lines of a poem entitled 'Deare Childe'.

> But when the sun was low at eventide,
> The bitter pain had passed, and she lay still,
> Too weak for words, but smiling peacefully
> With eyes that looked upon us with such love,
> Our hearts in battle with the struggling tears
> Were nigh to bursting. Then we knelt and prayed,
> And as we rose the parting sunlight streamed
> With its last glory through the window panes,
> And o'er the dying child. She could not speak,
> But first at us, and after toward the west,
> Looked wistfully. And then the mother said,
> Divining, 'She would have you sing the hymn
> You taught her for the sunset every day.'
> And so we sang the hymn of eventide,
> *Abide with me*; and, while we sang, her soul
> Sang with us in that marvellous sweet smile,
> That was like music too divine for sound.
> We sang and darkness deepened, but that smile
> Grew brighter yet, and brighter, till the close,
> 'In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!'
> Then, with 'Amen', was breathed one little sigh,
> And song, and smile, and soul fled up to heaven.

Canon Henry Twells wrote:

Thus was his dying effort blest;
And though he entered into rest
Before the hymn secured its fame,
Methinks he knows it all the same.

One of the most interesting accounts of Lyte's life is found in Bodine's *Some Hymns and Hymn Writers.*

iii, iv, and v of original are in many hyls., including H. C., C. H., and Can. Pr.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

TUNE. *Eventide*, by W. H. Monk; contributed to *Hymns A. & M.*, 1861. He is said to have written this tune in ten minutes. See No. 11.

19

'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' Ps. xxvii. 8. 7.7.7.7.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away—
Free from care, from labour free,
LORD, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, LORD, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
JESU, look with pitying eye. Amen.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE, 1824.

From *Songs by the Way*, by Geo. W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, father of William C. Doane, present Bishop of Albany.

He wrote also *Fling out the banner* (393) and *Thou art the Way; to Thee alone* (628).

TUNE. *Last Hope*, arr. from L. M. Gottschalk. This arrangement is more faithful to the original than the tune in Can. Pr. 18. It is set to the alternative tune, *Weber*, No. 51, in many hyls., including Hutchins's *Musical Ed. of Amer. Hymnal.*

20

L.M.

'I will lay me down in peace.' Ps. iv. 9.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1820.

In his *Christian Year*, 1827. See No. 4. The original has fourteen verses. The first two are:

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Then follows, with great appropriateness, the line 'Sun of my soul'.

The original MS. is at Keble College, Oxford. Other hymns by Keble are, *When God of old came down from heaven* (189); *The voice that breathed o'er Eden* (275); *Blest are the pure in heart* (408); *There is a book who runs may read* (611).

TUNES. *Abends*, and *Hursley*, the latter so named from the parish of Keble.

21

'At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.' St. Mark i. 32. L.M.

1 AT even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O LORD, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O SAVIOUR CHRIST, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O SAVIOUR CHRIST, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

CANON HENRY TWELLS, 1868.

Contributed to A. & M., 1868, omitting st. iv, which is in C. H. and Cong.:

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

Earliest version had 'At even ere the sun was set'. 3 C. H. and A. & M. have 'At even, when the sun did set', as in St. Mark i. 32. The writer justified the original (which, however, he allowed to be changed) and referred to revised version of St. Luke iv. 40, 'And when the sun was setting.'

TUNES. *Angelus* and *Hesperus* (*Studacona*). For original form of *Angelus*, see *Lightwood*, 396.

22

L.M.

'Under His wings shalt thou trust.' Ps. xci. 4.

1 GLORY to Thee, my GOD, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1692.

See Nos. 2 and 3. Author's version of 1709 had 'All praise to Thee' as in 2 H. C., Can. Pr., Ir., Sc.

iii. 3, 4, in 2 H. C. as in 1709 version:

To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Original was:

Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

Part of the hymn was written as a midnight hymn, beginning:

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Ken wrote this hymn, and No. 2, for the scholars at Winchester College, and gave them the following advice:

'Be sure to sing the morning and evening hymn in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist, upon happy experience, assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of His truth in the night season.'

Many thousands have taken his advice, especially in the use of the evening hymn in their nightly devotions. The opening chapter of *Adam Bede* (George Eliot) introduces the morning hymn.

Dryden is said to have described Ken in the lines on the *Good Parson*:

For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres);
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and, after him, he sung the best.

TUNE. *Tallis's Canon*, by Thomas Tallis (4). Early in the eighteenth century one editor wrote that he set the hymn to this tune 'for so long hath it been joined to Talys it would be beyond me to alter it'. For description of a canon see No. 4. The practice of putting the air in the tenor prevailed from the sixteenth century to well on in the eighteenth century. The *English Hymnal*, 1906, has in some instances attempted to revive the custom.

23

6.4.6.6.

'Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.'
Ps. cxli. 2.

1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As CHRIST upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His FATHER'S hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred TRINITY!
One LORD Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the Latin by REV. E. CASWALL.

Anon. (Latin) about 1800, beginning 'Sol praeceps rapitur'. Translated by Rev. Edward Caswall (in his *Masque of Mary*, 1858), who left the Church of England, and joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1847. His translations are very numerous. The B. C. P. contains sixteen.

First tune, *St. Columba*. The words of the third and fourth lines in each verse require the music to be arranged as in A. & M. 1904, which arrangement is adopted in B. C. P.

Second tune, *Dolomite Chant*.

24

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

'I will keep it night and day.' Isa. xxvii. 3.

1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our GOD forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827; and ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, 1838.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1, 297), wrote st. i. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, added st. ii, in *Sacred Poetry*, pub. at Dublin, 1838, for the Commissioners of National Education.

Second stanza is a free rendering of an ancient compline antiphon: *Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes; custodi nos, dormientes: ut vigilemus in Christo, et requiescamus in pace.* Archbishop Whately wrote the famous *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte.* Applying the method of Hume in his work on miracles, he proved conclusively that Napoleon was a myth!

TUNES. *Nutfield, Ar Hyd y Nos,* and *Temple.*

25

8.7.8.7.D.

'He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' Deut. xxxi. 6.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, Who never weary
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

3 FATHER, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
SAVIOUR, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessèd SPIRIT, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

In his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1820. The third verse was written by Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, for 2 H. C.; in 3 H. C. he wrote for last half of second stanza:

Never fail us nor forsake us;
May sweet sleep our strength renew,
And the freshening morn awake us
Thy loved service to pursue.

First tune, *Snowdon.* Second tune, *Vesper Hymn*, arr. from

a Russian air in *Popular National Melodies*, 1818, where it is set to Tom Moore's *Hark, the Vesper Hymn is stealing*. Third tune, *Evening Prayer*, the favourite tune on the American continent, by George C. Stebbins, a worker under D. L. Moody, and co-editor with Sankey and McGranahan of *Gospel Hymns*. Fourth tune, *Ave Maria*, arr. from C. M. von Weber's *Der Freischütz*, 1821.

26

7.7.7.5.

'At evening time it shall be light.' Zech. xiv. 7.

1 HOLY FATHER, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

2 Holy SAVIOUR, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy SPIRIT, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, Blessèd TRINITY,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time. Amen.

REV. R. H. ROBINSON, 1869.

Written 1869; in *Church Hymns*, 1871; by Rev. R. H. Robinson, who wrote no other hymn in common use. This hymn was specially prepared for use after the third collect at Evening Prayer, to which it refers.

First tune, *Vesper*, in D, by Sir John Stainer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Eng., who succeeded Sir John Goss. He was succeeded by Sir George C. Martin, who edited the music of the B. C. P. George Cooper, assistant to Goss, wrote *St. Sepulchre* (288). Mr. Charles Macpherson, assistant to Sir George C. Martin, has rendered great help in the musical revision of the B. C. P. Stainer's tunes have been collected in one volume (Novello), as also have those of Dykes, Sullivan, and Martin. Stainer edited the music of the *Church Hymnary*, 1898, which is the hymnal of the Church of Scotland, the United Free Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Churches of Ireland, of Australia, of New Zealand, and of South Africa, of which over a million copies were sold the first year.

Second tune, *Springtime*.

27

9.8.9.8.

'The Lord's Name is praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.' Ps. cxiii. 3.

1 THE day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, LORD; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

Revised for *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. He wrote also *Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise* (37); *This is the day of light* (47); *Our day of praise is done* (48); *Now the labourer's task is o'er* (280); *When the day of toil is done* (472), and eighteen others which appear in the B. C. P. His annotated edition of 2 C. H. is a very valuable work. The above is author's last revision. l. 4, '*hallow now* our rest'; v. 3, '*But stand and rule and grow* for ever,' are readings in 1871. It was written as an Empire hymn, first meant for use at missionary meetings. It was chosen by the late Queen Victoria for one of the hymns at the Diamond Jubilee service held on the same day in thousands of churches throughout the Empire. The last verse was singularly appropriate.

TUNES. *St. Clement*, and *Radford*, the latter by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, grandson of Rev. Charles Wesley, and organist of Gloucester Cathedral, the composer of *Aurelia* (*The Church's one Foundation*).

28

11.10.11.10.

'The Lord is my Strength.' Ps. xxviii. 8.

1 O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay;
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

3 Hear us, O FATHER, gracious and forgiving,
Through JESUS CHRIST Thy co-eternal WORD,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.

Tr. (1870) from the Latin of St. Ambrose by REV. J. ELLERTON and REV. F. J. A. HORT.

See No. 11. Tr. in C. H., 1871; iii added in A. & M., 1875. Hymn No. 17 (third part) is also a transln. of *Rerum Deus tenax vigor*.

TUNE. *Strength and Stay*, by Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875. The harmonies are as in A. & M., '04, as required by the proprietors of A. & M., the owners of the copyright.

29

C.M.

'O look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me.'
Ps. cxix. 132.

1 AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 LORD, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from C. Coffin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

The Latin beginning 'Labente iam solis rota' was the hymn for Nones (the Ninth Hour, 3 p.m.) in the Paris Breviary, 1736. The text of the transln. is as in A. & M. '61; C. H. has orig.:

And now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To *their* appointed end.

TUNES. *St. Peter*, and *Vita Brevis*.

30

C.M.

'Enoch walked with God.' Gen. v. 22.

1 THE LORD be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The LORD be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with GOD.

3 The LORD be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

In C. H., 1871. See No. 27. He wrote many other fine evening hymns, including *Our day of praise is done* (4) and *Saviour again to Thy dear Name we raise* (87). This hymn, however, written for Sunday afternoon service. TUNES. *St ter*, and *Vita Brevis*.

31

8.7.8.7.

'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest.' Ps. iv. 9.

1 HEAR our prayer, O heavenly FATHER,
Ere we lay us down to sleep;
May Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigil keep.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the Cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy SON has bought.

4 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing
Till Thine angels bear us home.

6 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

HARRIET PARR, 1856.

Harriet Parr, better known under *nom de plume* of Holme Lee, who in 1856 wrote for Charles Dickens's *Household Words* the Christmas story, 'The Wreck of the Golden Mary'. Adrift at night in a small boat, Dick Tarrant, a wild youth, says: 'What can it be that brings all these old things over in my mind? There 's a hymn I and Tom used to say at my mother's knee keeps running through my thoughts. It 's the stars, maybe. There was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at—a window in my room at home in Cheshire; and if I was ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost story, I would keep on saying the hymn till I was asleep.'

'That was a good mother of yours, Dick; could you say that hymn now, do you think?'

'It 's as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me,' said Dick, and thereupon he repeated this hymn, which has been adopted by scores of hymnals.

The third verse is in some hymnals:

Keep us, through this night of peril,
Safe beneath its sheltering shade:
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

(1856 has '*Underneath its boundless* shade.') Original readings are: i. 3, '*Bid Thy angels*'; ii. 1, '*My sins are heavy, but* Thy mercy'; iii. 1, '*None shall*'; ii. 3, '*Thy* Cross'; iii. 3, '*None shall*'; iv. 4, '*bid* me home.' TUNES. *Agapé* and *Springhill*.

32

Irregular.

'The true Light.' St. John i. 9.

1 HAIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured
Who is the Immórtal FATHER, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies, JESUS CHRIST, our LORD.

2 Now we are come to the sún's hour of rest,
The líghts of evening round us shine,
We hymn the FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT Divine.

3 Worthiest art Thou at áll times to be sung
With undefilèd tongue,
Son of our GOD, Giver of life, alone!
Therefore in all the world Thy glories, LORD, they own.
Amen.

Tr. (1834) from the Greek by REV. JOHN KEBLE.

Author and date unknown. It is still used as the Vesper hymn in the Greek churches. It was quoted by St. Basil in fourth century. Probably this is the oldest hymn in the B. C. P. except *Shepherd of tender youth* (552). It has been called the *Lamp-lighting Hymn*. Translated by Rev. John Keble (4). Keble's transln. appeared in the *British Magazine*, 1834. The Greek is:

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης,
Ἀθανάτου Πατρός, οὐρανίου,
Ἁγίου, μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ,
Ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλίου δύσιν,
Ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινόν,
Ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα καὶ Υἱὸν
Καὶ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα, Θεόν.

Ἄξιόν Σε ἐν πᾶσι
Καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς
Ὁσίαις, Υἱὲ Θεοῦ,
Ζωὴν ὁ διδούς, διὸ
Ὁ κόσμος Σε δοξάζει.

The well-known transln. by the American poet Longfellow appears in *The Golden Legend*, 1851, and has been set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan:

O gladsome light
Of the Father immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus our Saviour.

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us,
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee.

Father Omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder.

TUNE. *Sebaste.*

33

8.8.8.4.

'The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.' Isa. lx. 20.

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O CHRIST, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art LORD of all. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1864.

In his *Hymns*, 1866. He was editor of *Ch. of Eng. Hyl.*, in which fifty-nine of his hymns appear. See No. 97. St. ii is as in S. C. H. and Can. Pr., which is the author's final text; the earliest version was as in A. & M.:

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O CHRIST, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Am. has the same, exc. line 3:
Lead us, O CHRIST, our life-work done.

A. & M. '04, Eng. Meth., Bapt., Sc., Cong., have version in *Ch. of Eng. Hyl.*, 1852:

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O CHRIST, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

The hymn was written as an afternoon hymn. See No. 97. TUNES. *St. Gabriel, Christ Church*, and *The Radiant Morn*. *Christ Church* is a favourite tune in New Brunswick. It is by Rev. E. S. Medley, of Postwick, Norfolk, son of the late Bishop Medley, of Fredericton, N. B.

34

7.6.7.6.8.8.

'Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' Ps. iv. 8.

1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O LORD, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving JESU, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

AMEN.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of Anatolius, 8th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Anatolius, the hymn-writer of 8th cent., is not to be confounded with St. Anatolius, Bishop of Constantinople, 4th cent. Dr. Neale, in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, wrote: 'This little hymn is a great favourite in the Greek Isles. It is, to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is to the villages of our own land.'

Am. and Can. Pr. have Neale's fourth verse:

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
'He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night.'

A. & M. '04, has altered this, surely somewhat clumsily:

Lord, that in death I sleep not,
And lest my foe should say,
I have prevailed against him,
Lighten mine eyes, I pray.

The Greek begins:

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

For a full account of the Greek text and a literal translation, see *Julian*, 1139. There are some small differences in Neale's texts of 1862 and 1868; e.g. H. C., Am., Ir., Cong., have i. 3, 'I pray Thee *that offenceless*' (text of 1868). Rev. J. M. Neale has done more than any other scholar to preserve the ancient hymns of the Church by his fine translations, forty-four of which appear in the B. C. P., including: *O come, O come, Emmanuel* (63); *All glory, laud, and honour* (182); *Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord* (242); *Brief life is here our portion* (412); *For thee, O dear, dear country* (414). For twenty years he was warden of an almshouse at a salary of less than £80 a year. His hymns were his life-work, but he also laboured unceasingly in raising up the St. Margaret's Sisterhood, East Grinstead, where,

honoured in his death, buildings costing over £70,000 were erected. For an interesting account of his life see *Bedine*, 265–78.

The follg. anecdote related by Rev. Gerard Moultrie (377) illustrates Neale's familiarity with the classical languages. 'Dr. Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley parsonage. On one occasion, Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, "Why, Keble, I thought you told me the *Christian Year* was entirely original?" "Yes," he answered, "it certainly is." "Then how comes this?" and Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen this original,—no, not in all his life. After a few minutes of quiet enjoyment, Neale relieved him by owning he had just turned it into Latin during his absence.'

TUNES. *St. Anatolius* (Brown), and *St. Anatolius* (Dykes).

35

8.7.8.7.7.7.

'The Lord is thy keeper.' Ps. cxxi. 5.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
JESUS, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last. Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

In his *Hymns*, 1806. He left the Irish Church early in 19th cent. Wrote 765 hymns, of which eight appear in B. C. P., including *The head that once was crowned with thorns* (627); *We sing the praise of Him Who died* (688); *Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious* (546); *In thy Name, O Lord, assembling* (602).

ii. 5. '*sad* day' is the original, as in A. & M. Most hymnals have varied this, as 'it gives an unnecessary tone of depression'. A. & M. '04, 2 C. H., Can. Pr., Sc., Bapt., and Carey Brock have 'brief'; 3 H. C., Am., and Eng. Meth. have 'short'.

TUNES. *Gounod*, and *Lindsay*. The latter, written in 1864 by J. H. Knight, a school inspector, of Lindsay, Ont., and much used for many years in manuscript, is now published for the first time.

36

Six 8's.

'The Lord is my light and my salvation.' Ps. xxvii. 1.

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light. Amen.

Rev. F. W. Faber. 1852.

Text as in *Jesus and Mary*, 1852. Many hyls. have i. 1, '*O* Saviour'. Frederic William Faber left the Church of England with Newman, and joined the Church of Rome, in 1846. Faber made some alterations in 1861; ii. 1, 'The day is *done*'; iv. 8, 'And *loving* hearts.' A. & M. '04, 2 and 3 H. C., Ir., Eng. Meth., Can. Pr., Sc., and Cong. have Faber's fifth stanza:

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

But A. & M. '04, Ir., and Eng. Meth., have last two lines as in *Cowtery Hymns*, 1854:

Ah, never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

2 C. H. has:

All toil is blest, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works by strife be soiled,
Or by deceit our hearts ensnared.

H. C., 3 C. H., and Am. have Faber's last stanza, slightly altered:

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Amid the darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.

Line 2, Am., has 'Through night and darkness near us be'; H. C. has 'Thy holy presence with us be'.

Faber wrote 150 hymns, to correspond in number with the Psalter. The B. C. P. contains eleven, including *Hark, hark, my soul* (477); *O come and mourn* (143); *Faith of our fathers* (559); *Have mercy on us, God most high* (483); *My God, how wonderful Thou art* (558); *O Paradise* (681); *O come to the merciful Saviour* (768); *There's a wideness in God's mercy* (775). A favourite hymn by Faber is *I worship thee, sweet Will of God* (Bapt. 358). His splendid poem *The Right Must Win* contains the following famous verse (for complete poem see *Bedine*, 186):

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

He called himself a 'Wordsworthian', regarding his friend William Wordsworth as his master and model.

TUNES. *St. Matthias*, and *Stella*.

37

10.10.10.10.

'The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.'
Ps. xxix. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, LORD, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1866.

See No. 37. Written for a Choral Festival in 1866. Another verse, not then used, is:

Grant us Thy peace—the peace Thou didst bestow
On Thine apostles in Thine hour of woe;
The peace Thou broughtest, when at eventide
They saw Thy pierced hands, Thy wounded side.

iii. 1, in 2 C. H., 'Grant us Thy peace *through this approaching night*,' which fits the music of first tune better.

TUNES. *Pax Dei*, and *Ellers*.

38

D.C.M. and Refrain.

'His servants shall serve Him.' Rev. xxii. 3.

1 EVENSONG is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh:
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, GOD most high.
Thou Who in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
Treading the path of life-long toil,
And weary of pain and sin,
We look for the city with streets of gold,
Where all is peace within.

2 How are we to reach that city,
Whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to JESUS,
By a life of doing well:
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
Treading the path, &c.

3 There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh:
Lighten Thou our darkness, JESU,
Son of Mary, GOD most high.
Treading the path, &c. Amen.

REV. JOHN PURCHAS, 1866.

Published as 'The St. James's Evening Hymn'. Mr. Purchas was the incumbent of St. James's Chapel, Brighton, and the defendant in the well-known suit in the Ecclesiastical Court of Hibbert *v.* Purchas. Orig. refrain:

We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin;
But there is a city, with streets of gold,
And all is peace within.

ii. 4, orig. 'Who sate weary by the well'.

Another verse from the original is in some hymnals, but not in Eng. H.:

We have sung the Psalms Thou sangest
In Thy Father's House of old,
When the voices of the Levites
In a storm of music roll'd:
We have done as Thou hast ordered,
Off'ring up the Bread and Wine:
Words of might are softly spoken,
Jesus comes with power divine.
We are weary, &c.

TUNES. *The St. James's Evening Hymn*, and *Evening Hymn*.

39

D.C.M.

'At evening time it shall be light.' Zech. xiv. 7.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O LORD of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, LORD,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:

The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O LORD, fresh hopes in heaven.
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O LORD, Thy peace, O GOD,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, LORD,
O give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1861.

In the *Legends and Lyrics*, 1861, of Adelaide Anne Procter, whose father's *nom de plume* was 'Barry Cornwall'. Charles Dickens told after her death how *Household Words* received frequent contributions from one Mary Berwick, whom the editor and staff thought to be a governess. Happening to dine with his distinguished friend, 'Barry Cornwall,' Dickens showed him and his family a proof of a beautiful poem written by 'a certain Miss Berwick'. He learned on the following day that he had praised the poem in its writer's presence. She wrote many hymns, including, *My God, I thank Thee* (678); and *I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be* (Can. Pr. 298). She also wrote some fine songs, including *The Lost Chord*, *Cleansing Fires*, and *The Requital*.

TUNES. *St. Leonard*, and *Napanee*, the latter by Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, a clergyman of the Church of England, who filled important charges in the Diocese of Ontario at Brockville, Napanee, and elsewhere, and whose son was a member of the General Hymnal Committee of the B. C. P.

40

S.M.

'The Lord is my light and my salvation.' Ps. xxvii. 1.

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

JOHN LELAND, 1792.

Or

O SAVIOUR, ere we part,
Thy blessing we implore,
O guard us, shield us, be our stay,
This night and evermore.

Or

NOW FATHER, we commend
Ourselves to Thee this night;
O watch us, keep us, and defend
Till break of morning light.

Or C.M.

Before Thy throne, O LORD of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray. Amen.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1861.

Part I is st. iii of the quaint old hymn (Am. 645, from the *Philomela*, 1792):

1 The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

For a beautiful incident concerning this hymn see Duffield's *English Hymns*, 515.

TUNE. *Vespers* is an arrangement from the slow movement in Beethoven's *Appassionata Sonata*.

Part II. Tune, *Manitoba*, by E. M. Williams, a resident of Russell, Manitoba.

Part III. Tune, *Spadina*, by G. H. Loud, for many years organist of St. Margaret's, Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Part IV. Words are part of No. 39. TUNE. *Meditation*.

Also suitable: 48, 49, 51, 52, 399, 495, 531, 537, 547, 635, 651, 680, 710, 711.

41 SUNDAY

8.6.8.4.

'The first day of the week.' St. Matt. xxviii. 1.

1 HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O GOD, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O GOD, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O GOD, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1868.

See No. 38. Bapt. and Can. Pr., have st. iii from his *Hymns*, 1866:

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

Bapt. has st. xi of text of 1866:

11 All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

Can. Pr. has st. viii of text of 1866:

8 And (*For*) those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

i. 3, Sc. has 1866 text; 'Hail quiet spirit, bringing peace.' iv. 3 in 1874 text, '[illegible] foretaste.' See notes on No. 79.

TUNES. *Wreford*, and *Linton*.

42

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'The Lord is risen indeed.' St. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 SERVANTS of GOD, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that GOD hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The LORD of life arose;
He burst the bonds of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant LORD!
Heaven with hosanna rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Amen.

ELIZABETH SCOTT, 1769; and REV. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810.

Miss Scott's hymn, *Awake our drowsy souls*, was much altered by Cotterill in his *Selection*, 1810. Only the third verse remains at all as she wrote it.

TUNE. *Croft's 148th*, by W. Croft, organist of Westminster Abbey. See his monument in north aisle. Composer of *St. Anne* (O God, our help).

43

P.M.

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.' Ps. cxxii. 1.

1 AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
Glory be to JESUS,
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day.

2 Again, O loving SAVIOUR,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory, &c.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,

The happy lambs of JESUS
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory, &c.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory, &c.

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him LORD and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
Glory be to JESUS,
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1873.

See No. 27. It was written for the Vicar of Teddington. Eng., as a processional for Sunday School children on their way to church, and pub. in the S. P. C. K. *Children's Hymns*, 1873.

TUNE. *Morn of Gladness*, by Arthur Cottman, an English solicitor, who wrote many fine tunes, including *Dalehurst* (526). This is a peculiar metre, the only other tune in the B. C. P. which fits it being that to which *We plough the fields* is set.

44

7.6.7.6.D.

'The Lord's Day.' Rev i. 10.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great THREE in ONE.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
CHRIST rose from depths of earth;
On thee our LORD victorious
The SPIRIT sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round thee rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
And there our voices raising,
To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
For evermore be praising
The blessèd THREE in ONE. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet William Wordsworth, wrote many hymns, of which fourteen appear in B. C. P., including *Alleluia, alleluia, hearts to heaven and voices raise* (169); *See the Conqueror mounts in triumph* (184); *Hark the sound of holy voices* (224); *O Lord of heaven and earth and sea* (324); *Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost* (470). The author published different texts in his *Holy Year*, 1862, 1863, and 1872. 2 C.H., Eng. Meth., Carey Brock, have (A.&M. has lines 5–8):

Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home;

A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

A. & M. and Sc. have st. v as in 1862:

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest,
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, Blest Three in One.

TUNES. *Day of Rest*, and *Aurelia*.

45

C.M.

'This is the day which the Lord hath made.'
Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O LORD, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Isaac Watts, a Congregational minister, was the first to make a large and systematic attempt to create an English Congregational hymnody. This is a paraphrase of Psalm cxviii. Many hymnals include:

4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

iii. 3 is as in orig. and in H. C., C. H., Cong., Bapt.; 'Make haste to help us, Lord, and bring,' in A. & M.

It is said that at eighteen Watts complained to his father, or to some other deacon of his chapel, of the 'crabbed and untuneful hymns' sung at the meeting. There may have been some sarcasm in the reply, 'Make some yourself, then.' The next Sunday his first hymn, *Behold the glories of the Lamb*, was sung, and when he was twenty-two he had written 110, including *When I survey the wondrous Cross* (662). At five he knew Latin; at nine, Greek; at eleven, French; and at thirteen Hebrew. He was an invalid for thirty-six years. See No. 6. His greatest work was a versification of the Psalms. *Jesus shall reign where'er the sun* (517) is his paraphrase of the 72nd Psalm.

He wrote many hymns for children: *Let dogs delight to bark and bite*; *How doth the little busy bee*. One is a beautiful cradle-song:

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Mayest thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

It has been said that 'what St. Ambrose was to the Latins; what Clement Marot was to the French; what Luther was to the Germans; that, and perhaps more, was Watts to the English.' Tunes. *Nativity*, and *Irish*.

46

Paraphrase of Psalm xcii. L.M.

1 SWEET is the work, my GOD, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless His works and bless His Word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1791.

See No. 45. This is a paraphrase of vv. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 of Ps. xcii.

See H. C., S C. H., Bapt., Cong., Eng. Meth., Ir., for additl. stanzas.

Tunes. *Truro*, and *Sefton*.

47

'The day is Thine, and the night is Thine.' Ps. lxxiv. 17. S.M.

1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867.

In *Hymns for Special Services*, 1867, for use in Chester Cathedral. See notes on No. 27. Tunes. *Carlisle*, and *Peterborough*.

48 *Evening.*

'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' Rev. i. 10. S.M.

1 OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867, rev. 1871.

Revised for C. H. 1871. He wrote many hymns for special occasions. In this case for a choral festival at Nantwich, Cheshire. See *Julian*, 1147; also notes on No. 27.

Tunes. *Day of Praise*, and *Garden City*.

49 *Evening.* 7.7.7.7.

'Praise ye Him, all His angels.' Ps. cxlviii. 2.

1 BLEST Creator of the light,
Making day with radiance bright,
Thou didst o'er the forming earth
Give the golden light its birth.

2 Shade of eve with morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day;
Darkness now is drawing nigh;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 May we ne'er by guilt depressed
Lose the way to endless rest;
Nor with idle thoughts and vain
Bind our souls to earth again.

4 Rather may we heavenward rise
Where eternal treasure lies;
Purified by grace within,
Hating every deed of sin.

5 Holy FATHER, hear our cry
Through Thy SON our LORD most high,
Whom our thankful hearts adore
With the SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

Anon., Latin, perhaps of 5th cent., beginning 'Lucis Creator optime'. Much altd. by A. & M.
TUNES. *Vienna*, *Lübeck*, and *Weber*.

50

7.7.7.7.

'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'
Gen. i. 3.

1 ON this day, the first of days,
GOD the FATHER'S Name we praise;
Who, creation's LORD and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal SON
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the SPIRIT came
With His gifts of living flame.

3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
GOD the Source of life and light.

4 FATHER, Who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy JESU, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet SPIRIT, in my heart;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

7 GOD, the blessed THREE in ONE,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin by REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

In the *Le Mans Breviary*, 1748, beginning 'Die parente temporum'. Translated for *Hymns A. & M.*, 1861.

TUNES. *Vienna*, *Lübeck*, and *Weber*.

51 *Evening.* 7.7.7.7.

'There remaineth a rest to the people of God.' Heb. iv. 9.

1 ERE this holy day shall close,
Ere again we seek repose,
LORD, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
LORD of earth, and King of heaven.

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

4 May our earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end. Amen.

O.P., 1826.

In *Missionary Minstrel*, 1826, where first line was 'Ere another Sabbath's close', and iii was:

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
That Thou canst and will forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

iv in orig.:

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Sweet foretastes of joys above.

TUNES. *Vienna*, *Lübeck*, and *Weber*. *Weber* (set in the Amer. *Hyl.* to *Softly now the light of day*), which appears in scores of hymnals, is objected to by some persons who do not approve of appropriating an air from a secular opera—*Oberon*, by Weber, 1826. But it may be that the tune will still be sung when the opera is forgotten, and there is nothing frivolous in the tune, which is beloved by thousands. W. H. Monk said that this tune was the tune of which he received most copies with requests for insertion when *Hymns A. & M.* was compiled.

52 *Evening.* 6.6.6.6.

'Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name.' 1 Chron. xxix. 13.

1 AND now this holy day
Is drawing to its end;
Once more to Thee, O LORD,
Our thanks and prayers we send.

2 We thank Thee for this rest
From earthly care and strife;
We thank Thee for this help
To higher, holier life.

3 We thank Thee for Thy house;
It is Thy palace-gate
Where Thou, upon Thy throne
Of mercy, still dost wait.

4 We thank Thee for Thy Word,
Thy gospel's joyful sound;
O may its holy fruits
Within our hearts abound!

5 Yet, ere we go to rest,
FATHER, to Thee we pray,
Forgive the sins that stain
E'en this Thy holy day.

6 Through JESUS let the past
Be blotted from Thy sight,
And let us all now sleep
At peace with Thee this night.

7 To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT glory be,
From all in earth and heaven,
Through all eternity. Amen.

REV. E. HARLAND, 1876.

In his *Church Psalter and Hymnal*, in use in some churches in New Brunswick in 1906. v is as in A. & M. Version of 1876 is:

5 And now we go to rest,
But first we humbly pray,
Father, forgive our sins,
E'en of this holy day.

TUNES. *St. Telemachus*, and *Eden* (Feilden).

WEEK DAYS

53 *Wednesday.* L.M.

'Where two or three are gathered in My Name, there am I.' St. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 THOU, in Whose Name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O LORD.

2 To-day, our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

3 Thou by Whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear;
And when life's working days are past
Give rest with all Thy saints at last. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

In C. H. 1871. See notes on No. 27. TUNE. *Hesperus* (*Stadacona*).
For Thursday the follg. hymns are suitable: 182, 183, 186, 251.

54 *Friday.* L.M.

'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross.' St. Matt. xvi. 24.

1 O JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear LORD, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
From warfare pass to triumph there,
And through the cross attain the crown.
Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In C. H. 1871. W. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield (219). v. 3 as altd. by author. A. & M. and Ir. have 'Win through Thy Blood our pardon there', as in 1871 text. TUNE. *Intercession.* Also suitable: 688, 662, 184–51.

ADVENT

55

8.7.8.7.

'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
'CHRIST is nigh,' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
CHRIST, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us all, with tears of sorrow,
Pray that we may be forgiven;

4 That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of 17th cent. by REV. E. CASWALL.

The Latin, 'En clara vox redarguit,' is a recast made for the *Roman Breviary*, 1632, founded upon a hymn of the 6th century. The above is as altd. by A. & M. '61 from Caswall's transln. For a list of 24 transins. of this hymn, see *Julian*, 1229. TUNES. *Merton*, and *Stuttgart*.

56

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.' Rev. i. 7.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
CHRIST appears on earth again.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of GOD appear.

5 Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
SAVIOUR, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. Amen.

REV. JOHN CENNICK and REV. CHARLES WESLEY, *altd.*
REV. M. MADAN, 1760.

See A. & M. '04, Can. Pr., Bapt., Sc., and Cong., for additl. verse.

Julian, 681, gives various versions of this hymn, and the follg. interesting note on tune *Helmsley*, inseparably associated with this hymn:

'Thomas Olivers, the author of the popular hymn *The God of Abraham praise*, constructed a tune partly out of a concert-room

song beginning "Guardian angels, now protect me", and the same was published in Wesley's *Select Hymns and Tunes Annexed*, 1765, under the title *Olivers*. (In 1769 it was recast by M. Madan, and published under the name of *Helmsley* in his *Collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes*.) Four years afterwards, a burlesque called "The Golden Pippin" (1769) was produced in London, and failed. In 1773 it was revived in a shortened form, and one of the actresses, Miss Catley, introduced into it the melody of "Guardian angels", adapted to the words of the burlesque. Although there is no indication of this in the book of words, she no doubt concluded the song, on which Olivers had based his tune eleven years before, by dancing "Miss Catley's Hornpipe", constructed for the purpose out of the then popular *Helmsley*. It seems, therefore, that instead of the hymn tune being liable to the obloquy, so continually cast upon it, of being made out of "Miss Catley's Hornpipe", the hornpipe was made out of the tune.' See the *Musical Times*, 1901, pp. 195, 265, 717.

'Madan, cousin to the poet Cowper, was a young lawyer of considerable wealth. One day he was at a coffee-house in London with some companions, who, hearing that John Wesley was preaching close at hand, sent Madan to hear him, in order that he might mimic the great preacher on his return. But Madan returned in a very different frame of mind from what had been anticipated, for on being asked if he had "taken off the old Methodist", he replied, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off." Soon after, he left the law for the Church, and became one of the most popular preachers in London' (*Lightwood*, 188).

57

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.'
St. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS came—the heavens adoring—
Came with peace from realms on high;
JESUS came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.

2 JESUS comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care:
JESUS comes again in answer
To our earnest heart-felt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 JESUS comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
JESUS comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 JESUS comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
JESUS comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1862.

ii. 4, 'To an' in Am. and Ir. as in his *Hymns*, 1866. See No. 97. See Ir. and Am. for another stanza from Chope's *Hymnal*, 1862.
TUNES. *Helmsley*, and *St. Thomas*.

58

S.M.

'Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.' St. Matt. xxi. 5.

1 THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting SON
Incarnate deigns to be;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His servants free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.

4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And His true members all unite
With Him in heaven to reign.

5 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the SON,
Who comes to set us free,
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from C. Coffin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

The transln. is as varied by A. & M. '61. Only four lines are exactly as Chandler wrote them. The original, 'Instantis adventum Dei', was in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736.
TUNE. *Franconia*.

59

L.M.

'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.' St. Matt. iii. 3.

1 ON Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry
Announces that the LORD is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for GOD within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, LORD,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from C. Coffin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

In the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, for Lauds on week-days in Advent. The Latin begins 'Iordanis oras praevia'. Transln. is as in A. & M. '61. TUNE. *Winchester New.*

60

L.M.

'Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber.' Ps. xix. 5.

1 CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
JESU, Redeemer of us all,
Hear Thou Thy servants when they call.

2 Thou, sorrowing at the helpless cry
Of all creation doomed to die,
Didst save our lost and guilty race
By healing gifts of heavenly grace.

3 Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the bride,
As drew the world to eventide;
Proceeding from a virgin-shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

4 At Thy great Name, exalted now,
All knees in lowly homage bow;
All things in heaven and earth adore,
And own Thee King for evermore.

5 To Thee, O Holy One, we pray,
Our Judge in that tremendous day,
Ward off, while yet we dwell below,
The weapons of our crafty foe.

6 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin is probably of the 6th cent. The tune takes its name from the first line, 'Conditor alme siderum.' Transln. as altd. in A. & M. '61, only one line remaining as Neale wrote it.

TUNE. *Conditor alme* (Plainsong). Gregorian music has been described as having 'no bars, no measure of time, no harmonies, no rhythm, no sharps, no flats, and sung by the choir alone'. Pope Gregory (d. 604), it is said, 'founded a song school in Rome, endowed it with some farms, and built for it two habitations. There to the present day, his couch, on which he used to recline when singing, and his whip, with which he menaced the boys, are preserved with fitting reverence.' See notes on Nos. 5 and 116.

61

L.M.

'His Name is called the Word of God.' Rev. xix. 13.

1 O HEAVENLY WORD, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the FATHER'S might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn;

2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

3 And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home;

4 O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy face at last;
But with the blessèd evermore
Behold Thee, love Thee, and adore.

5 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'Verbum supernum prodiens', is probably of the 6th cent., and is in almost all mediaeval breviaries. The transln. is as altd. in A. & M. '61, only two lines remaining as Neale wrote them.

TUNES. *Verbum supernum prodiens, Leipsic,* and *Commandments.*

62

L.M.

'The day cometh that shall burn as an oven.' Mal. iv. 1.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Amen.

Tr. (1805) from the Latin of Thomas of Celano of 13th cent. by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A paraphrase of the *Dies iræ* (69), part of the concluding stanzas of the 6th canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song,—
Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla;
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:—
That day of wrath &c.

This hymn has appeared in most hymnals ever since it was written in 1805. TUNES. *Leipsic,* and *Commandments.*

63

Six 8's.

'The Redeemer shall come to Zion.' Isa. lix. 20.

1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, from Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by Rev. J. M. Neale.

The Latin, beginning 'Veni, veni, Emmanuel', probably dates from the end of the 17th cent. It is founded on the ancient Advent antiphons used at Vespers after Dec. 17, commonly called 'The Seven O's', of which there are prose versions in the *English Hymnal*, 1906, No. 734. The transln. is as altd. in A. & M. '61. For an account of antiphons, see *Julian*, 78.

Tunes. *Veni, Veni, Emmanuel*, and *Veni Emmanuel*.

64

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.' 1 Thess. iv. 16.

1 GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in CHRIST are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their LORD surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

vv. 1 (1802), vv. 2–4 (1812), REV. W. B. COLLYER and others.

As in A. & M., Bapt. and Cong. Scarcely two hymnals have this hymn in exactly the same form. Of the tune *Luther*, Lightwood gives the following interesting account:

'One day Luther was riding along a country road, when he heard a "wayfaring man" singing a melody, which took his fancy. Dismounting, he induced the singer to repeat the tune, and, as he did so, Luther noted it down on a piece of paper. Such is said to have been the origin of the well-known "Luther's Hymn". . . . first published in 1535. . . . In the nineteenth century . . . set to "Great God, what do I see and hear" it became popular in England, and Baumgarten, organist of the Lutheran Chapel in London, arranged it for solo voice

with trumpet obligato, the verse being repeated by a chorus with full orchestral accompaniment. It had a wonderful popularity in country churches, and it is said that, on certain occasions when this version was performed, the trumpeter would be hidden away somewhere in the gallery or roof, and the sound of the trumpet coming in thus unexpectedly, and apparently from nowhere, produced a realistic effect calculated to arouse the most hardened sinners in the parish.' Lightwood gives the music, with a trumpet interlude between each line of words, and proceeds:

'At least twenty-four different versions are in existence, from which the one now in common use has been evolved. Sterndale Bennett has used the tune very skilfully in his introduction to the *Woman of Samaria*.'

For two tunes ascribed to Luther, see *Ein' feste Burg* (391) and *Vater Unser* (821).

65

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

'Yet once more I shake not the earth only but also heaven.' Heb. xii. 26.

1 THE LORD of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was darkest night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The LORD of love on Calvary
Dies for a world unheeding,
And for the men who crucify
The Crucified is pleading;
For us He bore those bitter pains,
For us He rose, for us He reigns,
For ever interceding.

3 The LORD of love, the LORD of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

vv. 1 and 3, BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

See notes on Nos. 1 and 297. ii is by compilers of B. C. P. and has been substituted for:

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.

For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

W. Garrett Horder, in *The Hymn Lover*, says, 'This is a hymn of great force and picturesqueness, unhappily disfigured by the line which tells of Christ meeting the Father's anger.' This line, it may be observed, is contrary to the kindly spirit of the writer, and is attributable to the theology current in his time.

TUNES. *Luther*, *Stuat*, and *The Lord of Might*.

66

C.M.

'He hath visited and redeemed His people.' St. Luke i. 68.

1 HARK the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

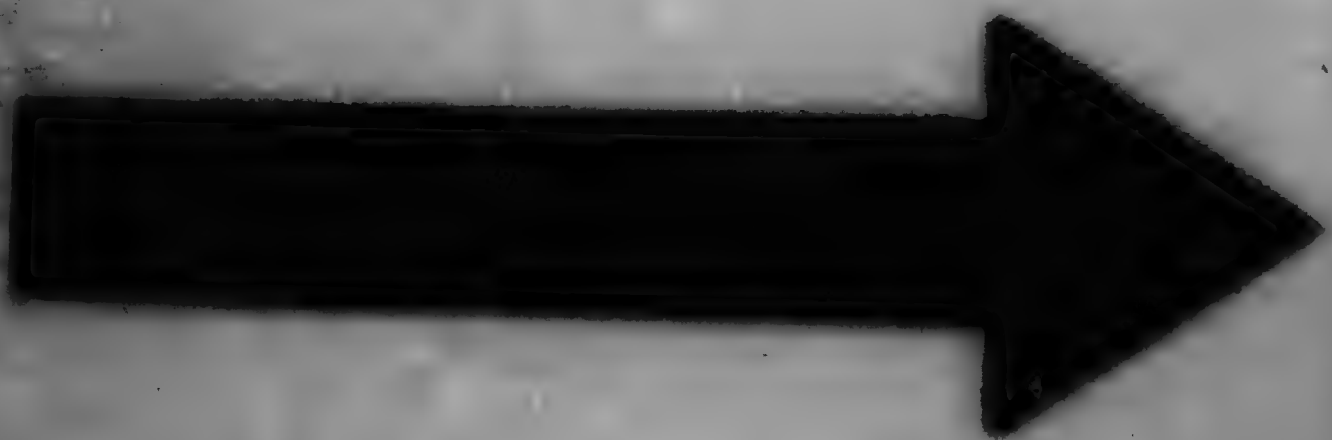
4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, 1735.

Cong. has another of the three verses which complete the paraphrase of St. Luke iv. 18, 19, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives,' &c.

Doddridge's hymns are often close paraphrases of Scripture. Many were written to be recited at the close of his sermon, to drive home the lessons he sought to teach. Other hymns by him in B. C. P. are *My God and is Thy table spread* (287); *Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve* (278); *O God of Bethel* (570); and *Ye servants of the Lord* (670). He was a distinguished Congregational pastor and teacher at Northampton, England. His *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* used to be much read. His family crest bore the motto 'Dum vivimus vivamus'—While we live, let us live—and upon it he wrote lines which Dr. Samuel Johnson called 'the best epigram in the English language'.

'Live while you live,' the epicure will say,
'And take the pleasure of the passing day';



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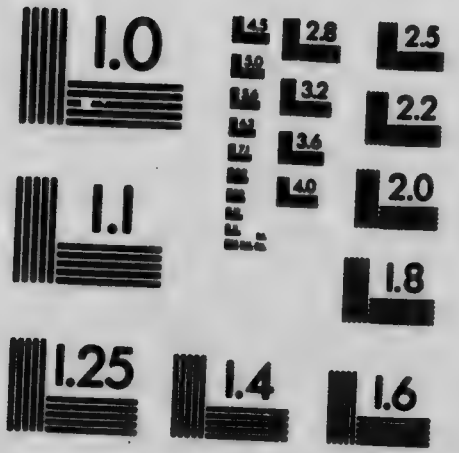

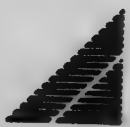

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'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live in Thee.

TUNES. *Bristol*, and *St. Stephen*.

67

'Surely I come quickly.' Rev. xxii. 20. Six 8's.

1 O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

REV. L. TUTTIETT, 1854.

In his *Hymns for Churchmen*, 1854. See notes on No. 88.

TUNES. *Veni cito*, and *St. Clement* (Roberts).

68

Paraphrase of Psalm l. 9.8.9.8

1 THE mighty GOD, the LORD hath spoken,
And bids the trembling earth draw nigh:
The silence of long ages broken,
He speaks in thunder from the sky.

2 Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,
In perfect beauty He appears:
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,
Bright are the diadems He wears.

3 He speaks, and all the nations tremble;
Heaven, earth, and hell His voice obey:
In solemn awe His saints assemble,
The world's dim shadows flee away.

4 O who can stand when Thou appearest
In robes of majesty divine?
Though now each contrite sigh Thou hearest,
What terrors then will round Thee shine!

5 O mighty God, O LORD most holy,
Prepare us for that solemn day:
O shield and guard us, save us wholly,
Thy pardoning grace to us display.

Amen.

CANON THOMAS R. BIRKS, 1874.

In his *Companion Psalter*, 1874. H. C. has:

A fiery stream devours before Him,
And cloud and tempest veil His form;
The countless hosts of heaven adore Him,
Amidst the darkness and the storm.

This is a paraphrase of verse 3.

3 Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence:
A fire shall devour before him,
And it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

The custom of 'lining-out' the psalm became usual in the Commonwealth time. The Westminster Assembly issued a 'Directory for Public Worship' to replace the Prayer Book, and directed the reading of 'the psalm, line by line, before the singing thereof'.

This must have aroused even the Puritan sense of humour, when applied to the 3rd verse of this Psalm, 'The Lord will come, and He will not'—a startling statement when twice repeated, especially when followed by, 'Keep silence, but speak out.' TUNES. *Vox Domini*, and *St. Clement* (Scholefield).

69

8.8.8.

'He cometh to judge the earth.' Ps. xcvi. 13.

1 DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O GOD, Thy suppliant groaning.

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

18 Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

19 Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

Tr. (1848) from the Latin of Thomas of Celano of 18th cent. by Rev. W. J. Irons.

Orig. of i. 2 is 'See once more the cross returning' ('Crucis expandens vexilla'), being the *Paris Missal* (1738) variation of the original 'Teste David cum Sybilla'. The idea referred to is, that the sign (St. Matt. xxiv. 30) is a bright cross in heaven, which will shine in the skies when Christ comes to judge the world.

This remarkable hymn, intended doubtless only for private meditation, was written by the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. The translations into other languages, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Russian, Hebrew, and especially into German and English, are very numerous, over 100 in German, over 50 by English scholars, and over 150 by Americans. Only Luther's *Ein' feste Burg* can show such a lengthy list. One of the earliest translators, the Earl of Roscommon died (1684) repeating his version of the seventeenth stanza:

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend;
My God, my Father and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

Lockhart, in describing Sir Walter Scott's dying hours, wrote:

'Whatever we could follow him in, was a fragment of the Bible, or some petition in the Litany, or a verse of some psalm in the old Scotch metrical version, or some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*' (see No. 62).

Goethe describes its effect upon the guilty conscience in the Cathedral scene in *Faust*.

This wonderful hymn is the high-water mark of Latin hymnody, at a time when modern rhyme and rhythm had substituted accent for quantity. Even a reader unacquainted with the Latin language cannot fail to appreciate, in part, the solemn roll and thunder of these awful verses. A few are appended, which, with their resounding double rhymes, and their irresistible majesty of sound, will surely explain the fascination the hymn has had for upwards of six centuries.

'Nor is it hard to account for its popularity. The metre so grandly devised, of which I remember no other example, fitted though it has here shown itself for bringing out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language—the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, which has been likened to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the confidence of the poet in the universal interest of his theme, a confidence which has made him set out his matter with so majestic

and unadorned a plainness, as at once to be intelligible to all—These merits, with many more, have given the *Dies Irae* a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song' (*Archbishop Trench*).

Latin scholars are wont to speak of this as 'an alluring and baffling hymn'. They admit that it is impossible to translate it without losing much of the power and grandeur of the original. Duffield (*Latin Hymns*, 252), aptly illustrates:

'It happened to me once to enter a crowded church, where presently a distinguished German divine arose to speak. Others had addressed the audience in English; but he, turning to his fellow-countrymen, began to pour forth a trumpet strain of lofty eloquence in his native tongue. He spoke of the "better valley", of a happy and peaceful land. He seemed to see its broad and gentle river, and to hear the chiming of its Sabbath bells. He peopled the air with its lovely citizens, and created about us the presence of its glorious joy. Faintly and brokenly, as now and then he uttered some familiar words, I could catch glimpses of that *besseres Thal*, and its brightness and beauty and the awe of its holy calmness came upon me—upon me, the stranger and the foreigner, in whose speech no word was said.

'But they who were of the lip and lineage of the land, they whose country was brought so near, and whose hopes were raised on such strong familiar wings—they truly were moved to the soul. I saw tears in their eyes; I heard their suppressed and labouring breath. I beheld their eager faces, and the glory of that land fell on them, even as I gazed. So, though we cannot here perceive the fulness of the Franciscan's hymn, yet do we discern the stately splendour of Messiah's throne, and

'Catch betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
Some radiant vista of the realm before us.'

1 Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

2 Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

3 Tuba mirum spargat sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

4 Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura,
Iudicanti responsura.

5 Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur.

6 Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

7 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Dum vix iustus sit securus?

8 Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis!

'It is well known that the Revolution in Paris in 1848 led to many scenes of terror and shame. Foremost was the death of the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot on June 27, on the barricades on the Place de la Bastille, whilst endeavouring to persuade the insurgents to cease firing, and was buried on July 7. As soon as it was safe to do so, his funeral sermon was preached in Notre Dame, accompanied by a religious service of the most solemn and impressive kind. Throughout the service, the Archbishop's heart was exposed in a glass case in the Choir, and at the appointed place, the *Dies Irae* was sung by an immense body of priests. Dr. Irons was present, and deeply moved by what he saw and heard. On retiring from the Church he wrote out his translation of the *Dies Irae*. The surrounding circumstances no doubt contributed greatly to produce this, which is one of

the finest of modern renderings of the grandest of mediæval hymns' (*Julian*, 293).

A well-known American version by Gen. John A. Dix (father of Rev. Morgan Dix) was put forth during the Civil War, 'amidst its tumult, and as a relief from its asperities.'

TUNE. *Dies Irae.*

70

D.S.M.

'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' Rev. xxii. 20.

1 THE Church has waited long
Her coming LORD to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.

3 The serpent's brood increase;
The powers of hell grow bold:
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O LORD our GOD,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?

4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, LORD, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again. Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1845.

In his *Bible Hymn Book*, 1845. The original had a refrain, 'Come then, Lord Jesus, come,' which renders it difficult to obtain a suitable musical setting. i. 2, orig. '*absent* Lord'; ii. 7, orig. '*ripen* there'. i. 7, 3 H. C. has 'And still *of her dear Lord bereft*'. See notes on No. 390. TUNE. *Leominster.*

THE STORY OF THE ADVENT OF JESUS

Part 1.

71 THE ADVENT OF JESUS BEFORE HIS INCARNATION

S.M.

TO CREATE AND TO ILLUMINATE MANKIND

'In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.' St. John i. 4.

1 IN majesty and power,
With angels' glad acclaim, Job xxxviii. 7.
The WORD of GOD, at time's first hour,
As man's Creator came. St. John i. 1-3.

2 He came, the Light of Light, St. John i. 4.
O'er all to shed His ray; St. John i. 9.
But men from depths of darkest night St. John i. 5.
Refused the beams of Day. St. John i. 11.

3 Yet holy men of old
Caught up the radiant glow;
Like snow-capped mountains, tipped with gold,
Against the gloom below. St. John i. 12.

4 All goodness, truth, and love,
In saintly lives displayed,
Was CHRIST's own lustre from above,
To waiting hearts conveyed. Amen. St. John i. 9.

Part 2.

THE ADVENT OF JESUS AT HIS INCARNATION

TO SAVE AND TO ELEVATE MANKIND

'And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.' St. Luke ii. 13.

1 THE same angelic throng
That hailed Creation's morn
Burst through the skies with heavenly song,
When GOD as Man was born. St. Luke ii. 13, 14.

2 From heaven did CHRIST descend 2 Cor. viii. 9.
To stable mean and poor; St. Luke ii. 12.
He came as Servant, Teacher, Friend, Phil. ii. 7; St. John xviii. 37; xv. 13, 14; St. Matt. xi. 19.
The sinner's open Door. St. John x. 7, 9.

3 He came to seek and save, St. Luke xix. 10.
To suffer, toil, and die, St. Luke xxiv. 46; St. John ix. 4;
To share with man a common grave, 1 Cor. xv. 3.
That man might rise on high. Isa. liii. 9.
1 Pet. iii. 18

4 He came to loose the band
Of Satan, death and sin; Heb. ii. 14, 15.
To bear, as Man, to GOD's right hand, St. Mark xvi. 19.
The souls He died to win. Amen. Heb. vii. 25; Jude 24.

PART 3.

THE ADVENT OF JESUS SINCE HIS INCARNATION

TO ATTRACT AND TO NOURISH MANKIND

'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.' St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

1 AND still through toil and strife,
'Mid sorrow, joy, and pain, St. John xiv. 18, 23.
He comes to fill His Church with life, St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; St. John vi. 51, 57.
His own for heaven to train.

2 Where'er His servants meet,
Uniting hearts in prayer,
And kneeling suppliant at His feet,
He, in the midst, is there. St. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

3 While angels join to swell
The Church's heavenly song, Rev. vii. 11, 12.
He comes with faithful hearts to dwell,
Who round His altar throng.

4 LORD JESU, as we kneel
Before Thy throne of grace,
May we Thy hidden presence feel,
The sunshine of Thy face! Amen.

PART 4.

THE ADVENT OF JESUS TO RECEIVE THE FRUITS OF HIS INCARNATION

TO JUDGE AND TO CLAIM MANKIND

'And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect.' St. Matt. xxiv. 31.

1 AT length with trumpet sound, St. Matt. xxiv. 31.
In glory unexpressed, St. Luke ix. 26.
He comes, while angel-hosts surround, St. Matt. xxv. 31.
The King by all confessed. Rom. xiv. 10, 11.

2 Athwart the darkened skies St. Matt. xxiv. 29.
The gathering clouds are sped, Rev. vi. 14.
Revealing CHRIST to wondering eyes Rev. i. 7.
As Judge of quick and dead. St. Matt. xxv. 32–46.

3 The night of sin is past, Heb. ix. 26.
And stemmed is death's dark tide, 1 Cor. xv. 26, 54, 55.
The heavenly Bridegroom comes at last St. Matt. xxv. 1–13.
To claim the Church, His Bride. Rev. xxi. 2.

4 For that last Advent-hour
When earth shall pass away,
LORD JESU, grant Thy servants power
To work, and watch, and pray. AMEN. St. Mark xiii. 31. St. Mark xiii. 32–7.

REV. E. W. LEACHMAN, 1900.

N.B. I. The Incarnation of Jesus means His taking upon Him our flesh, and being born as Man on Christmas Day.

II. This 'Story' is told in the order above so that, whilst remembering our Lord's Coming as Man, and as Judge, we may not lose sight of His other Advents.

III. The Bible references given are those which suggested the form of this 'Story'.

Text as revised by author for B. C. P. The hymn was written for use at the Mission Church of St. Mary at Bournemouth, Eng., of which the writer was then in charge as Curate of St. Clement's Church. It appeared in Stainer's *Hymn Tunes*, 1900, with marginal texts as above.

TUNES. *St. Andrew*, *Marshall*, *Dedication*, and *Newland*.

CHRISTMAS

72

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.' St. Luke ii. 15. P.M.

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

2 GOD of GOD,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very GOD,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to GOD
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

4 Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
JESU, to Thee be glory given;
WORD of the FATHER.

Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.
Amen.

Tr. (1841) from the Latin of 18th cent.
by CANON F. OAKELEY.

The Latin is probably of the 18th cent., and is in *The Evening Office* of 1760 thus:

1 Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte Regem angelorum:
Venite, adoremus; venite, adoremus:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera;
Deum verum, genitum, non factum. Venite, &c.

3 Cantet nunc Io chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula Coelestium:
Gloria in excelsis Deo! Venite, &c.

4 Ergo Qui natus die hodierno,
Iesu Tibi sit gloria:
Patris Aeterni Verbum Caro factum! Venite, &c.

The transln. is as in A. & M., A. & M. '04, 2 H. C., 3 C. H., Am., Sc., Eng. Meth., Carey Brock, Bapt., and Cong. i. 1 and 2 in orig. 'Ye faithful approach ye, Joyfully triumphing'; iv. 5, orig. '*Late* in flesh'. 2 C. H. has different version. Can. Pr. has Mercer's version, which is an alternative in Sc.; Ir. has a combination of Oakeley and Mercer; Am. Meth. has Caswall's translation. In 1845 Canon Oakeley left the Ch. of England, and joined the Ch. of Rome. TUNE. *Adeste Fideles.*

73

Ten 7's.

'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.'
Isa. ix. 6.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
'CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.'
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels, &c.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels, &c. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

In his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The refrain is as altered by Martin Madan in 1760 and as in most hymnals. The original was as in A. & M. '04:

Hark how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings.

i. 7, 8 as in A. & M.; orig. was as in 2 and 3 H. C.:

Universal nature say
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

iii. 1, orig. 'Hail, the *heavenly*.

ii. 7, 8, as in most hyls.; orig.:

Pleased as man with man t' *appear*,
Jesus, our Emmanuel *here*.

'In 1855, when Dr. Cummings, now principal of the Guildhall School of Music, was organist at Waltham, he was looking through the music of Mendelssohn's *Festgesang*, which was written in 1840 to celebrate the introduction of printing, and it occurred to him that the second chorus in the book was very suitable for Wesley's Christmas hymn, so the adaptation was accordingly made. Dr. Cummings printed it in 1856, and it has now become the recognized tune for the hymn. Mendelssohn, had he lived, might have had something to say in the matter, for in reference to this same chorus he wrote, 'I am sure that piece will be liked very much by singers and hearers, but it will *never* do to sacred words' (*Lightwood*, 340).

TUNE. *Mendelssohn.*

74

Six 10's.

'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.' St. Luke ii. 10.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the SAVIOUR of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a SAVIOUR's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath GOD fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD.'

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
GOD's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder GOD had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the SAVIOUR, in a manger laid:
Then to their flocks, still praising GOD, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
GOD's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

JOHN BYROM, 1750.

From his *Poems*, 1773, where it has forty-eight lines. Written in 1750 as a Christmas gift to his favourite little daughter Dorothy. The manuscript with the heading, 'Christmas Day for Dolly,' may be seen at Chetham's Library, Manchester. A quaint and tender little hymn by Byrom is as follows (See *Oxford Hymnal* (1908), No. 150):

1 My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest:

2 Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee:

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

There is an interesting account and portrait of Byrom in F. A. Jones's *Famous Hymns*. He was the inventor of the best system of shorthand in vogue in his day. Byrom taught his system of shorthand to the Wesleys, who used it in their journals, and many of their hymns were first jotted down by its aid.

Duffield (*English Hymns*) says:

'Nothing can better illustrate Byrom's characteristics than his famous epigram, written in 1745. Byrom, for a wonder, came out boldly on the side of the Stuarts, and it took all his skill to avoid an awkward dilemma. This he achieved by tossing this stanza like a tub to the whale, or like the sacrifice which Alcibiades made of his dog's tail to divert the wrath of his fellow-citizens. Thus wrote Byrom:

'God bless the King—I mean the Faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all—that 's quite another thing!'

He was always a good Christian, and lived on in happy quiet until his death in 1763 in his 72nd year. He might appropriately have composed a hymn on the prayer of Jabez. Not only as a hymn writer do we recall him, but as the one who said of Handel and Bononcini:

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

iii. 3, 4 as in A. & M.; orig. 'sung', 'rung'. iii. 6 as in A. & M.; orig. '*mutual* good will'. iv. 5, 6 as in A. & M.; orig. '*They* to their,' and '*within their bosoms* burn'. vi. 1 as in A. & M.; orig. '*thrones* among'. v. 1 as in A. & M.; 1773 version has '*Like Mary let us ponder*'. v. 5 in 1773 was '*Treading* His steps', and vi. 6 was 'Of angels and of angel men the King'.

TUNE. *Yorkshire* (*Stockport* or *Mottram*).

75

'Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' St. Luke ii. 11. C.M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign:
4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising GOD, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
6 'All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.' Amen.

NAHUM TATE, 1700.

From the *Supplement* to the *New Version of the Psalms*, which latter was meant to replace Sternhold and Hopkins, known as the Old Version. See notes on No. 111. The authorization of this New Version was mild but effective. It was permitted to be 'used in all such churches, chappels and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same'. The authorization of the Irish *Church Hymnal* in use almost universally in Ireland reads: 'That the Synod do permit the use, in the Public Worship of the Church of Ireland, of the Hymnal as presented by the Committee.' For the terms of the resolution relating to the *Book of Common Praise*, see p. ix.

TUNES. *Winchester Old*, and *Bethlehem*. Some phrases of the former tune are said by Love, p. 288, to have appeared in a melody in Dr. Tye's collection, 1553, entitled, '*The Actes of the Apostles*, translated into Englyshe Metre and dedicated to the Kynge's most excellent Majestye by Christofer Tye, Doctor in Musike and one of the Gentylmen of hys Graces most honourable Chappell wyth notes to eche Chapter to synge and also to play upon the Lute very necessarye for studentes after their studye to fyle thyr wyttes and also for all Christians that cannot synge to recite the good and Godlye storyes of the lives of Christ hys Apostles.'

76

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

'God was manifest in the flesh.' 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 OF the FATHER's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

* 2 At His word the worlds were framed;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore.

* 3 He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore.

4 O that birth for ever blessèd!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
Bare the SAVIOUR of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

5 This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long-expected;
Let creation praise its LORD,
Evermore and evermore.

6 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our GOD and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

* 7 Righteous Judge of souls departed,
Righteous King of them that live,
On the FATHER'S throne exalted
None in might with Thee may strive;
Who at last in vengeance coming
Sinners from Thy face shalt drive,
Evermore and evermore.

8 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let the guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

9 CHRIST, to Thee, with GOD the FATHER,
And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

Tr. from the Latin of Prudentius, 4th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE (1854) and REV. SIR H. W. BAKER (1861).

The Latin, beginning 'Corde natus ex parentis', is part of the ninth hymn in the twelve of his *Cathemerinon*. F. A. Jones in *Famous Hymns* says:

'This is the combined work of John Mason Neale and Sir Henry Baker. The manner in which the two hymnists made their translation is interesting. Each translated the hymn independently, afterwards comparing the translations. The best verses were then chosen from each translation, and thus the hymn was built up.'

But if this account be true it must refer to a revision by Neale, as his transln. was made in 1854, seven years before. For Neale's version see 3 C. H.

TUNE. *Divinum mysterium.* This dates from the 12th cent. It is not the 'Corde Natus' melody.

77

S.M.

'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' St. John i. 14.

1 GOD from on high hath heard;
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
Lo! from the opening Heaven descends
To man the promised Peace.

2 Hark! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell;
Their joyful songs proclaim that 'GOD
Is born on earth to dwell.'

3 See how the shepherd-band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallow'd cave with them
The Holy Babe to greet.

4 But, O what sight appears
Within that lowly door!
A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
A Child, and Mother poor!

5 Art Thou the CHRIST? the Son?
The FATHER's Image bright?
And see we Him Whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils Thy glory now;
We hail Thee GOD, before Whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.

7 A silent Teacher, LORD,
Thou bidd'st us not refuse
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

8 Our sinful pride to cure
With that pure love of Thine,
O be Thou born within our hearts,
Most Holy Child Divine. Amen.

Tr. (1852) from the Latin of C. Coffin by BISHOP WOODFORD.

The Latin, beginning 'Iam desinant suspiria', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736. The translator was one of the editors of the *Parish Hymn Book*. The above version is as altered by A. & M. '61 from Woodford's 6.6.6.6 metre. Bishop Woodford translated *Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee* (245). TUNE. *St. George.*

78

L.M.

'Who, being in the form of God ... took upon Him the form of a servant.' Phil. ii. 6, 7.

1 FROM east to west, from shore to shore,
Let every heart awake and sing
The Holy Child Whom Mary bore,
The CHRIST, the everlasting King.

2 Behold! the world's Creator wears
The form and fashion of a slave;
Our very flesh our Maker shares,
His fallen creature, man, to save.

3 For this how wondrously He wrought!
A maiden, in her lowly place,
Became, in ways beyond all thought,
The chosen vessel of His grace.

4 She bowed her to the angel's word
Declaring what the FATHER willed,
And suddenly the promised LORD
That pure and hallowed temple filled.

5 He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
He lay within the manger bed,
And He Whose bounty feedeth all
At Mary's breast Himself was fed.

6 And while the angels in the sky
Sang praise above the silent field,
To shepherds poor the LORD most high,
The one great Shepherd, was revealed.

7 All glory for this blessèd morn
To GOD the FATHER ever be;
All praise to Thee, O Virgin-born,
All praise, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1870 and 1889) from the Latin of Sedulius by
REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

The Latin begins 'A solis ortus cardine'. The text is here as revised by Ellerton for A. & M. '89. See the original C. M. transln. by Ellerton in 2 C.H. He says in Annotated Edn. of 2 C.H.: 'This is a very small fragment . . . of a long and famous alphabetical Latin hymn on the life of our Lord by Caelius Sedulius, an Irish ecclesiastic, who came to Rome about the middle of the 5th cent. This hymn became exceedingly popular, and the author was ranked among the four founders of Christian hymnody in mediaeval expositions.' The verses here are those which begin with A, B, C, D, F, and G. See No. 98. TUNES. *A solis ortus*, and *Walton*.

79

8.7.8.7,4.7.

'We are come to worship Him.' St. Matt. ii. 2.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1816.

Montgomery, in youth a Moravian, for many years worshipped among the Wesleyans, but in old age conformed to the Church of England. See No. 476.

The grandfather of the compiler of these notes was a warm personal friend of Montgomery, who wrote a beautiful poem upon the death of one of his friend's children.

He wrote 355 hymns, of which 17 are in B. C. P. The doxology in A. & M. is not by him, but is from the *Salisbury H. B*, 1857. This hymn appeared first in the Christmas Eve number of the Sheffield *Iris*, of which he was editor.

TUNES. *Kensington New*, and *Redemption*.

80

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

'Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.'
St. Matt. i. 23.

1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For CHRIST is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to GOD the King,
And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So GOD imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear CHRIST enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our LORD Immanuel. Amen.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1868.

Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, received his inspiration for this hymn one evening in Christmas week, 1865, while riding over the plain near Bethlehem. The words were written a year later, and set to music at Christmas, 1868, by Mr. Redner, who was organist at Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, and also superintendent of the Sunday School, where Phillips Brooks was rector. An interesting account of the hymn and tune appeared in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, September 2, 1906, where the death of Mr. Redner was recorded, and his lifework described. The hymn was printed first in leaflet form and afterwards published in *The Church Porch*, by Rev. Dr. Huntingdon, Worcester, Mass., who named the tune *St. Louis*.

iii. 7 as in E. H., Can. Pr., Sc., Eng. Meth., and Bapt.; 'Him still,' in Am., Am. Meth. The follg. stanza is in Eng. H.:

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

TUNES. *St. Louis*, and *Bethlehem*.

81

P.M.

'They shall call His Name Emmanuel.' St. Matt. i. 23.

1 JOY fills our inmost heart to-day;
The royal Child is born:
And angel hosts in glad array
His Advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate WORD
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel.

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
Where, folded in Thy Mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe Divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c. Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1865.

As in the author's earliest version in *Christmas Customs and Christmas Carols*, No. 15; exc. i. 1, '*hearts*'; ii. 4, '*No rapture*'; iii. 4, '*Thou sleepest, Babe*'; iv. 1 and 2:

Though art the Very Light of Light,
Enlighten us, sweet Child.

TUNE. *Gaudete*, by the veteran musician, Samuel Smith, organist of the Parish Church at Windsor, England, till 1895, when he retired at seventy-five years of age. It was the last tune required to complete the selection of tunes for *Church Hymns*, 1874, edited by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who sent the words to Mr. Smith to be set to music. The composer has revised the tune for B. C. P. He wrote also *Newton Ferns* (371), *Ruth* (620), *Eden Grove* (649).

Also suitable: 514, 599, 668, 712, 728, 736–750, 780.

ST. STEPHEN

December 26

82

7.7.7.7.

'Ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.' 1 Pet. iv. 13.

1 FIRST of martyrs, thou whose name[1]
Doth thy golden crown proclaim,
Not of flowers that fade away
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

2 Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,
Sprinkled wit thy life-blood's stream;
Stars around thy sainted head
Never could such radiance shed.

[1] The word Stephen means a crown.

3 Every wound upon thy brow
Sparkles with unearthly glow;
Like an angel's is thy face,
Beaming with celestial grace.

4 O how blessèd first to be
Slain for Him Who bled for thee;
First like Him in dying hour
Witness to almighty power;

5 First to follow where He trod
Through the deep Red Sea of blood;
First, but in thy footsteps press
Saints and martyrs numberless.

6 Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Praised by men and heavenly host. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by Compilers A. & M.

The Latin hymn, beginning 'O qui tuo, dux martyrum', is in Santeuil's *Hymni Sacri*, 1689, the *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686, and elsewhere. TUNE. *Lübeck.*
Also suitable: 636.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

December 27

83

B.M.

'The disciple whom Jesus loved.' St. John xiii. 23.

1 AN exile for the faith
Of His incarnate LORD,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared:

2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead,
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled:

3 There of the kingdom learned
The mysteries sublime;
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

4 LORD, give us grace, like him,
In Thee to live and die;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high.

5 JESU, our risen LORD,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER One
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of Rev. N. le Tourneaux by
REV. E. CASWALL.

The Latin begins 'Iesus tyranni pro fide'; from *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686. Fourth and fifth verses are not by Tourneaux, but are from *Paris Breviary*, 1736. TUNES. *Narenza*, and *St. Helena*.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY

December 28

84

S.M.

'Thy children shall come again.' Jer. xxxi. 17.

1 GLORY to Thee, O LORD,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Glory to Thee, O LORD,
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

3 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

4 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

5 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
O that as free from wilful sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.

6 LORD, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

EMMA TOKE, 1851.

Contributed to S. P. C. K. *Hymns for Public Worship*, 1852.
TUNES. *Narenza*, and *St. Helena*.

CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST

January 1

85

8.7.8.7.D.

'When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus.' St. Luke ii. 21.

1 THOU, Who camest here in weakness
From Thy glorious throne of might,
Now dost condescend in meekness
To receive the ancient rite;
Though with God the FATHER reigning
Where bright hosts Thy power proclaim,
Now for sinners Thou art deigning
To receive a human Name.

2 We were lost and Thou hast sought us
Out of Thine exceeding grace,
By Thine Incarnation bought us
And dost all our sins efface;
JESUS is the Name now given,
Name revered by all above,
Name which tells that earth and heaven
Now are bound by chains of love.

3 As we come with homage lowly
To adore Thee, Child Divine,
May Thy love so sweet and holy
Deep within our bosom shine;
JESUS, may our hearts enfold Thee
Ever answering to Thy love,
Till our eyes at last behold Thee
On Thy glorious throne above. Amen.

WILLIAM EDGAR ENMAN, 1906.

Pub. in the *The Living Church*, Dec., 1905. Mr. Enman is a frequent contributor to *The Living Church*, *The Canadian Churchman*, and other publications, in which many of his one hundred hymns have appeared. Most of them are for red letter and black letter saints' days. He has written articles upon the Armenian Church, having made a special study of Oriental Christianity. He was born at Charlottetown, P. E. I., 1869, and is a printer by occupation. See Nos. 204, 207. TUNE. *Snowdon*.

86

S.M.

'Thou shalt call His Name Jesus.' St. Matt. i. 21.

1 THE ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For JESUS makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light Divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee JESUS, Child Divine,
Our JESUS deign to be.

4 All praise, Eternal SON,
For Thy redeeming love,
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever One,
In glorious might above. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin of S. Besnault by Compilers, A. & M.

Abbé Sebastian Besnault was a French R.C. priest at Sens, and died 1724. The Latin is in the *Sens Breviary*, 1726, where it begins 'Iam satis mentis timor occupavit, Debilis cessent elementa legis'. TUNE, *St. Michael* (*Old* 134th).
Also suitable: 423, 471, 484, 518, 657.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

87 7.7.7.7.

'The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He will bless us.' Ps. cxv. 12.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, SAVIOUR, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O GOD,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown. Amen.

Rev. Henry Downton, 1848.

Contributed to the *Ch. of Eng. Magazine*, Jan. 1848, rev. for his *Hymns and Verses*, 1873. Hence the variations in hymnals. Tune. *Cultrach.*

88

7.5.7.5.D.

'That God in all things may be glorified.' 1 Pet. iv. 11.

1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify Thy Name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify Thy Name. Amen.

Rev. L. Tuttiett, 1864.

From his *Germs of Thought*, 1864. He was a clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, St. Andrews, Scotland. Wrote many hymns, including *Go forward, Christian soldier* (465); *O quickly come, great Judge of all* (67).

TUNES. *Dedication*, and *Father, let me dedicate.*

89

C.M.

'Behold, I make all things new.' Rev. xxi. 5.

1 THE year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, LORD,
For countless gifts received;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

3 To Thee we come, O gracious LORD,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence;
Give peace and plenteousness;

4 Forgive this nation's many sins;
The growth of vice restrain;
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good LORD, for Thee.

6 O FATHER, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
With angel-hosts above.

7 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin by REV. F. POTT.

Author unknown, in *Le Mans Breviary*, 1748. The Latin begins 'Lapsus est annus, redit annus alter'. Mr. Pott in his *Hymns*, 1861, has a L. M. translation which he prefers. Here as in A. & M. '61.

TUNE. *Tallis*, known as 'Tallis's Ordinal', from being set to the hymn *Veni Creator* in one of the versions used in the Ordination Service. See No. 8.

90

D.C.M.

'And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee.'
Ps. xxxix. 7.

1 THE old year's long campaign is o'er:
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say:
'Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.

2 'Go forth! firm faith on every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him Who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, this charge in view,
'Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

4 LORD GOD, our Glory, THREE in ONE,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end;
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite sweet triumph crown
The children of the day. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1872.

In his *Knight of Intercession*, 1872. i. 5, 6, as in 3 C. H. Sc. has:

Not yet the end, not yet repose;
We hear our Captain say.

He wrote *The Church's one foundation* (624).

TUNE. *St. Maria.* In English collections this is given as a 'German Melody'. In German collections it appears as 'Old

English Melody', and more recently as by C. H. Purday (see tune for 656). It is in W. Gawler's *Hys. and Ps.*, 1789, and has not been traced earlier.

91

18.18.18.14.

'They will go from strength to strength.' Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

1 FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our LORD hath laid His own so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

*4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our LORD in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of GOD that mighty love to know.

*5 O let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of GOD, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
O even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.
Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1878.

From *Under the Surface*, 1874. See Nos. 386 and 564. TUNE, *Tours*.
Also suitable: 390, 437, 444, 511, 566, 570, 654.

EPIPHANY

92

8.7.8.7.

'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda.' St. Matt. ii. 6.

1 EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the LORD from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its GOD announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblation rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their GOD disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5 JESU, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with GOD the FATHER
And the SPIRIT, glory be. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of Prudentius by REV. E. CASWALL.

The Latin is part of the twelfth hymn of the *Cathemerinon* of Prudentius (348–413) (see note on No. 76) and begins 'O sola magnarum urbium'. Text as altd. in A. & M. '61. Only two lines exactly as Caswall wrote them. TUNE. *Stuttgart.*

93

L.M.

'The life was manifested, and we have seen it.' 1 John i. 2.

1 HOW vain the cruel Herod's fear,
When told that CHRIST the King is near!
He takes not earthly realms away,
Who gives the realms that ne'er decay.

2 The eastern sages saw from far
And followed on His guiding star;
By light their way to Light they trod,
And by their gifts confessed their GOD.

3 Within the Jordan's sacred flood
The heavenly Lamb in meekness stood,
That He, to Whom no sin was known,
Might cleanse His people from their own.

4 And O what miracle divine,
When water reddened into wine!
He spake the word, and forth it flowed
In streams that nature ne'er bestowed.

5 All glory, JESU, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany;
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of Sedulius by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

English text is altd. as in A. & M. '61 and '75. Only two lines as Neale wrote them for *Hymnal Noted*, 1851. The Latin is from the stanzas beginning H, I, L, N, of the alphabetical hymn of Sedulius (see No. 78). TUNES. *Hostis Herodes*, and *Ely*.

94

Six 7's.

'When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.' St. Matt. ii. 10.

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious LORD, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
SAVIOUR, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy JESU, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1860.

In his *Hymns of Love and Joy*, 1861. An Anglican layman whose father, a Bristol man, wrote a life of Chatterton. Dix approved of above text, which is as in A. & M. '61. Orig. had ii. 2, *To that lowly manger-bed*; ii. 4, '*Him* Whom'; iii. 2, 'At that *manger* rude'. But, though the shepherds came to a stable, the wise men came to a house (see St. Matt. ii. 11). Dix wrote *To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise* (347); *Alleluia, sing to Jesus* (397); *Come unto Me, ye weary* (486); *Like silver lamps in a distant shrine* (748). TUNE. *Dix.*

95

C.M.

'And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.' St. Luke ii. 51.

1 THE heavenly Child in stature grows,
And, growing, learns to die;
And still His early training shows
His coming agony.

2 The SON of GOD His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He, Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

4 He, Whom the choirs of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

5 For this Thy lowliness revealed,
JESU, we Thee adore;
And praise to GOD the FATHER yield
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by REV. J. CHANDLER.

Canon Jean Baptiste Santeuil (1630–97) was a French Roman Catholic. The Latin, beginning 'Divine crescebas, Puer', is in his *Hymni Sacri*, 1689. Text of transln. is as in A. & M. '61. Only verses 2 and 3 are by Chandler, and these were somewhat altered by A. & M.

TUNES. *Tallis* (see No. 89), *Holy Trinity*, and *Jerusalem*.

96

C.M.

'The star, which they saw in the east, went before them'. St. Matt. ii. 9.

1 O THOU Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where JESUS lay;

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy HOLY SPIRIT, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the LORD.

4 O SAVIOUR, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1843.

See No. 84. From his *Hymns for Children*, 1843, as altd. in 1844. TUNES. *Tallis, Holy Trinity*, and *Jerusalem*.

97

6.5.6.5.D.

'When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.' St. Matt. ii. 10.

1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 There their LORD and SAVIOUR
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way;

Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.
Light of Light, &c.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of Light, &c.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light—
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
Light of Light, &c.

5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follow Thee;
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man. Amen.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1878.

From his *Hys. and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874. Author was editor of *Church of England Hymn Book*. 'The texts rank next to *Hymnal Companion* in purity. Hymns of a morbid cast and unnatural tone are rigidly excluded. Its literary standard is the highest amongst modern hymn books, and its poetical merits are great' (*Julian*). This hymnal was in use in St. John, N. B. Prebendary Thring (1823–1903) wrote *The radiant morn hath passed away* (33); *Hail! sacred day of earthly rest* (41); *Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep* (459); *Saviour, blessed Saviour* (612); and five other hymns in B. C. P. Tune, *Gracard*.

98

6.5.6.5.D.

'We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.' St. Matt. ii. 2.

1 LO! the pilgrim magi
Leave their royal halls,
And with eager footsteps,
Speed to Bethlehem's walls;
As they onward journey,
Faith, which firmly rests,
Built on hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts.

2 O what joy and gladness
Filled each heart, from far
When, to guide their footsteps,
Shone that radiant star;
O'er that home so holy,
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With His mother lay.

3 Costly pomp and splendour
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw may be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent
He all hearts can free.

4 At His crib they worship,
Kneeling on the floor,
And their GOD there present,
In that Babe adore;
To our GOD and SAVIOUR
We, as Gentiles true,
Give our hearts o'erflowing,
Give our tribute due:—

5 Bringing of our substance,
Gold unto our King;
Pure and chastened bodies
To our CHRIST we bring;
Unto Him, like incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So with meetest offerings
Him our GOD confess.

6 Glory to the FATHER,
Fount of Light alone;
Who unto the Gentiles,
Made His glory known.
Equal praise and glory,
Blessèd SON, to Thee,
And to Thee, blest SPIRIT,
Evermore shall be. Amen.

Tr. (1857) from C. Coffin by J. D. CHAMBERS.

The Latin, beginning 'Linquunt tecta magi principis urbis', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736. The original text is in *Lauda Sion*, 1857. TUNE. *Fides* (*Goshen*).

99

Eight 7's.

'The Son of God was manifested.' 1 John iii. 8.

1 SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
JESU, LORD, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
GOD in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
GOD in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
GOD in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
CHRIST will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign;

All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

Author was nephew of poet William Wordsworth. His hymns are mostly in *The Holy Year*, 1862, where this hymn is for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany. See No. 44.

Tunes. *St. George*, and *St. Edmund*.

100 C.M.

'The people which sat in darkness saw great light.'
St. Matt. iv. 16.

1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To hail Thee, Sun of righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6 Lord Jesus, reign in us we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

Rev. John Morison, 1781.

First printed in Scottish *Translations and Paraphrases*, 1781. Above text is as altered in A. & M. '61, where last verse is added. Compare this hymn with Isa. ix. 2, 3, 4, 6. See No. 114. TUNE. *Dundee.*

101

7.7.7.7.

'We have seen His star in the east.' St. Matt. ii. 2.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's widespread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your GOD appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
GOD descends on earth to reign;
GOD in mercy leaves the sky;
Shout, ye sons of GOD, on high! Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY (1739) and BISHOP R. HEBER (1827).

From his *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1739. Revised by Heber (1, 297), who altered i. 3, ii. 1, iii. 1, iv. 2, 3. TUNES. *Vienna*, and *St. Lucy*. Also suitable: 298, 389, 417, 418, 432, 463, 476, 478, 517, 527, 541, 542, 584, 652. Also Nos. 294–328.

FOR THE WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA

102

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'And again they said, Alleluia!' Rev. xix. 3.

1 ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of GOD abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below:
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, Blessèd TRINITY,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin begins, 'Alleluia, dulce carmen.' Its use in the week before Lent, like that of the *Alleluia perenne* (614) and *Alleluiatic Sequence* (687) is derived from the very ancient custom of discontinuing the use of 'Alleluia' in the daily offices from Septuagesima till Easter. It was in use in and before 11th cent. Neale translated it in 1851 for his *Mediæval Hymns*, revised it in 1854 for *Hymns of Notes*, and it was revised again in 1861 for A. & M. Eng. H. 68 is 1854 version.

TUNE, *Alleluia dulce carmen.*

SEPTUAGESIMA

103 L.M.

'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'
Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

1 CREATOR of the world, to Thee
An endless rest of joy belongs;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.

2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

3 O FATHER, Who dost promise still,
That they who mourn shall blessèd be;
Grant us to mourn for deeds of ill,
That banish us so long from Thee:

4 But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care;
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share.
Amen.

Tr. from C. Coffin by Rev. J. M. Neale, 1849, and Compilers A. & M., 1861.

The Latin, beginning 'Te lucis mundi Conditor,' is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736. Nine hymns of Charles Coffin (1676–1749) appear in B. C. P. English text is as in A. & M. '61, which left unaltered only one line of Neale's original in the *Christian Remembrancer*, Oct. 1849. Tunes. *St. Gregory*, and *St. Vincent*.
Also suitable: 406, 448, 469, 482, 512, 542, 611, 629.

104 SEXAGESIMA

C.M.

'Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.
1 Cor. iii. 7.

1 ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove:
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know. Amen.

Rev. John Cawood, 1815.

Written by Rev. John Cawood, a clergyman of the Church of England (1775–1852), as 'Hymn after Sermon'. Printed in T. Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, No. 268. His best known hymn is *Hark! what mean those holy voices* (741).
i. 2, Ir. has 'upon the ground'; i. 3, '*O may it grow in humble hearts*'; ii. 3, Ir. has 'But give it root in *praying souls*'. For other verses see S. C. H. and Ir. Tunes. *Albano*, and *Northrepps*.
Also suitable: 351, 516.

QUINQUAGESIMA

105 10.10.10.10.

'Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet show I unto you a more excellent way.' 1 Cor. xii. 31.

1 O HOLY SPIRIT, Whom our Master sent
Rich with all treasures from the throne above,
We pray Thee for Thy gift most excellent,
Thy greatest, Thine unfailing gift of love.

2 'Tis not for us with one commanding word
To heal the sick, or chase the hosts of hell,
In tongues unknown to make Thy mysteries heard,
Or things of GOD with lips inspired to tell.

3 Those signs are past; the written word is ours;
And Satan trembles at the might of prayer:
The shield of faith can quell the evil powers,
And hope's bright helmet save us from despair.

4 These yet abide; but we would covet still
One gift, exalted faith and hope above:
Grant us the new commandment to fulfil,
And even as JESUS loved us, so to love.

5 Grant us to follow His long-suffering path,
Joying in truth, yet helping them that fall,
To think no evil, give no place to wrath,
But bear, believe, endure, and hope for all.

6 So when at length we know as we are known,
And all the shadows are for ever past,
He Who is Love may see in us His own,
And all in Him be perfect love at last. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1890.

Written for *Hymnal Companion*, 1890. See notes on No. 600.
This hymn is founded on 1 Cor. xiii. TUNE. *St. Agnes.*
Also suitable: 470, 584.

LENT

106 C.M.

'Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God.' Joel ii. 13.

1 ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended GOD,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

5 O GOD, our Judge and FATHER, deign
To spare the bruised reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest THREE in ONE, to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

Tr. (1887) from the Latin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

Author unknown, in *Paris Breviary*, 1736, 'Solemne nos ieiunii.' Text as altd. in A. & M. '61, only three lines being as Chandler wrote them. TUNES. *Bangor*, and *St. Mary*.

107

Paraphrase of Psalm cxliii. C.M.

1 O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;

2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, LORD,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, LORD, is all my suit,
LORD, let Thy mercy come. Amen.

REV. JOHN MARCKANT, 1561.

From the *Psalmes of David in English Metre*, by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins and others, 1561. Text as in the Supplement of 1700 to Tate and Brady. Eleven verses in the original. In 3 C. H. 131 is the form as revised by Bishop Heber in his *Hymns*, 1827. This is probably the earliest really English

hymn to be found in modern hymnals. It is interesting to compare the various versions of the Psalms. For the purpose of illustration take the first psalm in four standard versions during nearly a century and a half.

Sternhold and Hopkins, 1562 ('The Old Version').

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked rede his ear,
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair,

But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in that law doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

Rous, 1650: See notes on No. 684.

That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men
Nor stands in sinners' way;

Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law, day and night.

John Patrick, *A Century of Select Psalms . . . for the use of the Charter House, London*, 1679 (see p. 112):

Blest is the Man whose vertuous steps
No wicked Counsels lead aside;
Nor stands in Sinners' ways; nor sits
Where God and Goodness men deride.

But on the Laws Divine his love
Is plac'd, his Soul's entire delight;
On these his mind is fix'd by Day,
On these his wakeful thoughts by Night.

(The same text is in his *Psalms of David in Metre: fitted to the Tunes used in Parish Churches*, 1694.)

Tate and Brady, 1696 ('The New Version') (see notes on Nos. 111 and 75):

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day
And meditates by night.

TUNE. *St. Mary*, 1621, set to Ps. ii in the first Welsh paraphrase of the Psalms, by Edmund Prys, born near Harlech, Archdeacon of Merioneth.

108 7.7.7.

'My soul fleeth unto the Lord.' Ps. cxxx. 6.

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and SAVIOUR of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.
Amen.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842.

Rev. Isaac Williams, a clergyman of the Ch. of England, wrote Nos. 80, 86, and 87 of the famous 'Tracts for the Times'. This hymn, in the *Baptistery*, 1842, has 105 verses.

i. 2 in A. & M. '04, H. C., Am., and Ir., 'Ere the time shall pass away'; in A. & M., C. P., Sc., and Cong., as in orig., 'Ere it pass for aye away'. ii. 3 as in A. & M., Can. Pr., Sc., and Cong.; 'Ere the hour of doom appears,' in A. & M. '04, H. C., and Ir.; 'Ere that day of doom appears' in Am. iii. 1, 2, in orig. 'Supplication on us pour, Let us now knock at the door'. vi in Cong., as in orig.:

'Neath Thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

Am. has:

Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

vi as in A. & M. '04. A. & M., Sc., and Can. Pr. have:

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

3 C. H., last line, 'Lest we never see Thy face.' For vii Ir., Am., H. C., and Can. Pr. have:

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

TUNES. *St. Philip*, *Heil'ger Geist*, and *Holy Cross*.

109

7.7.7.

'Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.' Jer. xvii. 14.

1 HEAL me, O my SAVIOUR, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, LORD, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O CHRIST, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me then, my SAVIOUR, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866.

In his *Hymns*, 1866, and *Hys. and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874. See Nos. 33 and 97. Verses 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6, are in version of 1866. Verse 3 is from version of 1874. TUNES. Same as No. 106.

110

7.7.7.7.

'Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil.' St. Luke iv. 1, 2.

1 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, SAVIOUR dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

REV. G. H. SMYTTAN, 1856, and REV. F. POTT, 1861.

Appeared first in the *Penny Post*, in 1856; revised by Rev. F. Pott, in 1861. i. 4 as in A. & M., Am., and Sc.; 'Tempted *still*, yet undefiled,' in 3 H. C., 2 C. H. ii. 1 as in A. & M., and Sc.; '*day by* day' in 3 H. C. iv. 1 as in A. & M., Am., and Sc.; '*What* if' in 3 H. C. 3 H. C. omits stanzas v and vi, and has following stanzas:

Watching, praying, struggling thus,
Victory ours at last shall be;
Angels minister to us,
As they minister'd to Thee.

Only may we hear Thy voice,
Only cling, Lord, to Thy side;
That with Thee we may rejoice
At the eternal Eastertide.

TUNE. *Heinlein.*

111

Paraphrase of Psalm li. S.M.

1 HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

4 To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

TATE and BRADY, 1698.

A paraphrase from the 'New Version'; see notes on Nos. 75, and 107. Am. has:

Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight
Have I transgressed; and though condemned,
Must own Thy judgment right. (See No. 672, iii.)

Blot out my crying sins
Nor me in anger view;

Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

Nahum Tate was of Irish extraction (the name was originally spelled 'Teate'). He was appointed poet-laureate by King William III in 1690, and was superseded in 1715 on the accession of George I. As a poet he does not rank high. With Dr. Nicholas Brady, another Irishman, he wrote the version of the Psalms called 'New' to distinguish it from the 'Old' Version by Sternhold and Hopkins. This New Version was licensed by William and Mary, Dec. 3, 1696. In 1789 it was adopted entire by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A., and bound up with the Prayer Book. Thomas Fuller says of the 'Old Version' that it was designed to make the Psalms 'portable in men's memories, verses being twice as light as the same bulk of prose'. Tate and Brady's best known rendering is *Through all the changing scenes of life* (642). The follg. is from J. T. Lightwood's delightful book, *Hymn Tunes and their Story*, 119:

'Wesley refers to the "scandalous doggerel of 'Sternhold and Hopkins'", although on one occasion he confesses to having received a blessing "in a manner I did not expect, even by the words of Thomas Sternhold". When he got to the Charterhouse he would use the version specially prepared for that establishment by Dr. Patrick. . . . Nahum Tate says that when a brother of Dr. Patrick's introduced this version into his household he noticed that one of the servant-maids who had a good voice did not join in the singing; and being pressed for a reason, she said, "Sir, if you must needs know the plain truth, as long as you sung Jesus Christ's psalms I sung along with ye; but now you sing psalms of your own invention ye may sing by yourselves." J. S. Curwen records another story also tending to show the love the people had for the Old Version. A poor man was asked by his clergyman why he had not joined in the singing of the Psalms since the New Version had been introduced into the Church, and his reply was, "David speaks so plain that we cannot mistake his meaning; but as for Mr. Tate and Brady, they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."'

The Story of the Psalters, by H. A. Glass, 1888, gives an account of 123 complete versions of the Psalms, and quotes the first verses of Psalms i and xxiii from each, giving also the following table of editions now in the British Museum:

	1549 to 1600	1601 to 1650	1651 to 1700	1701 to 1750	1751 to 1800	1801 to 1868	Total.
Sternhold . . .	47	206	102	120	105	21	601
Tate and Brady .			6	35	106	159	306
Scotch Version .			17	9	23	44	93
Watts				7	32	58	97
Wesley . .				2	8	8	18
King James		8					8
Barton . .		1	4	2			7
Patrick . .			3	4			7

TUNE. *St. Bride* (*St. Bridget*).

112

'Whom resist steadfast in the faith.' 1 Pet. v. 9. 11.11.11.11.

1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them on the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them, counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them, how they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring, goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble; never be down-cast;
Win thee strength to smite them, through thy Lenten fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them, how they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil? always watch and prayer?'
Christian, answer boldly, 'while I breathe I pray':
Peace shall follow battle, night shall end in day.

4 'Well I know thy trouble, O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow shall be near My throne.'

Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of 7th cent. by Rev. J. M. Neale.

Dr. Neale gave this as from a Greek hymn by St. Andrew, Archbishop of Crete (*c.* 660–732) beginning Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταρτάρους; and used in the second week in Lent. But nothing corresponding to the English hymn can be found in the Greek service books, or in the Works of St. Andrew of Crete.

i. 2 as in Ir. and 3 H. C.; 'How the troops of Midian prowl and prowl around,' A. & M.; 'How the powers of darkness rage thy steps around,' Am., and Am. Meth.; 'How the powers of darkness compass thee around,' Bapt., Cong.

i. 4 as in A. & M., Cong., and Bapt.; 'Smite them, Christ is with thee, soldier of the Cross,' in 3 H. C.; 'In the strength that cometh by the holy Cross,' Am., and Am. Meth.; 'Smite them by the merit of Christ's holy Cross,' in Ir.

ii. 4 as in 2 C. H.; 'Smite them by the virtue of the Lenten fast,' in A. & M. as in orig.; 'Gird thee for the conflict now by prayer and fast,' in 3 H. C.; 'Gird thee for the battle, watch and pray and fast,' in Am., Am. Meth., and Cong.; 'gird thee for the strife; Smite them by the virtue of Christ's risen life,' in Ir.

iii. 2 as in A. & M., Am., Am. Meth., Bapt., and Cong.; 'Quit thy weary vigil, cease from fast and prayer,' in 3 H. C.; 'Quit thy weary vigil, cease from watch and prayer,' in Ir.

iv. 4 as in most hymnals; orig. 'But the end'.

Tunes. *St. Andrew of Crete*, and *Holy War*.

113 C.M.

'He healeth the broken in heart.' Ps. cxlvii. 3.

1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis JESUS' Blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O LORD,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1858.

From *Hys. Descriptive and Devotional*, 1858. Mrs. Alexander, the wife of the Archbp. of Armagh, wrote over three hundred hymns, and was specially successful in her 'Hymns for Little Children', which contains *There is a green hill far away* (640), and many other fine hymns. In the B. C. P. are sixteen of her hymns, including also: *His are the thousand sparkling rills* (145); *Jesus calls us* (195); *The roseate hues of early dawn* (685); *All things bright* (686); *Every morning the red sun* (693); *Once in royal David's city* (712); *We are but little children weak* (720); *Do no sinful action* (726). Apart from her hymns, she is well known as the writer of a fine descriptive poem, *The Burial of Moses*, in which the following verses occur:

By Nebo's lonely mountain
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him He loved so well.

i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 4, as in A. & M.; orig. (as in H. C., 3 C. H.,

Cong., and Ir.) 'stricken *soul*', 'When *penitence has wept in vain*,' 'And *feeleth for our grief*.'
iv. 8, altd. in A. & M. to 'His heart *is* touched'.
TUNES. *St. Bernard*, *Claudius Ptolemæus*, and *St. Francis Xavier*.

114

'Return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy.' C.M.
Ps. lv. 7.

1 COME, let us to the LORD our GOD
With contrite hearts return;
Our GOD is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
GOD shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if GOD we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

REV. JOHN MORISON, 1781.

Author was a Scotch Presbyterian. This paraphrase and his paraphrase of Isa. ix. 2–6, appeared in the Scottish *Paraphrases*, 1781 (see notes on No. 100). TUNES. Same as for No. 113.

115

'We love Him, because He first loved us.' 1 John iv. 19. C.M.

1 MY GOD, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O Lord Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin, 17th cent., by
Rev. E. Caswall.

The original of this hymn seems to be a Spanish sonnet, beginning 'No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte', which appears to have been written by St. Francis Xavier, the great and heroic Jesuit missionary, about 1546. The Latin version, used by Caswall, begins 'O Deus ego amo Te, Nec amo', but this is not by Xavier, and has not been found earlier than in the *Coelestis Palmetum*, 1669, of W. Nakatenus.

i. 3, 4, in Caswall's translation, 'Nor *because they* who love Thee not, *Must burn* eternally.'

ii. 1, orig. 'Thou, O *my* Jesus'.

iii. 3, in Bapt., as in orig. '*E'en* death itself; and all for *one*.'

iv. 1, in A. & M. '04 '*Most loving* Jesu Christ'; v. 2, '*Nor* seeking' in Bapt.

Am. and Cong. have Caswall's orig. for last verse:

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Eng. Meth. and Bapt. have orig., exc. line 3:

Because Thou art my *loving* God,

The first verse of this noble hymn has perhaps interfered with its general adoption. But may not those who object to the last two lines accept them as emphasising not so much the

eternity of punishment, but that so long as the love of God exists not in the soul, it must suffer? The saintly author, called 'The apostle of the Indies', was a Spaniard (1506–52). He joined Ignatius Loyola in founding the 'Society for the Propagation of the Faith', and became one of the most celebrated of the Jesuit Order. The stations he established in Japan existed for more than a century. See *Bedine*, 295.

TUNES. Same as for No. 113.

116

7.7.7.7.

'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'
2 Cor. ix. 15.

1 GIVER of the perfect gift,
Only Hope of human race,
Hear the prayer our hearts uplift
Trembling at Thy throne of grace.

2 Though the accusing voice within
Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,
Thou canst cleanse from every sin,
Thou canst set the conscience free.

3 Who can save us, LORD, but Thou?
Let Thy mercy show Thy power;
Lo, we plead Thy promise now,
Now, in this the accepted hour.

4 Oh! may these our Lenten days,
Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,
That with purer, nobler praise
We may keep Thy Feast at last.

5 GOD the HOLY TRINITY,
Grant the mercy we implore;
GOD the One, all praise to Thee
Through the ages evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1871) from the Latin by REV. J. ELLERTON.

This hymn is ancient, and has been attributed, though on insufficient evidence, to St. Gregory the Great (540–604). See Nos. 121, and 122. 'The Gregorian Tones, or chants, with which we are familiar after a lapse of thirteen centuries, we owe to St. Gregory's anxiety to supersede the more melodious and flowing style of church music, which is popularly attributed to St. Ambrose, by the severer and more solemn monotone which is their characteristic' (*Julian*, 469). While Gregory was Pope the Roman see gained its predominance. He resisted the Greek patriarchs. Under his auspices Augustine went (596) on his mission to England. This was not the great Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in Africa in 4th cent. Like Hilary and Ambrose, Gregory became powerful in the church after a training in the world of affairs. At thirty he was praetor, and a man of vast wealth, which he presently devoted entirely to religious uses.

'The populace who had seen him in silk and jewels now beheld him a poor monk of the Benedictine order serving the beggars at the gate. In humility of demeanour and in simplicity of food he became a model to his fellow men'. He attended the sick in his new hospital. He ate only the dried corn or pulse which his mother sent to him already moistened in a silver bowl. This bowl or porringer was the only relic of his departed splendour, and we are told that he did not keep even this, but gave it at last to a shipwrecked sailor for whom he had no money' (Duffield, *Latin Hymns*, 99).

In *Duffield* appears at length a transln. of the famous story of the sale of English slaves at Rome:

'Perceiving among the rest certain boys for sale, white of body, fair in form, and handsome in face, distinguished, moreover, by the brightness of their hair, he asked the merchant from what country he had brought them. He answered, "From the island of Britain, whose inhabitants all display a similar beauty of face." Gregory said, "Are these islanders Christians, or do they yet hold to their pagan errors?" The merchant replied, "They are not Christians, but are entangled in their pagan delusions." Then Gregory, groaning deeply, said, "Alas! for shame! that the prince of darkness should own those splendid faces; and that such glorious foreheads should express a mind vacant of the inward grace of God!" Then he asked the name of their tribe. The merchant responded, "They are called Angli." Then he said, "They are well called Angli, as though they were angels (*angeli*) for they have angelic faces; and such as these should be fellow-citizens of the angels in heaven." Again, therefore, he inquired what was the name of their province. The merchant told him, "Those provincials are called Deiri." Then Gregory said, "They are well called Deiri, for they must be snatched from wrath (*de ira*), and gathered to the grace of Christ. The king of that province," he continued, "how is he named?" The merchant replied, "He is called Ælle"; and Gregory, alluding to the name said, "It is well that the king is called Ælle, for *Alleluia* in praise of the Creator must be sung in those parts."

'Gregory dared to speak plainly to the Emperor Maurice, who had refused to allow a soldier to become a monk.

'"To this by me, the last of His servants and yours, will Christ reply: 'From a notary I made thee a count of the body-guard; from a count of the body-guard I made thee a Cæsar; from a Cæsar I made thee an emperor; nay more, I have made thee also a father of emperors; I have committed My priests into thy hand. And dost thou withdraw thy soldiers from My service?' Answer thy servant, most pious lord, I pray thee, and say how thou wilt reply to thy Lord in the judgment, when He comes and thus speaks."'

The writings of Gregory are voluminous. His *Pastoral Rule* was translated into Saxon by King Alfred, who sent a copy to every bishop in the kingdom.

The original Latin of this hymn is:

Summe largitor præmii,
Spes qui es unica mundi,
Preces intende servorum
Ad Te devote clamantum.

Nostra Te conscientia
Grave offendisse monstrat:
Quam emundes supplicamus
Ab omnibus piaculis.

Si renuis, quis tribuet?
Indulge quia potens es:
Te corde regare mundo
Fac, nos precamur, Domine.

Ergo acceptare nostrum
Qui sacrasti ieiunium,
Quo mystice paschalia
Capiamus sacramenta.

Summa nobis hoc conferat
In Deitate Trinitas:
In qua gloriatur unus
Per cuncta secula Deus.

See A. & M. No. 86 for transln. by Rev. J. W. Hewett, 1859. Gregory wrote some of our finest collects, e. g. '*O Lord, from whom all good things do come*,' &c., 5th Sunday after Epiphany. See Nos. 5 and 60. TUNES. *Clarence*, and *St. Bees*.

117

7.7.7.7.

'God be merciful to me a sinner.' St. Luke xviii. 13.

1 SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
GOD be merciful to me.

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
GOD be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
GOD be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not mine own, but Thine:
GOD be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
GOD be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
GOD be merciful to me. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1857.

From *Spiritual Songs*, 1857. Text as in most hyls. ii. 1, orig. '*Holiness I've* none'; v. 1, '*Thy* throne'. Author died 1875, having lived most of his life in Ireland. Other hymns by him in B. C. P. are: *Awake, glad soul* (172); *I hunger and I thirst* (247); *Lord, to whom except to Thee* (263); *On our way rejoicing* (382); *Holy offerings, rich and rare* (485); *Rest of the weary* (606). TUNES. *Clarence*, and *St. Bees*.

118 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'
St. John vi. 37.

1 LORD, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
LORD, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
JESUS hath died.

2 LORD, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
LORD, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Low at Thy pierced feet,
SAVIOUR, I fall.
LORD, let the cleansing Blood,
Blood of the Lamb of GOD,
Pass o'er my soul.

4 Then all is peace and light
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee
The Loved unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my GOD,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between. Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1866.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 3rd Series, 1867. See No. 390.
2 H. C., Am. Meth., Sc., and Ir. have:

Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

i. 1, 3, orig. '*No*, not'; iii. 3, 4, orig. 'Loving and kind art Thou,
When poor ones call'. Tunes. *Stonham*, and *Kedron*.

119

Eight 7's.

'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' St. John vi. 68.

1 LORD, to Thee alone we turn,
To Thy Cross for safety fly;
There, as penitents, to learn
How to live and how to die.
Sinful on our knees we fall;
Hear us, as for help we plead;
Hear us, when on Thee we call;
Aid us in our time of need.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, LORD, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be ofttimes dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, SAVIOUR, as the ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed.
Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest;
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast. Amen.

REV. ALBERT E. EVANS, 1868.

In Rev. R. Brown Borthwick's *Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book*, 1869, set to tune *Ramoth*, which was composed for it.

TUNES. *Ramoth*, and *Aberystwyth*, the latter an immensely popular Welsh tune by Joseph Parry, 1841–1903, often sung to *Jesu, lover of my soul*.

120

10.10.10.10.

'In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins.' Eph. i. 7.

1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

* 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

4 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous LORD;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1866.

From author's *Lyra Fidelium*, 1866, rev. for A. & M. '68. In 1866, iii. 2, '*Seems evil ever* with me'; line 4, '*And thou art* loosed.' The following are in A. & M.:

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

In the latter verse, line 3, orig. was, 'Like *that sweet* nard'; 3 H. C. has, 'Like *myrrh poured forth*'; A. & M. '04 has, '*Myself my gift*'; Bapt. 'Like *ointment sweet*'; Cong. 'Like that sweet *word*'. See No. 624. TUNE. *Dalkeith*.

121 L.M.

'Now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.' Joel ii. 12.

1 BY precepts taught of ages past,
Now let us keep again the fast
Which, year by year, in order meet
Of forty days is made complete.

2 The law and seers that were of old
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which CHRIST Himself, the LORD and Guide
Of every season, sanctified.

3 More sparing therefore let us make
The words we speak, the food we take,
Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep,
In stricter watch our senses keep.

4 In prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all;
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us Thy wrath away.

5 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O GOD, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us from above
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

6 Remember, LORD, though frail we be,
That yet Thine handiwork are we:
Nor let the honour of Thy Name
Be by another put to shame.

7 Forgive the ill that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee now and evermore.

8 Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, *Ex more docti mystico*, is ancient, sometimes said to be of the 4th cent. Ascribed by Mone on insufficient evidence to St. Gregory the Great (116). The English transln. is as in A. & M. '61, only thirteen lines being unaltd. from *Hymnal Noted*, 1854. TUNES. *Saxony*, and *Olmutz*.

122

L.M.

'God be merciful unto us and bless us.' Ps. lxvii. 1.

1 O MERCIFUL Creator, hear;
In tender pity bow Thine ear:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.

2 Each heart is manifest to Thee;
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Repentant now we seek Thy face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

3 Our sins are manifold and sore,
But spare Thou them who sin deplore:
And for Thine own Name's sake make whole
The fainting and the weary soul.

4 Grant us to mortify each sense
By means of outward abstinence,
That so from every stain of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

5 Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Office hymn for Lauds (daybreak) beginning 'Audi, benigne Conditor'. It is ancient, but not by Gregory the Great (116) as supposed by some writers. English transln. as in A. & M. '61, only four lines unaltd.

TUNES. *Ford*, *Weimar*, and *Babylon's Streames*.

123 L.M.

'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' 2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 LO! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the LORD.

2 For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.

3 Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above;

4 That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the angel band
For ever in the heavenly land.

5 Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Office hymn for Vespers (6 p.m.). Latin, Ecce tempus idoneum does not seem to be earlier than 11th cent. English text as in A. & M. '50. TUNES, Same as for No. 122.

124

L.M.

'When they were come to a place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.' St. Luke xxiii. 33.

1 BEYOND the holy city wall
They set the cruel Cross on high,
Where the dear LORD, Who saved us all,
Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

2 The hands that touched the blind to sight,
That gave the sick man strength anew,
That raised the dead to life and light,
Were pierced and wounded through and through.

3 The feet that walked the stormy sea,
That ever turned at sorrow's prayer,
By sharp nails fastened to the Tree,
Hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

4 Since GOD's own SON must suffer thus,
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win;
Since only He could ransom us,
O what a fearful thing is sin!

5 How can we yield to Satan's power,
And let our sinful passions reign,
When hearing of that awful hour,
And thinking of our SAVIOUR's pain?

6 O by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear LORD, and by Thy precious Blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make Thy sinful children good!

Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1858.

From her *Narrative Hymns*, 1858, where it begins, 'Beyond the *wicked* city wall.' See notes on No. 118.

TUNES. *Brookfield*, and *Arnold*, the latter by D. Arnold Fox, born 1877, an organist at St. John, N. B.

125

7.6.7.6.D.

'Abide in Me, and I in you.' St. John xv. 4.

1 O LAMB of GOD! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

J. G. Deck, 1842.

From the Plymouth Brethren's *Ps. and Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1842, where ii. 2, 'I *feel*'; ii. 6, 'Every *hateful*.' This hymn is in many modern hyls., Am., Ch. of Eng. H., &c.

Tune. *Meirionydd*, from R. Mills's *Caniadau Seion*, 1840. In some hyls. stated merely to be Alaw Gymreig, i. e. a Welsh air. From the days of the Druids, Wales has been a land of song. For an interesting chapter on hymns of Wales see *Brown and Butterworth*.

126 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Isa. xlv. 22.

1 O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning:
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded:
Look on His sacred hands and feet
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See every limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the just, the innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends too are forsaking;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching;
O fearful was the pain and scorn,
By JESUS, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread crucifixion:
For us He bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation;
Had JESUS never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation?

6 LORD, give us grace to flee from sin
And Satan's wiles enanaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
JESU, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at Thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Latin, beginning 'Attolle paulum lumina', was apparently written in Germany in 17th cent. English version is as altd. in A. & M. '61.

TUNE. *Attolle paulum*, from *Geistliche Lieder*, 1580, harmonized by Mendelssohn.

127

Six 10's.

'The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven.' St. Luke xviii. 13.

1 MY sins have taken such a hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee;
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
But Thou hast taken all my sin away,
And I in Thee dare now look up and pray:
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

2 Of nights unhallowed, and of sinful days,
Of careless thoughts and words and works and ways,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
And in the Life which doth within me live,
And the Forgiveness which can all forgive,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

3 Of selfishness which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife and every sinful lust,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
And in the Blood, which doth my pardon plead,
The Truth and Love, which for me intercede,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

4 Of sins that as a cloud have hid Thy face;
Of Thy care slighted, and Thy grieved grace,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
In love that puts sin's envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

5 Sin is my sorrow, passion is my pain,
To Thee their vileness, and in me their stain;
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
CHRIST is my joy; and out of all distress
He doth deliver with His righteousness:
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1866.

Text as in 2 C. H. For author's earlier version see his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1866; for his later see his *Parish Hymnal*, 1873. See notes on No. 117. TUNE. *Credo, Domine.*

128 L.M.

'And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.' St. Mark vi. 31.

1 AWHILE in spirit, LORD, to Thee,
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep,
Our fast with Thee in spirit keep:

2 Awhile from Thy Temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
'Man liveth not by bread alone.'

3 O Thou, once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray
'Give us our bread from day to day,'
May we with Thee, O CHRIST, be fed,
Thou WORD of GOD, Thou living Bread. Amen.

REV. JOSEPH F. THRUPP, 1858.

From author's *Ps. and Hym.*, 1858. Unaltd. exc. i. 2, 'Would we into the desert flee.' TUNE. *St. Luke.*

129

8.7.8.7.

'Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious.'
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinners' dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His Blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see. AMEN.

REV. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1770.

This hymn has passed through many forms. As here given stanzas i, ii, iii are slightly altd. from the form in the Lady Huntingdon *Collection of Hymns*, Bath, 1770; which was a recast by Shirley of lines in a hymn by James Allen, beginning, 'While my Jesus I'm possessing,' printed in full from 'A Collection of Hymns,' 2nd ed., Kendal, 1761, in *Lyra Britannica*, 1867. The corresponding stanzas by Allen are:

O how happy are the moments
Which I here in transport spend!
Life deriving from His torments
Who remains the sinner's Friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
How the Blood flows from each vein;
Every stream, my soul bedewing,
Mortifies the carnal flame.

Really blessed is the portion
Destined me by sovereign grace;
Still to view divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruisèd face.

The fourth stanza is not by Shirley, but is slightly altd. from lines added in the Cooke and Denton *Church Hymnal*, 1858.

Nearly every line in this hymn differs in the various hyls. This hymn is an example of a hymn saved from oblivion by judicious revision. Mr. Shirley was a cousin of the famous Countess of Huntingdon, who gathered about her some of the most famous men of her time, Whitefield, &c. TUNE. *Betty.*

Also suitable: 374, 392, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 407, 421, 426, 433, 452, 464, 480, 490, 491, 492, 496, 497, 498, 503, 506, 507, 509, 510, 528, 529, 534, 535, 539, 549, 557, 560, 567, 572, 574, 575, 580, 581, 590, 591, 606, 608, 613, 622, 623, 640, 644, 676, 780, 786, 787. Also Nos. 752–88.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

130 L.M.

'The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Gal. vi. 14.

1 THE royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His Blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How GOD the heathen's King should be;
For GOD is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a SAVIOUR'S Blood!

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee, Eternal THREE in ONE,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of Fortunatus by REV. J. M. NEALE.

This famous hymn was written at Poitiers in 569, as a processional hymn to be sung at the reception of a relic, a supposed fragment of the Holy Cross, which the Emperor Justin II had sent to Queen Rhadegund for the consecration of the nunnery church of the Holy Cross at Poitiers. Originally it had eight stanzas, but soon the last two were supplanted by two (ix, x) not by Fortunatus. The stanzas here translated are :

1 Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

3 Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

4 Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus ;
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

5 Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite,
Tam sancta membra tangere.

6 Beata cuius brachiis
Pretium pependit saeculi,
Statera facta est corporis
Praedam tulitque Tartari.

10 Te, summa Deus Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus,
Quos per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per saecula.

Dr. Neale's transln. is in his *Mediaeval Hymns*, 1851, rev. for the *Hymnal Noted*, 1851. It was recast in A. & M. '59 (trial copies), and further recast in A. & M. '61. The 1861 version, which is given here, has only four lines as in Neale's first version, and only seven lines as in Neale's second version.

TUNES. *Vexilla Regis, Olmutz* (simplified form of preceding), and *Erfurt*.

131 PART 1. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

'Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you.' Gal. iii. 1.

1 SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray ;
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

2 He, our Maker, deeply grieving,
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

3 Thus the work for our salvation
He ordainèd to be done ;
To the traitor's art opposing
Art yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound begun.

4 Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the FATHER's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

5 Lo! He lies, an Infant weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands,
While the Mother-Maid His members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,
And the swaddling clothes is winding
Round His helpless feet and hands.

PART 2.

6 Now the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself an Offering free;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

7 There the nails and spear He suffers,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed;
From His sacred body pierced
Blood and water both proceed;
Precious flood, which all creation
From the stain of sin hath freed.

8 Lo, the Cross is counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

9 Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of Fortunatus by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis', is perhaps the finest hymn of the author. Probably written at Poitiers about the same time as the 'Vexilla Regis' (No. 180). It is found in almost all mediaeval breviaries and missals. Transl. as altd. by A. & M. '61.

TUNES. *Pange Lingua*, and *Oriel*.

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER

Otherwise called Palm Sunday

132

7.6.7.6.D.

'Hosanna to the Son of David.' St. Matt. xxi. 9.

1 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the LORD's Name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin of Theodulph by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

This hymn is found in almost all mediæval missals, for processional use on Palm Sunday, sometimes at the gate of the town, sometimes as the procession returned to the principal entrance of the church. It was in all probability written by St. Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, during his imprisonment at Angers in 821. The story runs that he sang it as the Palm Sunday procession passed the window of his cell, and that King Louis the Pious, listening to it, was so delighted that he set

Theodulph free, and restored him to his see. The facts, however, seem to be that Louis was never in Angers after 818, and that St. Theodulph was never restored to his see. The poem consists of 78 lines; those corresponding to our text being the first twelve:

Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit, Rex Christe, Redemptor,
Cui puerile decus prompsit Hosanna pium.
Israel es tu Rex, Davidis et inclita proles,
Nomine qui in Domini, Rex benedicte, venis.
Coetus in excelsis te laudat coelicus omnis,
Et mortalis homo et cuncta creata simul.
Plebs Hebraea tibi cum palmis obvia venit,
Cum prece, voto, hymnis, adsumus, ecce, tibi.
Hi tibi passuro solvebant munia laudis,
Nos tibi regnanti pangimus, ecce, melos.
Hi placuere tibi, placeat devotio nostra,
Rex pie, rex clemens, cui bona cuncta placent.

Dr. Neale's version is in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, where it began 'Glory, and laud and honour'. The fifth verse there was:

Thou wast hast'ning to Thy Passion,
When they rais'd their hymns of praise;
Thou art reigning in Thy glory,
When our melody we raise.

Until the 17th cent. the following quaint verse was included:

Be Thou, O Lord, the rider,
And we the little ass,
That to God's holy city
Together we may pass.

Tune. *St. Theodulph.* The air is as in A. & M.; A. & M. '04 has a different form. As it is more satisfactory to sing processional hymns in unison, this tune is set in a lower key than usual.

133 L.M.

'Thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation.' Zech. ix. 9.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh,
The FATHER on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed SON.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O GOD, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

DEAN MILMAN, 1827.

The author, Dean of St. Paul's, Prof. of Poetry at Oxford, is known by his historical writings, e. g. *History of Latin Christianity*, but will be remembered by his hymns, many of them included in Heber's *Hymns*, 1827. He wrote, *When our heads are bowed with woe* (644); *O help us, Lord; each hour of need* (574). He was a broad churchman, advocating 'the abolition of subscription to the Articles, and subscription to the Liturgy instead.'

i. 3, in orig. 'Thine humble beast pursues his road'; iii. 2, altd. in A. & M. to 'The *angel armies*'; and iv. 2, to '*The* last'. iv. 4 as in A. & M.; orig. '*Expects* His' as in most hyls.

TUNES. *St. Drostane*, and *Winchester New*.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION

134

7.7.7.7.

'The love of Christ constraineth us.' 2 Cor. v. 14.

1 IN the LORD'S atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief,
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our rich inheritance,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the cry His soul that freed.

3 May these all our spirits fill,
And with love's devotion thrill;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

4 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
Us with all Thy saints unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

5 CHRIST, by coward hands betrayed,
CHRIST, for us a captive made,
CHRIST, upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1842) from the Latin of Bonaventura by
CANON F. OAKELEY.

The author, a brilliant Oxford man, was ordained a priest in the Church of England, but in 1845 joined the Church of Rome.

Orig. *In passione Domini* is by Cardinal John Fidanza Bonaventura (1221–1274). Transln. is from Oakeley's *Devotions*, 1842. ii. 2, orig. 'our *treasure that enhance*,' surely not a very literal translation of:

Et plagas sacratissimas
Omni laude dignissimas.

ii. 4, orig. 'pang'; iii. 1 and 2 in orig., as in A. & M.:

May these all our spirits *sate*
And with *love inebriate*;

a too literal transln. of:

Haec omnia nos *satient*;
Et dulciter *inebrient*.

iv. 3 as in A. & M. '04; in orig., as in A. & M., 'Us with *saintly bands* unite'; (*Ut nos sanctorum coetibus*). Canon Oakeley's transln. *O come all ye faithful* is the best known transln. of *Adeste fideles*.

TUNES. *Redhead* No. 47, and *Calvary*.

135

7.7.7.7.

'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.' 1 Cor. v. 7.

1 SEE the destined day arise,
See a willing Sacrifice;
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.

2 JESU, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy JESU, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin of Fortunatus by
BISHOP R. MANT.

Bishop Mant gives this in his *Ancient Hymns* as a transln. of the second part of the *Pange lingua* of Fortunatus (see No. 131), but it is a very free version. i. 3 and 4, orig.:

To redeem our fatal loss
Jesus hangs upon the Cross.

TUNES. *Redhead No. 47*, and *Calvary*.

136

D.C.M.

'Ye killed the Prince of life.' Acts iii. 14.

1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
Their furious cries I hear;
Their shouts of 'Crucify!' appal,
Their curses fill mine ear.
And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one,
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

2 I see the scourgers rend the flesh
Of GOD's beloved SON;
And as they smite I feel afresh
That I of them am one.
Around the Cross the throng I see
That mock the Sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

3 'Twas I that shed the sacred Blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the CHRIST of GOD,
I joined the mockery.
Yet not the less that Blood avails
To cleanse me from my sin,
And not the less that Cross prevails
To give me peace within. Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1856.

From *Hys. of Faith and Hope*, 1857. Text as in 2 C. H., exc. iii. 6, 'cleanse *away*.' See notes on No. 390.

TUNE. *Audite audientes Me*, written by Sir A. Sullivan for *I heard the voice of Jesus say*.

137

Six 7's.

'And He said unto Peter, What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?' St. Matt. xxvi. 40.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the LORD of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
—GOD's own Sacrifice complete;
'It is finished,' hear Him cry;
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1820.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1820; text as rev. in his *Christian Psalmodist*, 1825. In 1820 version, i. 6, 'Learn *from Him to watch and* pray'; ii. 6, 'Learn of *Christ*'; iii. 1, 'Mountain *view*'; See 3 C. H. for additl. verse. See notes on No. 79.

Rev. James King in *Anglican Hymnology* writes:

'We set out for the Mount of Olives on the evening of Holy Thursday.... Gethsemane means an olive and wine-press, and here were fulfilled the dark words of the Prophet: "I have trodden the wine-press alone," the great wine-press of the wrath of God, the wine-press trodden without the City. Passing Gethsemane we walked a few paces up the Mount of Olives, and sat down on a rock overlooking the garden. The moon was still bright, and the venerable olive trees were casting dark shadows across the sacred ground. The silence of night increased the solemnity. We read, by the light, passages bearing on the Agony, and James Montgomery's solemn hymn, *Go to dark Gethsemane*.

TUNE. *Gethsemane.*

138

6.5.6.5.

'The precious Blood of Jesus.' 1 Pet. i. 19.

1 GLORY be to JESUS,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

Tr. (1857) from the Italian by REV. E. CASWALL.

Translated in 1857 for Ambrose St. John's version of the *Raccolta*, a collection of prayers in Italian, authorized and indulged by various Popes; with a few hymns in Italian. This hymn, beginning 'Viva, viva Gesù', is in the 1857 edition of the *Raccolta*; with the note that Pope Pius VII granted, on Oct. 18, 1815, 'one hundred days of indulgence to every one who devoutly repeats the following aspirations, which indulgence is also applicable to the faithful departed.' The hymn is probably little, if any, earlier than 1815, and is of unknown authorship. vi. 3, 4, in orig.:

Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.

vii. 4 as in orig.; 'Praise the *Lamb of God*' in 3 H. C. TURN. *Caswall.*

139 PART 1. 7.6.7.6.D.

'I am crucified with Christ.' Gal. ii. 20.

1 O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!

Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin by Rev. Sir H. W. Baker.

In A. & M. '61. It is a version of *Salve caput cruentatum*, part of a poem of 850 lines, in which 50 lines are devoted to each of the limbs of our Lord; often ascribed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153), but more probably by some unidentified writer of 14th cent. St. Bernard has been called 'the last of the Apostles', and 'the holiest monk that ever lived'. To him are also ascribed *Jesu, Thou Joy of loving hearts* (257), *Jesu, the very thought of Thee* (525).

This hymn is from the second portion of the original, *Ad Faciem*:

Salve caput cruentatum,
Totum spinis coronatum,
Conquassatum, vulneratum,
Arundine verberatum,
Facie sputis illita.

For various translns. of this hymn see Cong., Am. Meth., 2 H. C., Can. Pr., Sc., and Eng. Meth.

Tunes. *Passion Chorale*, and *St. Christopher*.

'Amongst those that are of secular origin is the *Passion Chorale*, by Hassler, a German organist at the end of the 16th cent. It was originally composed to sacred verses of an amatory character, beginning "Mein G'müt ist mir verwirret", and it was subsequently adapted to a German translation by Paul Gerhardt of St. Bernard's hymn. The melody as we know it was considerably altered by Bach, who introduced it into his *St. Matthew Passion* music' (*Lightwood*, 4).

140 PART 2. 7.6.7.6.D.

1 O SACRED head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
O Kingly head! surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
Once reigning in the highest
In light and majesty,
Here mocked and scorned, Thou diest,—
And here I worship Thee.

2 Thy grief and bitter Passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine—mine was the transgression,
But Thine the cruel pain:
Lo! here I fall, my SAVIOUR,
Turn not from me Thy face,
But look on me with favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language can I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy love that hath no end?
LORD, make me Thine for ever!
O may I faithful be!
And let me never—never
Outlive my love to Thee!

4 Be near when I am dying;
O show Thy Cross to me;
Thy death, my hope supplying,
From fear shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in Thy love. Amen.

Tr. (1830) from the German of Rev. Paul Gerhardt by REV. J. W. ALEXANDER.

Gerhardt's version, beginning 'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden', is in Crüger's *Praxis pietatis melica*, Frankfurt, 1656, and expanded the original, for the most part with conspicuous success. Dr. Schaff justly calls the German an 'incomparably beautiful . . . and wonderfully consoling Passion Hymn'. Dr. Schaff had also a very high opinion of Dr. Alexander's version (which was contributed to his own *Kirchenfreund* in 1849), and printed it in full in his *Library of Religious Poetry*, 1883. The German is found practically unaltd. in almost all modern German collections; but Dr. Alexander's version has undergone many modifi-

cations. The last stanza may here be given in the Latin, in the German, and in Dr. Alexander's original text:

1 Cum me iubes emigrare
Iesu care tunc appare,
O amator amplectende
Tomet ipsum tunc ostende
In cruce salutifera.

2 Erscheine mir zum Schilde,
Zum Trost in meinem Tod,
Und lass mich sehn dein Bilde
In deiner Kreuzesnoth.
Da will ich nach dir blicken,
Da will ich glaubensvoll
Dich fest an mein Herz drücken;
Wer so stirbt, der stirbt wohl.

3 Be near me when I am dying,
Oh, show Thy Cross to me;
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Gerhardt wrote the famous lines which J. Wesley translated:

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

See notes on No. 439. Tunes. *Passion Chorale*, and *St. Christopher*.

141 P.M.

'He ever liveth to make intercession.' Heb. xii. 28.

1 JESUS, the Crucified, pleads for me,
While He is nailed to the shameful tree,
Scorned and forsaken, derided and cursed,
See how His enemies do their worst!
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name;
Wonder of wonders, oh, how can it be?
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

2 Lord, I have left Thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify!

Lord, I have done it, Oh! ask me not how;
Woven the thorns for Thy tortured brow;
Yet in His pity, so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.

3 'Though thou hast left Me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded Me oft and again;
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will;
Yet, in My pity, I love thee still.'
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

4 Jesus is dying, in agony sore,
Jesus is suffering more and more,
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe.
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me! Amen.

Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, 1887.

One of the hymns written for Sir John Stainer's *The Crucifixion*, 1887. The original refrain was 'Jesus the Crucified *prays* for me'; iv. 6, 'With His agonized frame and His thorn-crowned head'. Tune. *Etiam pro nobis.*

142

8.7.8.7.7.7.

'Looking unto Jesus .... who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross.' Heb. xii. 2.

1 HOLY Jesu, by Thy passion,
By the woes which none can share,
Borne in more than kingly fashion,
By Thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to Thee;
Son of Mary, plead for me.

2 By the treachery and trial,
By the blows and sore distress,
By desertion and denial,
By Thine awful loneliness:
Crucified, I turn, &c.

3 By Thy look so sweet and lowly,
While they smote Thee on the face,
By Thy patience, calm and holy,
In the midst of keen disgrace:
Crucified, I turn, &c.

4 By the hour of condemnation,
By the Blood which trickled down,
When, for us and our salvation,
Thou didst wear the robe and crown:
Crucified, I turn, &c.

5 By the path of sorrows dreary,
By the Cross, Thy dreadful load,
By the pain, when, faint and weary,
Thou didst sink upon the road:
Crucified, I turn, &c.

6 By the spirit which could render
Love for hate and good for ill,
By the mercy, sweet and tender,
Poured upon Thy murderers still:
Crucified, I turn, &c. Amen.

Rev. Wᵐ J. Sparrow Simpson, 1887.

Another of the hymns supplied to Sir John Stainer for his *The Crucifixion*, 1887. The original refrain was 'Son of Mary, pray for me'. Tune, *Plead for me.*

143 L.M.

'Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.' Lam. i. 12.

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed and slew thy God and King;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Love Himself was crucified. Amen.

Rev. F. W. Faber, 1849.

From his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849. See No. 36. The writer left the Ch. of England and joined the Ch. of Rome in 1846. The original fourth line, 'Jesus, our Love, is crucified,' has not been adopted in modern hyls., nor have lines 2 and 3 of st. 1:

See, Mary calls us to her side,
O come and let us mourn with her;

st. iii and vi are usually omitted:

3 Come let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

For st. iii Eng. Meth., Cong., and Bapt. have:

Come let us stand beneath the Cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away;

iv. 3, Can. Pr., Sc., and Cong. have orig. 'His Pilate and His Judas were'; H. C. and 2 C. H. have 'Betrayed, condemned and scourged thy Lord'.

vi. 4 in Am., 'For Thou, our Lord, art crucified'; in 3 C. H., 'For He, our Love, is crucified'; in Cong., Eng. Meth., and Bapt., 'For He, our Lord, is crucified'; in Can. Pr., 'Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.' Tune. *St. Cross* with *Antiphon*.

144

10.10.10.10.

'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'
St. Luke xxiii. 43.

1 'LORD, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me'
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears:
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Hark, through the gloom the dying SAVIOUR saith,
'Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day';
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

4 LORD, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;
And thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, 'Remember me.'

5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin,
Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6 Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The Cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

7 Remember me; and ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, 'To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me.' Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1875.

From A. & M. '75. Archbp. Maclagan retired in 1908, and Right Rev. Dr. Lang, Bishop of Stepney, was appointed in his place. In 1876 William Dalrymple Maclagan received many votes for the vacant see of Toronto. In 1908, on the death of Right Rev. James Carmichael, Dr. Lang was offered the see of Montreal which he refused a few weeks before he was appointed Archbp. of York. Archbp. Maclagan is a musician as well as a hymn-writer. He is the author of *It is finished* (153); *The saints of God! their conflict past* (220); *Be still, my soul, for God is near* (235). He is composer of the tunes Nos. 144, 282, 422, 593, 622, 706, 765. TUNE, *Kensington*.

145 8.8.8.6.

'After this . . . Jesus, that the scripture might be fulfilled saith, I thirst.' St. John xix. 28.

1 HIS are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
And yet He saith, 'I thirst.'

2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the Cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst were all for me. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.

From A. & M. '75. See No. 118. TUNES. *Assisi*, and *Trust*.

146

8.8.7.D.

'Woman, behold thy son .... Behold thy mother.'
St. John xix. 26, 27.

1 AT the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 O how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

4 For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 JESU, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

Tr. from the Latin of Jacopone da Todi by BISHOP R. MANT, 1837, and REV. E. CASWALL, 1849.

This noble poem, used both as a sequence and as a hymn, was almost certainly written in Italy in the 13th cent.; but the ascription to Jacopone is very doubtful. It was very popular as a private devotion long before it came into public use, but it was not received into the Roman Missal till 1727. Bishop Mant's translation appeared in the *British Magazine*, October, 1833. The text as here given is as in A. & M. '61. It takes lines 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 18, 27, 30 exactly, and lines 5, 13, 19, 22, 28 nearly from Mant; and lines 1, 2 exactly from Caswall. The version in Sc. and *Laudes Domini*, 'Near the Cross was Mary weeping,' is by Dr. Henry Mills in his *Horæ Germanicæ*, 1845. See Can. Pr. 55.

'Palestrina, Haydn and Rossini are only a few of the celebrated musicians who have expended on the *Stabat Mater* their finest efforts. Who does not know the melody to *Cuius Animam* taken from the latter's work? The majority of us learned it during the first year of our musical education! Last of all the great Bohemian composer Dvorak has set the *Stabat Mater* to some of his loveliest music. Of all the poems which have come to us from the Latin none has been so frequently set to music as the *Stabat Mater*' (F. A. Jones, *Famous Hymns*, 105.)

Tunes. *Stabat Mater*, No. 1, *Stabat Mater*, No. 2, and *Stabat Mater*, No. 3.

147 Six 7's.

'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'
St. Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

4 LORD, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1875.

See No. 27. Contributed to A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Gethsemane*, and *Redhead* No. 76.

148

7.6.7.6.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'
St. Luke xxiii. 34.

1 'FORGIVE them, O My FATHER,
They know not what they do':
The SAVIOUR spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His Blood.
But prayer and tenderest pity
Large as the love of GOD.

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O SAVIOUR,
Were driven in by me.

5 And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me too, LORD JESUS;
I knew not what I did.

6 O depth of sweet compassion!
O Love divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.

Contributed to A. & M. '75. See No. 113. TUNE. *St. Margaret.*

149

11.10.11.10.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'
St. Luke xxiii. 46.

1 AND now beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

3 Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
At that dread eventide let there be light.

4 To Thy dear Cross turn Thou mine eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, O then, Thine everlasting rest. Amen.

Eliza S. Alderson, 1875.

Written in 1868 for her brother, the Rev. J. B. Dykes, and included with his tune as here in A. & M. '75. Text as in A. & M. The follg. are in original:

1 O love! o'er mortal agony victorious,
Now is Thy triumph! now that Cross shall shine
To earth's remotest age, revered and glorious,
Of suffering's deepest mystery the sign.

4 The present, past and future here are blending,
Moment supreme in this world's history,
'Mid darkness, opening graves, and mountains rending,
New light is dawning on humanity.

Mrs. Alderson also wrote for Almsgiving, *Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us* (825), for which Dr. Dykes wrote the tune.
Tunes. *Commendatio*, and *Woodlynn*.

150

11.10.11.10.

'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example.'
1 Pet. ii. 21.

1 MY Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain!

4 My LORD, my SAVIOUR, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of Thy love, O pangs most healing,
O saving death, O wounds that I adore,
O shame most glorious! CHRIST, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1889) from the French of Rev. Jacques Bridaine
by REV. T. B. POLLOCK.

The English transln., written in 1887, was contributed to A. & M. '89. The French is given in the *Cantiques Spirituels de Saint Sulpice*, 1765, but appeared first at Montpellier in 1748:

1 Est-ce vous que je vois, ô mon Maître adorable!
Pâle, abattu, sanglant, victime de douleurs?
Fallait-il à ce prix racheter un coupable,
Qui même à votre sang ne mêla pas ses pleurs?

2 Judas vous livre aux Juifs dans sa fureur extrême;
Peut-il à cet excès, le traître, vous haïr?
Comme lui, mille fois je dis que je vous aime,
Et je ne rougis point, ingrat, de vous trahir!

3 On vous couvre d'affronts, on vous raille, on vous frappe;
Mépris, soufflets, crachats, tombent sur vous, Seigneur;
Et pas un mot de plainte à votre cœur n'échappe:
Patience divine, adorable douceur!

4 Quand je vois mon Sauveur, mon chef et mon modèle,
Ceint d'un bandeau sanglant d'épines, de douleurs,
Combien dois-je rougir, lâche, ingrat, infidèle,
D'aimer à me plonger dans le sein des douceurs!

5 O victime d'amour! ô noble sacrifice!
O sanglante agonie! ô cruelles rigueurs!
O trépas bienheureux! salutaire supplice!
Vous serez à jamais l'entretien de nos cœurs.

It must be said that the hymn has lost nothing in translation; on the contrary, the translator has reached an even higher plane of devotion than the author of the hymn.

TUNES. *Commendatio*, and *Woodlynn*.

151 S.M.

'It is finished.' St. John xix. 30.

1 O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the FATHER willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scriptures have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of GOD, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O LORD, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1875.

Contributed to A. & M. '75 by the Chairman of the Compilation Committee (12).

TUNES. *Southwell*, and *Sanguis Christi*. For an interesting account of Damon's *Psalmes*, in which the former tune first appeared, see *Lightwood*, p. 51.

152 THE STORY OF THE CROSS

6.4.6.4.

'If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily, and follow Me.' St. Luke ix. 23.

I.—The Question.

1 IN His own raiment clad,
With His blood dyed;
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

2 Heavy that Cross to Him,
Weary the weight;
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

3 See! they are travelling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

4 O whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

II.—The Answer.

5 Follow to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who for ever was
Son of God.

6 You who would love Him stand,
Gaze at His face:
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Jesus, in penitence
Let us seek.

8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone Figure which
Marks that sky?

III.—The Story of the Cross.

9 On the Cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that Cross for us,
Son of Man.

10 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy Blood is shed,
Us alone.

11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

12 Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.

13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.

14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head
Without rest.

15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my SAVIOUR, be
All for me?

16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.

17 I see Thy title, LORD,
Inscribed above;
'JESUS of Nazareth,'
King of Love.

18 What, O my SAVIOUR,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

19 Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love;
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.

21 For thee My Blood I shed,
For thee I died:
Safe in My faithfulness
Now abide.

22 Weep not for My grief,
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

V.—The Resolve.

23 O I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.

24 Yea, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be. Amen.

Rev. E. Monro, 1864, vv. 7 & 21 *alld.*

In his *Supplement to Hymns used in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Leeds*, 1864. Stanzas vii and xxi are from the follg. version in the *English Hymnal*, 1906 (which follows the Prayer Book in not using capital letters):

The Question.

1 SEE him in raiment rent,
With his blood dyed:
Women walk sorrowing
By his side.

2 Heavy that Cross to him,
Weary the weight:
One who will help him stands
At the gate.

3 Multitudes hurrying
Pass on the road:
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

4 Who is this travelling
With the curst tree—
This weary prisoner—
Who is he?

THE ANSWER.

5 Follow to Calvary,
Tread where he trod:
This is the Lord of life—
Son of God.

6 Is there no loveliness—
You who pass by—
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky?

7 You who would love him, stand,
Gaze at his face;
Tarry awhile in your
Worldly race.

8 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Jesus, in penitence,
Let us seek.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

9 On the Cross lifted up,
Thy face I scan,
Scarred by that agony—
Son of Man.

10 Thorns form thy diadem,
Rough wood thy throne,
To thee thy outstretched arms
Draw thine own.

11 Nails hold thy hands and feet,
While on thy breast
Sinketh thy bleeding head
Sore oppress.

12 Loud is thy bitter cry,
Rending the night,
As to thy darkened eyes
Fails the light.

13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day;
Friends and disciples stand
Far away.

14 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Mocking thy woe;
Can this my Saviour be
Brought so low?

15 Yea, see the title clear,
Written above,—
'Jesus of Nazareth'—
Name of Love!

16 What, O my Saviour dear,
What didst thou see,
That made thee suffer and
Die for me?

THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS.

17 Child of my grief and pain!
From realms above,
I came to lead thee to
Life and love.

18 For thee my Blood I shed,
For thee I died:
Safe in thy faithfulness
Now abide.

19 I saw thee wandering,
Weak and at strife;
I am the Way for thee,
Truth and Life.

20 Follow my path of pain,
Tread where I trod:
This is the way of peace
Up to God.

THE RESOLVE.

21 O I will follow thee,
Star of my soul!
Through the great dark I press
To the goal.

22 Yea, let me know thy grief,
Carry thy Cross,
Share in thy sacrifice,
Gain thy loss.

23 Daily I'll prove my love
Through joy and woe;
Where thy hands point the way,
There I go.

24 Lead me on year by year,
Safe to the end,
Jesus, my Lord, my Life,
King and Friend.

TUNES. First setting is by Bruce Ottley, b. 1890, son of Canon E. B. Ottley, written when he was twelve years of age. It has been in use at the Church of the Annunciation, Marylebone, and elsewhere, and is now published for the first time; second setting is by J. W. Etherington, and has been in very general use in Canada for many years in sheet form; third setting is by Rev. J. Hurst, Mus. Doc., of Alfreton, England, and appears in S. H. C., and in other hyls.

GOOD FRIDAY EVENING AND EASTER EVEN

153

8.7.8.7.

'In Paradise.' St. Luke xxiii. 43.

1 IT is finished! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

2 Lifeless lies the piercèd body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the spirit fled?

3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

*4 See! He comes a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

5 Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing;
At the gracious words they hear.

*6 For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

7 Patriarch and priest and prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the piercèd hands.

*8 O the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransomed by His precious Blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the Paradise of God!

9 There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

10 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Archbishop W. D. Maclagan, 1875.

Appeared in A. & M. '75, which has ii. 1, 'broken body'; in S. C. H. iii. 1, 'In the *hidden realm*'; iii. 2, 'a light unseen.' See notes on No. 144. Cong. omits vi, viii, ix. A. & M. '04, and S. C. H. omit iv, vi, viii, and include:

Lo! in spirit, rich in mercy
Comes He from the world above,
Preaching to the souls in prison
Tidings of His dying love.

TUNES. *Ad instar*, and *Rusty*.

154

Six 7's.

'Now . . . there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre . . . There laid they Jesus.' St. John xix. 41, 42.

1 RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried LORD was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, LORD, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my LORD appear again. Amen.

REV. T. WHYTEHEAD, 1842.

From his *Poems*, 1842, where the first verse is 'Sabbath of the saints of old'. The above selection is as in A. & M. and Am. In the orig., i. 3, '*His sacred form* from head to *feet*'; i. 4, '*Swathèd* in'; i. 6, '*Hid behind* the'; ii. 5, '*In* the'; iii. 6, '*Mayst* ever dwell'; iv. 1, '*I will* bring', iv. 2, '*My poor* affection's'.

See S. C. H. and S. H. C. (*Sabbath of the saints of old*) for different versions. TUNE. *Redhead* No. 76.

155

'There laid they Jesus.' St. John xix. 42. 7.7.7.

1 WEEPING as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

2 These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd tree.

3 All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

4 Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

5 Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.

Rev. W. S. Raymond, 1855.

In Canon I. G. Smith's *Hymn Book*, 1855 (see No. 156).
Tunes. *Lacrymae*, and *Heil'ger Geist* (*Berlin*).

156

8.8.8.

'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses beheld where He was laid.' St. Mark xv. 47.

1 BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast. Amen.

Canon Isaac Gregory Smith, 1855.

In his *Hymn Book*, 1855. Sc. has v from orig.:

5 So when the day-spring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh. Amen.

Tune. *Holy Sepulchre.*
Also suitable: 220, 279, 281, 592, 681.

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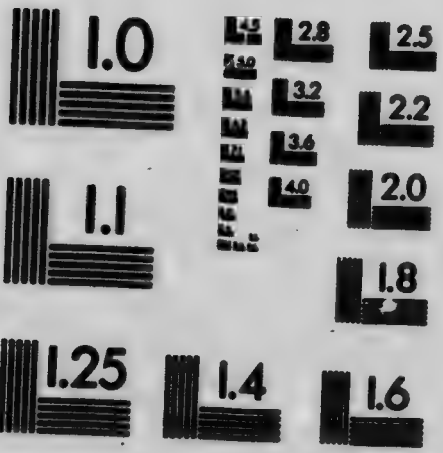

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EASTER

157

7.7.7.7.

'The Lord is risen indeed.' St. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured;
Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia! Amen.

ANON., 1749.

As in the 1816 *Supplement* to Tate and Brady (see Nos. 75, 107, 111). i is taken from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708; the rest from John Arnold's *Compleat Psalmodist*, 1749.

The original form of i. 3 is

Who so lately on the Cross

Only the first verse has any reference to the original Latin, *Surrexit Christus hodie*, of 14th cent.

The following doxology from Schaff's *Christ in Song*, 1870, is in H. C. and other collections:

Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son from death upraised,
And the Spirit ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.

Easter Hymn is the tune to which this has been set since it appeared in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

'It is interesting to note that the tune was printed with a special object in view. The compiler . . . conceived the design of writing a tune which should break away from the established form by having two, three, or more notes to one syllable. We gather this from the preface, wherein the compiler states that "there is a desire for a little freer air than the grand movement of the psalm tunes".

'. . . With the advent of the Methodist movement the free style of "The Resurrection" tune began to be more and more imitated until at last it was left far behind in the wild freedom of the fugal and so-called "Old Methodist" tunes of later date. But when the reaction set in and the old psalm tunes began to assert themselves once more, this grand old tune came to be looked upon with suspicion, insomuch that in 1850, the "Cheadle Association for the Promotion of Church Music" offered a prize of five guineas for a new setting of *Jesus Christ is risen to-day*. The prize was won by W. H. Monk with his tune, *Easter Hymn* (A. & M. 134). But at the present day there is probably no tune in Christendom so universally sung on any festal day as is the [1708] *Easter Hymn*, with its rolling "Hallelujahs", on Easter Sunday' (*Lightwood*, 95).

158

7.7.7.7.

'He is risen.' St. Mark xvi. 6.

1 CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day:
Alleluia!
Sons of men, and angels, say
Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply,
Alleluia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Alleluia!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Alleluia!
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
Alleluia!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Alleluia!
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell;
Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids His rise!
Alleluia!
CHRIST hath opened Paradise.
Alleluia!

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Alleluia!
Once He died our souls to save;
Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave?
Alleluia! Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1789.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, without the alleluias. Orig. had 11 verses, including:

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

10 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection Thou.

iv. 8, in orig. 'Dying once, He all doth save.' i. 4, '*and* earth, reply.' See notes on Nos. 6, and 507. TUNE. *Easter Hymn.*

159

7.7.7.7.

'Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'
Rev. xix. 6.

1 CHRIST the LORD is risen again;
CHRIST hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

2 He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

3 He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

4 He, Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
CHRIST, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye
Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. M. Weisse by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The German, beginning 'Christus ist erstanden, Von des Todes Banden', is in *Ein New Geseng buchlen*, 1531, the first German hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren.

i. 3 as in A. & M.; orig. 'Hark, the angels shout for joy'; vi. 2, orig. '*to-day Thy* people'; vi. 4 as in 2 C. H., Sc., Can. Pr., and Eng. Meth.; 'Let us sing by night and day' (Miss W., 1858).

Of the translator Dr. Julian says: 'Miss Winkworth, although not the earliest of modern translators from the German into English, is certainly the foremost in rank and popularity. Her translns. are the most widely used of any from that language, and have had more to do with the modern revival of the English use of German hymns than the versions of any other writer.' One of her best translns. (Can. Pr. 378) is *Now God be with us, for the night is closing.* Miss Winkworth translated *Tender Shepherd Thou hast stilled* (283); *Now thank we all our God* (348); *O Love, Who formedst me to wear* (585). TUNE. *Würtemberg.*

160

10.10.

'The victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'
1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 HAIL! Festal Day, to endless ages known,
When CHRIST, o'er death victorious, gained
His throne.

2 Now, with the LORD of new and heavenly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

3 He reigns supreme, Who died the death of shame,
And all created things adore His Name.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

4 Fulfil Thy promise, King of Love, we pray!
The third morn brightens, rise and come away.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

5 No mould'ring tomb shall hold Thee in repose;
No stone the Ransom of the world enclose.
Hail! Festal Day, to endless ages known,
When CHRIST, o'er death victorious, gained His throne.

6 Who holdest all things in Thy hollowed hand,
No rocky barrier can before Thee stand.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

7 Cast off the grave-clothes; let them there remain:
Come forth to us, our All, our only gain.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

8 Creator, Fount of Life, Thou know'st the grave:
And thence returning Thou art strong to save.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

9 Light of the world, show us Thy face once more,
The day that died with Thee, to-day restore.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

10 A countless people, from death's fetters free,
Own Thee Redeemer, join and follow Thee.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

11 The shades of death are pierced, his laws undone,
And trembling chaos flees the rising Sun.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

Tr. (1884) from the Latin of Fortunatus, 6th cent., by REV. T. A. LACEY.

The Latin, beginning 'Salve, festa dies toto venerabilis aevo, Qua Deus', is from a beautiful poem on the Resurrection, addressed to Felix, Bishop of Nantes (*d.* 582). In the middle ages it was extensively used for Processionals, the selection of verses varying according as it was used for Easter, for Ascension, or for Whitsuntide. The version by Mr. Lacey is in the *Altar Hymnal*, 1884. See Nos. 180, and 188. TUNE. *Salve, Festa Dies.*

161

L.M.

'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.' Rev. xix. 9.

1 THE Lamb's high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To JESUS our triumphant King.

2 Upon the Altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeemed our loss;
And, tasting of His precious Blood,
Our life is hid with Him in GOD.

3 Protected in the paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
In triumph went the ransomed free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

4 Now CHRIST our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of GOD without a stain;
His Flesh, the true unleavened Bread,
Is freely offered in our stead.

5 O all sufficient Sacrifice,
Beneath Thee hell defeated lies;
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by Thee.

6 We hymn Thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save;
Thine own right hand the tyrant chains,
And Paradise for man regains.

7 All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of 7th cent. by
REV. J. M. NEALE.

As in A. & M. '75. Only five lines of 28 are unaltd. from Neale's translation. See notes on No. 34.

The orig., *Ad coenam Agni providi*, is of the 6th cent. according to Dean Koch, and was sung as a hymn for the Eve of the Sunday after Easter by the newly baptized who were preparing for their first communion on the morrow. It became subsequently a hymn for Evensong throughout the Paschal season in almost universal use.

TUNES. *Aurora lucis* (Sarum Plainsong), and *Church Triumphant*.

162 PART 1. L.M.

'The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel.'
Ps. xciii. 1.

1 LIGHT'S glittering morn bedécks the sky;
Heaven thunders forth its víctor-cry;
The glad earth shouts her tríumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

2 While He, the King, the míghty King,
Despoiling death of áll its sting,
And, trampling down the pówers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed souls to light.

3 His tomb of late the thréefold guard
Of watch and stone and séal had barred;
But now, in pomp and tríumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4 The pains of hell are loósed at last;
The days of mourning nów are past;
An angel robed in líght hath said,
'The LORD is risen from the dead.'

PART 2.

5 The apostles' hearts were fúll of pain
For their dear LORD so látely slain,
By rebel servants doómed to die
A death of cruel agony.

6 With gentle voice the ángel gave
The women tidings át the grave;
'Fear not, your Master shált ye see;
He goes before to Galilee.'

7 Then, hastening on their eágər way
The joyful tidings tó convey,
Their LORD they met, their líving LORD,
And, falling at His feet, adored.

8 The eleven, when they héar, with speed
To Galilee forthwíth proceed,
That there once more they máy behold
The LORD's dear face, as He foretold.

PART 3.

9 That Easter-tide with jóy was bright,
The sun shone out with faírer light,
When, to their longing éyes restored,
The apostles saw their risen LORD.

10 He bade them see His hánds, His side,
Where yet the glorious wóunds abide;
The tokens true which máde it plain
Their LORD indeed was risen again.

11 JESU, the King of géntleness,
Do Thou Thyself our heárts possess,
That we may give Thee áll our days
The tribute of our grateful praise. Amen.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part.

O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'Aurora lucis rutilat', is probably of 7th cent. Transln. is as in A. & M.; only 11 lines out of 48 are unaltered from Neale. TUNES. *Easter Chant*, and *St. Lawrence*.

163

Eight 7's.

'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast.' 1 Cor. v. 7.

1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we CHRIST, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral!
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;
Risen LORD, all praise to Thee,
With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin by ROBERT CAMPBELL.

The Latin, beginning 'Ad regias Agni dapes', is the recast made for the Roman Breviary, 1632, of the *Ad coenam Agni providi* (see No. 161). The English transln. is as in A.& M. '61, considerably altd. from *Hys. and Anthems*, 1850. In 1852 Mr. Campbell, a Scotch advocate, left the Episcopal Ch. of Scotland and became a Roman Catholic.

TUNES. *Salisbury*, and *St. George*.

164 Eight 7's.

'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.' Rev. v. 12.

1 CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
'CHRIST is risen,' to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

2 CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
Man to GOD hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
'CHRIST is risen,' to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

3 CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious LORD. Amen.

Tr. (1853) from the Latin by JANE E. LEESON.

The Latin, beginning 'Victimae Paschali', is probably of the 10th cent. It is found in almost all mediaeval missals and still survives in the present Roman Missal. It was a great favourite of Martin Luther. Miss Leeson's version is in Formby's *Hymns*, 1853, exactly as here, except line 7, 'Christ *the Lord is risen on high*.' TUNES. Same as for No. 163.

165

8.8.8.

'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.' Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
'Your LORD doth go to Galilee.'
Alleluia!

4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 'My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be.'
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
'Thou art my LORD and GOD,' he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To GOD your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of 17th cent. by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'O filii et filiae', was probably composed by a provincial French priest in the 17th cent. It is in the

Office de la Semaine Sainte, Paris, 1645, that is, the office for Holy Week, as a 'Joyous chant for the time of Easter', and is generally now used on the evening of Easter Day. The transln. appears in Neale's *Mediæval Hyn.*, 1851, and was revised for the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854; here it is as altd. in A. & M. '61 and '75.

TUNES. *O filii et filiæ*, and *Victory*.

166 8.8.8.

'O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things.' Ps. xcviii. 1.

1 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And JESUS hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell,
Let songs of praise His triumph tell!
Alleluia!

4 On the third morn He rose again,
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. (1859) from the Latin by REV. F. POTT.

The Latin, beginning 'Finita iam sunt proelia', was probably written by some German Jesuit in the 17th cent., and is in the Jesuit *Symphonia Sirenum*, 1695. The transln. was made for trial copy of A. & M. '59, but greatly altd. in 1861 and 1875. The above version is as follows:

i. 1, Pott, '59 and '61
2, 1875
3, 1859
ii. 1, 1875
2, 1859
3, 1859
iii. 1, 1859 and Pott '61
2, " " " "
3, " " " "
iv. 1, 1859, exc. *that* third
2, 1875
3, 1859
v. 1, Pott '61 and '59
2, " " " "
3, " " " "

i. 2, 3 in H. C., Am., C. H., Sc. and Can. Pr., as in Pott, 1861:

The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.

A. & M. '04 has i. 3, 'Now be the song of praise begun'; ii, as in A. & M.

H. C., Can. Pr., Sc., C. H., and Am. have as in Pott 1861 (exc. 'Let *shout*', as in C. H. and Am.):

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

iv is in A. & M., but not in C. H., H. C., Am., Can. Pr., Sc. The follg. from Pott, 1861, is in H. C., C. H., Am., Can. Pr., and Sc.:

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!

iii is as in Am., and A. & M. '04; see variations in H. C., 2 C. H., Can. Pr., and Sc.

TUNE. *Victory*, by Giovanni Pierluigi (1515–94), called Palestrina from the place of his birth (see *Bread*, 279).

167

7.6.7.6.D.

'Jesus met them, saying, All hail.' St. Matt. xxviii. 9.

1 THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of GOD!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our CHRIST hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The LORD in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All hail', and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For CHRIST the LORD is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

Tr. (1853) from the Greek of St. John of Damascus, 750, by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Greek begins *Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα*, and is the first Ode of St. John's 'Golden Canon' for Easter Day in the Greek service book called the *Penticostarion*. Dr. Neale's transln. begins 'Tis the Day of Resurrection'.

i. 6, as in A. & M.; 'From this world to the sky', 3 H. C. iii. 3, 4, 5, 6 in most hyls. as in Neale:

Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend.

Dr. Neale quotes the following account of an Easter Eve ceremony at Athens:

'Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and the Easter Day had begun. Then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud exulting tone, "Christos anesti!" Christ is risen! and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drum through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon announced far and near these "glad tidings of great joy"; while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive-grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed —and so in truth it was—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how "Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath His feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life!"'

John of Damascus was the last but one of the Christian Fathers of the Greek Church. He retired to the monastery of Mar Saba, near Jerusalem. He wrote also *Come ye faithful, raise the strain* (168), and *Those eternal bowers* (505). See No. 403.

TUNES. *Rotterdam*, and *Lancashire*, the latter written by Henry Smart in 1835, when he was organist at Blackburn, Lancashire. It was composed for the tercentenary of the Reformation. Sixteen of his tunes appear in B. C. P., including the well-known tunes for *Hark! hark, my soul* (477); *See the Conqueror* (184); *Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping* (307); *Just as I am* (528); *O Paradise* (681).

168

7.6.7.6.D.

'Lo, the winter is past.' Song of Solomon ii. 11.

1 COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. Amen.

Tr. (1853) from the Greek of St. John of Damascus, 750, by Rev. J. M. Neale.

The Greek begins "*Ασωμεν πάντες λαοί*, and is the first ode of St. John's Canon for St. Thomas's Sunday (Sunday after Easter) in the Greek service book called the *Pentecostarion*. See notes on No. 167. iv appeared first in A. & M. '68. Neale has:

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;

But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou did'st stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

TUNES. *St. Kevin*, and *St. John Damascene*.

169

8.7.8.7.D.

'Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.' 1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to GOD a hymn of praise;
He Who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,
JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory, now is risen from the dead.

2 CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

3 CHRIST is risen, we are risen; shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be ever, LORD, with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia! glory be to GOD on high;
Alleluia to the SAVIOUR, Who has gained the victory;
Alleluia to the SPIRIT, fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia! to the Triune Majesty. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862. Text as in the 2nd edn., 1863. The follg. is in C. H., H. C., and Am.:

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life and life immortal on this holy Easter-morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise;
We with Him to life eternal by His resurrection rise.

iii. 4 as in A. & M.; 'That we, *Lord, with* hearts' in 1862 as in H. C.; '*So that we with hearts* in heaven' in 3 C. H. Name of author is not to be confounded with that of his brother, Charles Wordsworth, bp. of St. Andrews. See notes on No. 44. TUNES. *Lux Eoi*, and *Sanctuary*.

170

P.M.

'He is risen.' St. Matt. xxviii. 7.

1 CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain He suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the Cross,
But our GOD is He.
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, LORD of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the FATHER'S side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His Bride.
CHRIST is risen! &c.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the LORD of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the WORD Incarnate, cries,
'Sun and stars and earth rejoice!
CHRIST is risen again!
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.'
CHRIST is risen! &c.

REV. A. T. GURNEY, 1862.

In his *Bk. of Praise*, 1862. Altd. with author's permission in C. H. Mrs. Dorothy Gurney, authoress of *O perfect love, all human thought transcending* (277), is married to a son of Rev. A. T. Gurney. TUNE. *Resurrexit*.

171

Six 11's.

'I am He that liveth, and was dead.' Rev. i. 18.

1 'WELCOME, happy morning!' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore,
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore;
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day!

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now:
'Welcome, happy morning!' &c.

*3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee:
'Welcome, happy morning!' &c.

*4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Eternal Father true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:
'Welcome, happy morning!' &c.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!
'Welcome, happy morning!' &c.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see!
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee;
'Welcome, happy morning!' &c. Amen.

Tr. (1868) from the Latin of Fortunatus, 6th cent., by Rev. John Ellerton.

From the same Latin poem as No. 160; it is a spirited but not very close version. Written for the Rev. R. Brown Borthwick's *Supplemental H. & T. Bk.*, 1868. See No. 27.

ii. 4 as in A. & M.; 'sorrow' in H. C. iv. 2 as in C. H., H. C., Bapt., Am., and Am. Meth.; '*man's abasing* fall' in A. & M.

iv. 3 as in A. & M.; 'Of the Father's Godhead', in the other hyls. v. 4 as in A. & M., C. H., Am., Bapt., and Am. Meth.; 'rise, *my* buried Lord' in H. C. vi. 1, 'Loose the *hearts*' in H. C. TUNES. *Hermas*, and *Welcome Happy Morning*.

172

D.C.M.

'Awake, thou lute and harp: I myself will awake right early.' Ps. cviii. 2.

1 AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy LORD hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

2 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in CHRIST are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In CHRIST we live, in CHRIST we sleep,
In CHRIST we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

3 And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection power;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.

4 Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen LORD,
Joy in His resurrection take
And comfort in His word;
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
'CHRIST died and rose for me.' Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1857.

In his *Spiritual Songs*, 1857; rev. in his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 1863. The above is as in 1863 text. i. 5, 'Where *spring awakens*'; i. 6, 'Where *vernal voices*'; in 1857 text. iv. 5–8 are from 1863 text. See notes on No. 117. TUNE. *St. Asaph*.

173 C.M.

'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' 1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where JESUS goes before.

4 Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1850) from the Latin of St. Fulbert of Chartres by ROBERT CAMPBELL.

For a different transln. see 3 C. H. The Latin begins 'Chorus novae Ierusalem'. The transln. is in *Hys. and Anthems*, 1850; here as altd. in A. & M. '61. See No. 168. TUNE. *St. Fulbert.*

174 8.7.8.7.7.7.

'He is risen, as He said.' St. Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 HE is risen, He is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
CHRIST has won the victory.

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1846.

In her *Verses for Holy Seasons*, 1846. iii. 2, orig. 'He has *ope'd the eternal gate*'. See notes on No. 118.

ii, from 1846 is in 3 C. H., but not in Ir. or Am.:

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter Sun;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

Ir. has an additl. verse. TUNES. *Edom*, and *All Saints*.

Also suitable: 394, 406, 429, 440, 520, 536, 592, 605, 630, 751, 759, 790.

175 ROGATION DAYS 6.6.6.6.8.8.

PART 1.

'Help us, O God of our salvation.' PS. lxxix. 9.

1 TO Thee our GOD we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 Give peace, LORD, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland. Amen.

176 PART 2.

'O Lord, be gracious unto us.' Isa. xxxiii. 2.

1 THE Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 O let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows,
And loyal homage pay.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, LORD, are we;
And for our GOD we will
None other have but Thee.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In *Church Hymns*, 1871.

TUNES. *Safe Home*, and *Cacouna*. The latter, accepted by the Compilation Committee at their meeting at Cacouna, August, 1906, was contributed by Rev. Henry Plaisted, the rector of Dunham, P. Q.

177

C.M.

'The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.' Ps. cxlv. 15.

1 LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, LORD, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

6 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1856.

Written for the *Salisbury H. B.*, 1857. See Nos. 4 and 20.
TUNE. *Berthier*, by Max Liebich, Berthier, Quebec.

ASCENSIONTIDE

178

L.M.

'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.' St. Matt. xxviii. 18.

1 O LORD most high, eternal King,
By Thee redeemed Thy praise we sing;
The bonds of death are burst by Thee,
And grace has won the victory.

2 Ascending to the FATHER's throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is Thine for evermore.

3 To Thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

4 In awe and wonder angels see
How changed is man's estate by Thee,
How Flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And Thou, true GOD, in flesh dost reign.

5 Be Thou our Joy, O mighty LORD,
As Thou wilt be our great Reward;
Let all our glory be in Thee
Both now and through eternity.

6 All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended LORD, be sung;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin by Compilers A. & M.

The Latin, beginning 'Aeterne Rex altissime', is ancient, possibly of the 6th cent. Transln. as in A. & M. '61.

TUNE. *Redhead* No. 4.

179

7.7.7.7.

'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.' Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia!
To His throne above the skies;
Alleluia!
CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given,
Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven,
Alleluia!

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin;
Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!
Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above,
See! He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!
Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads, Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!
Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies, Alleluia!
Alleluia! Amen.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1739. See notes on Nos. 6, and 507. Text is as in A. & M., and differs much from orig., which is found with fewer alterns. in H. C. and C. H. This hymn has certainly been 'mended' without being marred; ii. 1 was 'There the pompous triumph waits'; v. 4 was 'Harbinger of human race'. The matter of adopting or making alterations in the original text is the most perplexing part of the work of an editor of a hymnal. Undoubtedly, many hymns like this hymn and *Sweet the moments* (129) would suffer if the original text were adopted. But John Wesley was not of this mind. In the preface to *A Collection of Hymns*, 1780, he says:

'Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours; either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, so that we may no longer be accountable, either for the nonsense or for the doggrel (*sic*) of other men.'

Of hymn-mending, Christophers says:

'The Wesleys are seen mending Herbert and Watts; Toplady and Madan are found hashing and re-cooking Charles Wesley. Somebody else is trying to improve Toplady. Heber makes free with Jeremy Taylor. Montgomery is altering—and altered. Keble and Milman and Alford are all pinched and twisted and redressed in turn. Among all these menders, John Wesley was perhaps one of the best. He was positively sure that nobody could mend his own hymns, but he was not scrupulous in mending other people's.'

TUNE. *Ascension.*

180 10.10.

'It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.' Ps. xxiv. 8.

1 HAIL! Festal Day! to endless ages known,
When GOD ascended to His starry throne.

2 Now with the LORD, of new and heavenly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

3 Now glows the year, with painted flowers' array,
And warmer light unbars the gates of day.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

4 Now CHRIST, from gloomy hell, comes triumphing,
And field and grove with flower and leafage spring.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

5 The reign of death o'erthrown, He mounts on high,
Sent forth with joyous praise from sea and sky.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

6 Loose now the captives, loose the prison door,
The fallen, from the deep, to light restore.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

7 A countless people from death's fetters free,
Own Thee Redeemer, join and follow Thee.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

8 Creator and Redeemer! CHRIST our Light!
The One-Begotten of the FATHER's might.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

9 Co-equal, Co-eternal, Thou to Whom
The kingdom of the world decreed shall come.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

10 Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid,
To rescue man, true Man Thyself wast made.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

Tr. (1864) from the Latin of Fortunatus, 6th cent., by Rev. T. A. LACEY.

The Latin is from the same poem as No. 160. The transln. is in the *Altar Hymnal*, 1864. TUNE. *Salve, Festa Dies* (No. 5).

181

Eight 7's.

'He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.' Acts i. 9.

1 HE is gone. A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone. Towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone. But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us will He prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone. But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;

Evermore in heart and mind
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

DEAN STANLEY, 1859.

As in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1862, p. 153, where are the stanzas:

2 He is gone. And we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone. We heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

i. 1–4 in orig.:

He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight.

'While in conversation with the Dean, a friend happened to remark that his children had complained that there was no hymn really suitable for Ascension Day. They were also very much concerned as to what the disciples thought, when 'a cloud received Him out of their sight'. The Dean seems to have been struck by the childish remarks, and replied that he would write such a hymn. *He is gone—beyond the skies* was the result' (*F. A. Jones*, 138). See No. 231.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, is best known by his *Eastern Church*, *Jewish Church*, *Sinai and Palestine*, and *Christian Institutions*. TUNES. *St. Patrick*, and *Henidon*.

182 C.M.

'Thou hast led captivity captive.' Ps. lxviii. 18.

1 JESU, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Thy work of grace we sing;
Redeemer of the world art Thou
Its Maker and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst;
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy FATHER's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we stand around Thy throne,
And see Thy glory there!

5 JESU, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

6 All praise to Thee Who art gone up
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to GOD the FATHER's Name
And HOLY GHOST be given. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin by REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

The Latin, beginning 'Iesu nostra redemptio', is ancient, perhaps of the 7th cent. Text as in A. & M. '75. i–iv are altd. from Chandler; v is by Caswall (see No. 525, st. v); vi is from Caswall's version of the *Aeterne Rex altissime* (see No. 178). TUNE. *Metzler's Redhead.*

183

7.6.7.6.D.

'Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.' Acts vii. 56.

1 O CHRIST, Thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky:
Let earth tell forth the story,—
Our very flesh and bone,
Emmanuel, in glory,
Ascends His FATHER's throne.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:
But canst Thou, LORD, forget
The little band who love Thee
And gaze from Olivet?
Nay, on Thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.

3 There, there Thou standest pleading
The virtue of Thy Blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with GOD;
And every changeful fashion
Of our brief joys and cares
Finds thought in Thy compassion
And echo in Thy prayers.

4 O for the priceless merit
Of Thy redeeming Cross
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold SPIRIT
And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavour
In heart and mind ascend
And dwell with Thee for ever
In glories without end. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1872.

In the *Record* newspaper in 1872; in H. C. 1876. The hymn for the Sunday after Ascension Day in *From Year to Year*, 1883. See notes on No. 690. TUNE. *Greenland.*

184 PART 1. 8.7.8.7.D.

'With His own right hand, and with His holy arm, hath He gotten Himself the victory.' Ps. xcviii. 2.

1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
LORD of battles, GOD of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;

He Who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His Blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 He has raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own. Amen.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

If a doxology is required it will be found at the end of the next hymn.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862. iii. 1, 2 as in A. & M.; 'While He *raised* . . . He *was* . . . in 1862, 1863, and 1872. v. 1 as in A. & M.; '*Thou hast* raised' in 1862, 1863, and 1872. v. 2 as in 1863 and 1872; '*In* the clouds' in 1862. v. 4, 'with *Thee*' in 1862, 1863, and 1872. See No. 44. Tunes. *Rex Gloriae*, and *Deerhurst*.

185 Part 2. 8.7.8.7.D.

'He shall reign for ever and ever.' Rev. xi. 15.

1 HOLY Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succouring His faithful band;

2 See Him, Who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare;
See Him, Who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer;
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

3 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

4 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

5 Glory be to GOD the FATHER,
Glory be to GOD the SON,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won.
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT;
To ONE GOD in Persons THREE
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

TUNES. Same as for No. 184.

186 D.S.M.

'He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens.' Eph. iv. 10.

1 THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
LORD, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
LORD, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

EMMA TOKE, 1852.

In the S. P. C. K. *Hys. for Public Worship*, 1852. ii. 7 as in most hyls.; iii. 4, 'attendants' in 1852; iii. 5, '*Oh* by' in 1852. TUNES. *Olivet*, and *Ascension*.

Also suitable: 379. 394, 397, 411, 412, 414, 415, 440, 448, 455, 475, 500, 502, 505, 546, [illegible]5, 627, 6[illegible]1, 666, 674.

187 WHITSUNTIDE

7.7.7.7.

'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.' Joel ii. 28.

1 JOY! because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here,
Day when first the light divine
On the Church began to shine.

2 Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the SPIRIT came,
Tongues, that earth might hear their call,
Fire, that love might burn in all.

3 So the wondrous works of GOD
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known.

4 Hardened scoffers vainly jeered;
Listening strangers heard and feared,
Knew the prophet's word fulfilled,
Owned the work which GOD had willed.

5 Still Thy SPIRIT's fulness, LORD,
On Thy waiting Church be poured;
Grant our burdened hearts release;
Grant us Thine abiding peace. Amen.

Tr. (1871) from the Latin by REV. JOHN ELLERTON and REV. F. J. A. HORT.

The Latin is ancient, perhaps of 8th cent. It is:

1 Beata nobis gaudia
Anni reduxit orbita,
Cum Spiritus Paraclitus
Effulsit in discipulos.

2 Ignis vibrante lumine
Linguae figuram detulit,
Verbis ut essent profluí,
Et caritate fervidi.

3 Linguis loquuntur omnium;
Turbae pavent Gentilium;
Musto madere deputant
Quos Spiritus repleverat.

4 Patrata sunt haec mystice,
Paschae peracto tempore,
Sacro dierum numero
Quo lege fit remissio.

5 Te nunc, Deus piissime,
Vultu precamur cernuo;
Illapsa nobis coelitus
Largire dona Spiritus.

6 Dudum sacrata pectora
Tua replesti gratia
Dimitto nunc peccamina
Et da quieta tempora.

The English, made for *Church Hymns*, 1871, can hardly be called a transln. of this. St. ii is altd. from R. Campbell; st. iii is nearer to st. vi of the earlier hymn, *Iam Christus astra ascenderat*, viz.:

6 Ex omni gente cogitur
Graecus, Latinus, Barbarus,
Cunctisque admirantibus
Linguis loquuntur omnium.

Church Hymns, 1871, has (between v. 2 and v. 3):

Once Thou on Thy saints did'st shower
Mighty signs and words of power;
Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts from heaven to men below.

TUNES. *Glebe Field*, and *New Calabar*.

188 10.10.6.

'The Day of Pentecost.' Acts ii. 1.

1 HAIL! Festal Day! through every age, divine,
When GOD's fair grace from heaven on earth did shine;
Hail! Festal Day divine.

2 Lo! GOD the SPIRIT to the apostles' hearts
This day in form of fire Himself imparts.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

3 Forth from the FATHER bearing mystic powers,
On human hearts new strength He richly showers.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

4 Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell,
GOD's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

5 Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Holy Fount of Light!
Life-Giver! Fire of radiance ever bright!
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

6 Thou Good all good containing, Peace divine!
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

7 Who fillest all things, earth, and sky, and sea,
Cleanse Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

8 Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
The overshadowing of cherub-wings.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

9 To love divine our lips and heart inspire
By flying seraph touched with altar-fire.
Hail! Festal Day, &c.

Tr. (1884) from York Processional, 1530, by Rev. T. A. Lacey.

The Latin begins 'Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis aevo'. The Sarum Processional text begins in the same way, but it is taken from the poem of Fortunatus noted under No. 160; No. 182 in A. & M. '04 is from the Sarum. The transln. is from the *Altar Hymnal*, 1884. Tune. *Salve Festa Dies*, No. 4.

189

C.M.

'And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind.' Acts ii. 2.

1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

2 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of GOD; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, LORD, by love or fear. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

In his *Christian Year*. See Nos. 4, and 20. TUNE. *Winchester Old*.

190 7.7.7.5.

'I am He that comforteth you.' Isa. li. 12.

1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
HOLY GHOST the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful,—cleanse us, LORD,
Sick and faint,—Thy strength afford,
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of CHRIST unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

6 In us 'Abba, FATHER,' cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

7 Search for us the depths of GOD!
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853.

Text as in *Leeds Hymn Book*, 1853. vii. 2, 3, in Rawson, 1876:

Upwards by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode.

See 2 C. H. for additl. verse. Tunes. *St. Agatha*, and *Missouri*.

191

L.M.

'And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.' Acts ii. 41.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's eternal praises sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

Anon., 1774.

In the *Foundling Collection*, 1774. *Foundling*, 1783, reads, i. 2, '*Shed Thy blest* influence; ii. 1, '*in* every tongue'; ii. 3, '*Through* all the'; iii. 2, '*Over Thy favourite* Church preside'; iii. 3, '*Still may* mankind Thy *blessing* prove.' ii. 2 as in 3 C. H.; '*God's surpassing glory*' in A. & M. Tunes. *Pentecost*, and *Melcombe*.
Also suitable: 287, 299, 410, 427, 435, 438, 442, 470, 594, 604.

TRINITY SUNDAY

192

L.M.

'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy.' Rev. iv. 8.

1 ALL hail, Adored Trinity;
All hail, Eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One.

2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.

4 O TRINITY! O UNITY!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring. Amen.

Tr. (1852) from the Latin of 11th cent. by
J. D. CHAMBERS.

The Latin, beginning 'Adesto Sancta Trinitas', is found in very few of the early MSS. The transln. is in the Chambers *Psalter*, 1852, and is here as altd. in A. & M. '61, where only three lines were unaltd. TUNES. *O lux beata*, and *Matiscon*.

193 Six 7's.

'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts.'
Isa. vi. 3.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy, LORD
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd TRINITY.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd TRINITY.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd TRINITY.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd TRINITY.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd TRINITY.

6 Alleluia! LORD, to Thee,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
THREE IN ONE, and ONE IN THREE,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd TRINITY. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862. See No. 44. TUNE. *St. Athanasius.*
Also suitable: 1, 416, 430, 456, 488, 625, 631, 637.

SAINTS' DAYS AND OTHER HOLY DAYS

194

7.6.7.6.D.

'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.' Rev. xv. 3.

1 FROM all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd JESU, all praises be addressed.
Thou, LORD, didst win the battle, that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.

SAINT ANDREW

2 Praise, LORD, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very CHRIST to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

SAINT THOMAS

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O LORD,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true GOD, adored.

SAINT STEPHEN

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our LORD to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr-crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed;
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from pains and cares:
LORD, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, LORD, for his conversion, we glorify to-day:
Enlighten all our darkness with Thy true SPIRIT's ray.

SAINT MATTHIAS

8 LORD, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And, by Thy parting promise, be with her to the end.

SAINT MARK

9 For him, O LORD, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose gospel enrich our triumph-song.

May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all as fruitful branches in Thee, the Vine, abide.

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES

10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true.
And grant the grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

SAINT BARNABAS

11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray,
Make us the rather blessèd, who love Thy glorious day.

SAINT PETER

13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed Thy fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill;
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

SAINT JAMES

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, Thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed;
That Thine abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW

16 Praise, LORD, for him whose gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

SAINT LUKE

17 For that beloved physician, all praise, whose gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O SAVIOUR, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE

18 Praise, LORD, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of CHRIST maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING

19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, SAVIOUR, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we GOD the FATHER, and praise we GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, eternal THREE in ONE;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to GOD alone.
Amen.

EARL NELSON, 1864

In Earl Nelson's *Hymn for Saints' Days*, 1864; rev. for the *Sarum Hymnal*, 1868, as here. Earl Nelson (born 1823) is still an active Churchman, and takes a great interest in St. Andrew's Brotherhood. He writes to the compilers of these notes in response to inquiries: 'I was a peer in my own right in 1885, and therefore as a peer lived under William IV, Queen Victoria and Edward VII. I took my seat in the House of Lords on coming of age, Aug. 7, 1844. I am now the Father of the House of Lords, having been a member longer than any other peer, though there are one or two much older in age than I am.' Earl Nelson also writes: 'This hymn was written by me in 1868. Walsham How corrected some of the verses, and soon afterwards wrote his beautiful hymn *For all the saints.*' Earl Nelson is the great-nephew of the hero of Trafalgar.

TUNE. *Paradise.*

SAINT ANDREW THE APOSTLE

November 30

195

8.7.8.7.

'One of the two which . . . followed Him was Andrew.' St. John i. 40.

1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me:'

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 JESUS calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 JESUS calls us: by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

As in the S. P. C. K. *Hys. for Public Worship*, 1852: ii. 1 as in A. & M., Eng. H., and S C. H.; '*apostles* heard it' in H. C., Sc., Can. Pr., Ir., Eng. Meth., Bapt. iv. 4 as in 1852 version and in H. C., S C. H., Ir., Eng. H., Can. Pr.; '*That we* love *Him* more than these' in A. & M., Bapt., Sc., Eng. Meth. v. 2 as in 1852 version; '*make us* hear' in some hyls. See notes on No. 118.

This hymn has been adopted in Canada and in the United States as the hymn of St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

TUNES. *St. Oswald*, *St. Andrew*, and *Galilee*.

SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE

196 December 21 L.M.

'Be not faithless, but believing.' St. John xx. 27.

1 HOW oft, O LORD, Thy face hath shone
On doubting souls, whose wills were true!
Thou CHRIST of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the CHRIST of Thomas too.

2 He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
'Come, let us go, and die with Him:'
Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,
'Mid all its light his eyes were dim.

3 His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those hands of Thine:
The bruisèd reed Thou didst not break;
He saw, and hailed his LORD Divine.

4 He saw Thee risen; at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

5 O SAVIOUR, make Thy presence known
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;
And teach them in that Word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

6 And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as GOD and LORD adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
To trust and love Thee more and more.
Amen.

CANON BRIGHT, 1874.

In his *Hymns*, 1874. See notes on No. 7. TUNE. *Leipsic.*

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL

January 25

197

7.6.7.6.D.

'Suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven.' Acts ix. 3.

1 WE sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats and hate;
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day.

2 O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his LORD!

3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

4 LORD, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power:

Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

In *Church Hymns*, 1871. See notes on No. 27. Tune. *Missionary.*

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. February 2

198

C.M.

'They brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord.' St. Luke ii. 22.

1 O SION, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.

2 No more the simple flock shall bleed;
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

3 Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

4 The aged Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope,
With holy rapture fired.

5 But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word
And, pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee.
While endless ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by Rev. E. Caswall.

The Latin, beginning 'Templi sacratas pande, Sion, fores', is in Santeuil's *Hymni Sacri*, 1689, the *Paris Breviary*, 1680, and others. iv. 3, in 1849, was 'And *hails, with Anna*, Israel's Hope.' iv. '*hoary* Simeon', and '*sudden* rapture' in orig., altd. in A. & M. as above. Tune. *Bedford.*

199

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple.' Mal. iii. 1.

1 IN His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected LORD!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
GOD hath now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him His redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His agèd saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Lo, the Incarnate GOD most high!

3 JESU, by Thy Presentation,
Thou Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory,
To Thy FATHER, cleansed and pure.

4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
JESU, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
LORD of majesty supreme! Amen.

REV. H. J. PYE, 1851.

In Pye's *Hymns*, 1852, it begins:

To His temple now behold Him,
Comes the long-expected LORD.

Canon Cooke slightly altd. it, and added st. iv in his *Church Hymnal*, 1858. TUNE. *Alleluia dulce carmen.*
Also suitable: 408, 483, 516.

SAINT MATTHIAS THE APOSTLE

200

February 24

Six 7's.

'The lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles.' Acts i. 26.

1 BISHOP of the souls of men,
When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs continually,
Watch, O LORD, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

2 When the hireling flees away,
Caring only for his gold,
And the gate unguarded stands
At the entrance to the fold,
Stand, O LORD, Thy flock before,
Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.

3 LORD, Whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the throne
Of the lost Iscariot,
In our trouble ever thus
Stand, good Master, nigh to us.

4 When the saints their order take
In the New Jerusalem,
And Matthias stands elect,
Give us part and lot with him,
Where in Thine own dwelling-place
We may witness face to face. Amen.

REV. G. MOULTRIE, 1867.

In his *Hys. and Lyrics*, 1867. Here as altd. in A. & M.
TUNE. *Heathlands.*
Also suitable: 286, 572.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

March 25

201 S.M.

'Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.' St. Matt. i. 23.

1 PRAISE we the LORD this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom Heaven's own Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the LORD.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate SAVIOUR'S birth.

6 JESU, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

From *Hymns for the Festivals*, 1846.

As in A. & M. which added vi. In orig. i. 1, '*Let us praise God* this day.' i. 4, '*holy* saints.'
TUNES. *Venice*, and *Annunciation*.

202

L.M.

'Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.' St. Luke i. 28.

1 THE GOD Whom earth, and sea, and sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify,
Whose might they own, Whose praise they swell,
In Mary's womb vouchsafed to dwell.

2 The LORD Whom sun and moon obey,
Whom all things serve from day to day,
Was by the HOLY GHOST conceived
Of her who through His grace believed.

3 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The world's Creator, LORD Divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Once deigned, as in His ark, to lie;

4 Blest in the message Gabriel brought,
Blest by the work the SPIRIT wrought;
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

5 O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be,
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin of 9th cent. by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin begins 'Quem terra, pontus, aethera'. It is at least as early as the 9th cent., and has indeed, but not with any certainty, been ascribed to Fortunatus (see No. 130). The transln. is from the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, as altd. in A. & M. '61, which altd. all but eight lines. See No. 34. TUNE. *St. Ambrose.*
Also suitable: 406, 504, 516.

SAINT MARK THE EVANGELIST

April 25

203 7.6.7.6.

'He is profitable to me for the ministry.' 2 Tim. iv. 11.

1 WE praise Thy grace, O SAVIOUR,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The saint who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, LORD, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty SAVIOUR,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Thy saint hath numbered
Among the Blessèd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his gospel-lore.

5 O LORD, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O JESU, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In *Church Hymns*, 1871. See No. 219.
TUNES. *St. Alphege*, and *Sacrifice.*
Also suitable: 550, 596.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES THE APOSTLES

May 1

204

6.5.6.5.D.

'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' St. John xiv. 6.

1 KING of saints, we offer
Highest praise to Thee,
Who didst free Thy servants
From captivity;
Sending Thine apostles
To convey Thy grace
Unto every nation
And to every race.
King of saints, we praise Thee
For the gospel light
Borne by Thine apostles
Through the realms of night.

2 Two of Thine apostles
We remember now,
Whom Thou didst so freely
With Thy grace endow.
Thou unto Saint Philip
Hast Thyself revealed,
One with GOD the FATHER
Though in flesh concealed.
King of saints, &c.

3 O how can we thank Thee
For the light conferred
By Saint James Thy servant,
In his faithful word.
Like these two apostle
Faithful unto death
May we love and serve Thee
Till our latest breath.
King of saints, &c.

4 Make us, dear Redeemer,
More and more like Thee,
Be the Way to lead us
Over life's dark sea;
Be the Truth to light us
To our home on high;
Be the Life within us
That can never die.
King of saints, &c. Amen.

WILLIAM EDGAR ENMAN, 1903.

See No. 85. This hymn appears now for the first time in a hymnal. It was printed in *The Living Church* in 1906.
TUNE. *Onward.*
Also suitable: 628, 636, 652.

ST. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE

June 11

205 11.10.11.10.

'Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, The Son of Consolation.' Acts iv. 36.

1 O SON of GOD, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:

2 Those whom Thy SPIRIT's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

6 Thus, LORD, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, 'Comfort ye;'
Till in our FATHER's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. See notes on No. 27.
TUNES. *Acadia*, and *Eirene*, the former contributed to the B. C. P. by W. C. T. Morson, a banker residing at Peterborough, Ontario.
Also suitable: 392.

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

June 24

206 6.6.6.6.8.8.

'The voice of one crying in the wilderness.'
St. John i. 23.

1 LO! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

2 Your GOD e'en now doth stand
At heaven's opening door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

4 May thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

5 O GOD, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
CHRIST's soldier for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,

Thrice Blessèd Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

Tr. (1889) from the Latin of C. Coffin, by
Rev. I. Williams.

The Latin, beginning 'Nunc suis tandem novus e latebris', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736. Text as altd. in A. & M. '61.
Tune. *Croft's 148th.*

207

7.7.7.7.

'Behold the Lamb of God.' St. John i. 29.

1 LAMB of God, to Thee we raise
Hymns of holy love and praise,
For the saint and prophet born
To be herald of the morn.

2 Like a morning star he rose
Thine appearing to disclose,
Like an ensign lifted high
He declared Thy kingdom nigh.

3 Filled with grace and sanctity
From his blest nativity,
He, the new Elias, came
Bearing zeal's most sacred flame.

4 Kinsman of the King divine,
Greatest of the prophets' line,
Blest forerunner of the Lord,
Who his praises can record?

5 Mighty preacher, by whose word
Souls to penitence were stirred,
Those who long in sin had strayed
Then the call divine obeyed.

6 Make us, Lord, like him to be
Fearless witnesses for Thee,
Faithful unto death be found,
And at last by Thee be crowned. Amen.

William Edgar Enman, 1908.

This hymn is now published for the first time. See No. 85.
Tune. *New Calabar.*
Also suitable: 59, 481.

ST. PETER THE APOSTLE

June 29

208

8.8.8.6.

'Upon this rock I will build My Church.'
St. Matt. xvi. 18.

1 FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen LORD gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked him, 'Lovest thou Me?

2 How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name,
How oft forsaken our dear LORD,
And shrunk when trial came!

3 Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out, and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his LORD till death.

4 How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

5 O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from Thy FATHER'S side,
And let that sweet look win.

6 Hear when we call Thee from the deep.
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.

Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.

In A. & M. '75. See No. 118. TUNES. *Derry*, and *Elmhurst*.
Also suitable: 623.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE

July 25

209

C.M.

'All are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.'
1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

1 FOR all Thy saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O LORD;

2 For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

5 LORD, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1875.

In A. & M. '75. See No. 113. TUNE. *St. James.*
Also suitable: 304, 505, 541.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE

August 24

210 8.7.8.7.D.

'The Lord knoweth them that are His.' 2 Tim. ii. 19.

1 KING of saints, to Whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy throne;
Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
There, are shining full and clear,
Princes in the court of heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

2 In the roll of Thine apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due;
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his LORD.

3 All is veiled from us, but written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife;
There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O LORD, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living Diadem. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. The follg. is in A. & M. but not in Am.:

Was it he, beneath the fig-tree
Seen of Thee, and guileless found;
He who saw the good he longed for
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground;
He who met his risen Master
On the shore of Galilee;
He to whom the word was spoken,
'Greater things thou yet shalt see'?

iii. 1 in orig. 'None can tell us; all is written'. See No. 27.
TUNE. *Everton.*
Also suitable: 286, 290, 487.

ST. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE

211 September 21 L.M.

'He left all, rose up, and followed Him.' St. Luke v. 28.

1 'BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!'
O seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee:
Leave this vain world and follow Me.

2 O soul bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye:
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For JESUS and His blessèd Cross.

4 That 'Follow Me' his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear;
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 GOD sweetly calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, LORD, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he left his earthly all;
Thou, LORD, even now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1721, and BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871 (Bishop Ken's original is in his *Works*, vol. i, 1721, p. 378); i–iii are How's; iv, based on Ken; v, vi, Ken altd. Ken's version of v and vi:

GOD sweetly calls us every day,
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to endless light:
Why should we love the night?
Should we one call but duly heed,
It would to joys eternal lead.

Praise, LORD, to Thee, for Matthew's call,
At which he left his wealthy all;
At Thy next call may I
Myself and world deny;
Thou, LORD, even now art calling me,
I'll now leave all, and follow Thee.

In 1871 version v. 1, '*gently* calls', vi. 2, 'rose and left his', vi. 3, '*e'en* now'. See Nos. 2 and 22. TUNE. *Breslau.*
Also suitable: 508, 564, 621, 628.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

September 29

212 10.10.10.10.

'The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' Job xxxviii. 7.

1 STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the 'Trisagion[1]' ever and aye:

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
LORD GOD of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

[1] In Greek, from which this hymn is translated, 'Trisagion' is the same as the Latin 'Tersanctus' and the English 'Thrice-Holy.'

4 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of GOD shouted for joy.

5 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
LORD of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore. Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 9th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Dr. Neale printed this as a transln., but he did not give the first line of the original, and nothing corresponding to the English hymn can be found in the Greek service books. Dr. Neale's title to the hymn is, 'A Cento from the Canon of the Bodiless Ones; Tuesday in the Week of the Fourth Tone'. i. 2 as in A. & M.; 2 H. C. has 'celestial *resplendence*' as in 1868; Am. has 'celestial *splendour*'; ii. 2 as in A. & M.; '*God* of Sabaoth, *the*' in 2 H. C., and Am.; ii. 3 as in A. & M., and Am.; 'Thy *ministers*' in 2 H. C. as in Neale; iii. 2 as in 1868; in 1862 'Thrones, *dominations*'.

TUNES. *Trisagion*, *Astra Matutina*, and *Naaman*. The last-named tune is usually set to Dr. Horatius Bonar's (890) fine hymn. (Can. Pr. 70):

1 Blessing and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore,
Give ye to Him Who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
Come is the radiance, that sparkles afar,
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the Sun that shall never descend.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honour and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever new, ever glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

213 7.7.7.7.

'All the angels stood round about the throne.'
Rev. vii. 11.

1 PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Marshalled Might that never cowers.

3 Speeds the Archangel from His face,
Bearing messages of grace;
Angel hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His will.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For in Man their LORD they see,
CHRIST, the Incarnate DEITY.

5 On the throne our LORD Who died
Sits in Manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

6 O the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those Orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign!

7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

REV. R. M. BENSON, 1861.

In A. & M. '61; here as altd. in A. & M. '75. Rev. R. M. Benson was Vicar of Cowley, Oxford, and founder of Society of St. John the Evangelist. TUNE. *Vienna.*

214 L.M.

'He shall give His angels charge over thee.' Ps. xci. 11.

1 AROUND the throne of GOD a band
Of glorious angels ever stand;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 LORD, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1848.

In his *Hys. for Children*, 1848; here as altd. in 2nd edn., 1844.
See No. 84. TUNE. *Church Triumphant.*

215

L.M.

'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' Heb. i. 14.

1 THEY come, GOD's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

2 They come to watch and guard us here,
To soothe our sorrow, [illegible] our fear:
Ye heavenly guides, s[illegible] not away,
GOD willeth you with u[illegible] stay.

3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
'O Christian soul, in peace depart.'

4 Blest JESU, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid;

5 An angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine own almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

6 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
From all above and all below
Let joyful praise unceasing flow. Amen.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850.

From his *Hys.* and *Anthems*, 1850. Here as altd. in A. & M. '61.
TUNE. *Church Triumphant.*
Also suitable: 48, 429, 453, 477, 514.

ST. LUKE THE EVANGELIST

October 18

216 L.M.

'Luke, the beloved physician.' Col. iv. 14.

1 WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,
O Priest and Sacrifice Divine,
For Thy dear saint through whom we know
So many a gracious word of Thine;

2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil — St. Luke ii. 42.
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

*3 How many a soul with guilt oppressed
Has learned to hear the joyful sound
In that sweet tale of sin confessed, — St. Luke xv. 21.
The father's love, the lost and found!

4 How many a child of sin and shame
Has refuge found from guilty fears
Through her, who to the SAVIOUR came — St. Luke vii. 37.
With costly ointments and with tears!

*5 What countless worshippers have sung,
In lowly fane or lofty choir,
The song that loosed the silent tongue — St. Luke i. 67.
Of him who was the Baptist's sire!

*6 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The Blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise, — St. Luke i. 46.
The agèd Simeon's words of peace. — St. Luke ii. 29.

7 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

8 The witness of the SAVIOUR's life,
The great apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.

9 So grant us, LORD, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.
Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1878.

Written 1878; in A. & M. '75. See No. 144. TUNE. *Hope.*
Also suitable: 396, 550.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE THE APOSTLES

October 28

217 8.7.8.7.8.7.

'He called unto Him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power.'
St. Mark vi. 7.

1 THOU Who sentest Thine apostles
Two and two before Thy face,
Partners in the night of toiling,
Heirs together of Thy grace,
Throned at length, their labours ended,
Each in his appointed place;

2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
One whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
Heard in tones of sternest warning
When the storms began to lower.

4 Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:
Save us, LORD, our One Salvation;
Save the faith revealed of old.

5 Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear,
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near.

6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed,
And the lifelong conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1874.

Written for A. & M. '75. See No. 27. Tune. *Oriel.*
Also suitable: 218, 388, 421, 572.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

218 November 1 8.7.8.7.7.7.

'What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?' Rev. vii. 13.

1 WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand;
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

Tr. (1841) from the German of Rev. H. T. Schenk by Frances E. Cox.

Schenk's hymn, beginning 'Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne', is in the *Neu-vermehrtes Gesangbüchlein*, 1719. Miss Cox's version is in her *Sacred Hys.*, 1841, rev. in 2nd edn., 1864. In C. H. is 1864 version of ii:

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

iii. 6 as in C. H.; 'Triumph *by*' in A. & M.; '*Victory* through' in 1841; 'triumph through', 1864. v as in A. & M., 3 C. H., and Ir. In H. C. and 2 C. H. is 1864 version (exc. line 1):

These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:

In A. & M., and Can. Pr., v same as in H. C., exc. that it has line 1, as in 1864, 'These, like priests, have watched and waited'. In 1841, iv. 4, 'they *magnified*'; iv. 5, '*conflict's*'; v. 2, '*Here as*'; v. 6, '*Thus* they'. TUNE. *All Saints.*

219

10.10.10.4.

'We also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.' Heb. xii. 1.

1 FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O JESU, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, LORD, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Alleluia! Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1864.

In Earl Nelson's *Hymns for Saints' Days*, 1864, which had i. 1, '*Thy* saints'; ii. 3, 'their *Light of* light'; iii. 1, '*Faithful still*, and'; iii. 3, 'victors'; vi. 2, '*comes the* rest'. In C. H., Sc., Eng. Meth., Bapt. '*cometh* rest'; in Am. Meth. 'comes *Thy* rest'. See 2 C. L. for three additl. verses.

William Walsham How (1823–97) for many years Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, with his work in the East End of London; afterwards first Bishop of Wakefield. Many of his 54 hymns are in common use. In the B. C. P. are 21, including, *To Thee, our God, we fly* (175); *Soldiers of the Cross, arise* (314); *We give Thee but Thine own* (328); *O King of kings, Whose reign of old* (357); *Jesus, Name of wondrous love* (518); *O Jesu, Thou art standing* (530); *O Word of God Incarnate* (596); *Summer suns are glowing* (620); *Who is this so weak and helpless* (668). When he was appointed Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Selwyn wrote *The Cry of the East London Clergy*:

How shall we reach these masses dense,
Beneath whose weight we bow?
At last a light breaks through the gloom
And we will show you—*How.*

The following is from the biography of the bishop by his son: 'Hurrying along, bag in hand, with his quick, springy step, he was to be met continually. The occupants of tram-car and omnibus found something new to stare at in a bishop seated opposite in a shovel hat, apron, and gaiters. At first his episcopal dress caused much amusement and many queries as to who he might be, but after a time he was pleased to hear it said, "That 's a bishop." Then there came the time when he was still better pleased to hear, "That 's *the* bishop," and he would often tell of his delight when at last the familiar phrase became, "That 's *our* bishop."' For further information, see *Bodine*, 188. TUNE. *Pro omnibus sanctis.*

220

Six 8's.

'That they may rest from their labours.' Rev. xiv. 13.

1 THE saints of GOD! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their LORD:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At JESUS' feet how safe your rest!

2 The saints of GOD! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of GOD! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of GOD their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints, rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your LORD and King!

5 O GOD of saints! to Thee we cry;
O SAVIOUR! plead for us on high;
O HOLY GHOST! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1870.

In *Ch. Bells*, 1870, and *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. See No. 144. TUNE. *Rest.*
Also suitable: 224, 225, 228, 394, 415, 494, 502, 555, 573, 595.

FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES

221

L.M.

'The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.' Rev. xxi. 14.

1 THE eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
The apostles' glory, let us sing;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

2 For they the Churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

3 Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of CHRIST in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.

4 In them the FATHER'S glory shone,
In them the will of GOD the SON,
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

5 To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That Thou wouldst join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of St. Ambrose
by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin was written as a hymn for martyrs, beginning 'Aeterna Christi munera Et martyrum victorias,' in eight verses. But it soon came into use for apostles by leaving out the verses (3, 4, 5) which referred specially to martyrs, and reading in the second line, 'Apostolorum gloriam'. The transln. is in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1851. Here it is as altd. in A. & M. '50, which left only one line, i. 1, unaltd. See notes on Nos. 11 and 84.

TUNES. *Aeterna Christi munera*, and *Church Triumphant*.

222

7.7.7.7.

'Ye shall sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.' St. Luke xxii. 30.

1 CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with JESUS dwell,
Judges of His Israel,

2 On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the gospel light;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

3 Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for CHRIST ye tame.

4 Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its GOD is free
In the law of liberty.

5 Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of GOD.

6 Glory to the THREE in ONE
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

The Latin, beginning 'Coelestis aulae principes', is in Santeuil's *Hymni Sacri*, 1689, the *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686, and elsewhere. See notes on No. 12. TUNE. *University College*.
Also suitable: 447, 487.

FESTIVALS OF EVANGELISTS

223

C.M.

'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.' Isa. lii. 7.

1 BEHOLD the messengers of CHRIST,
Who bear to every place
The unveiled mysteries of GOD,
The gospel of His grace.

2 The things through mists and shadows dim,
By holy prophets seen,
In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.

3 What CHRIST, True Man, divinely wrought,
What GOD in Manhood bore,
They wrote, as GOD inspired, in words
That live for evermore.

4 Although in space and time apart,
One SPIRIT ruled them all;
And in their sacred pages still
We hear that SPIRIT's call.

5 To GOD, the blessèd THREE in ONE,
Be glory, praise, and might,
Who called us from the shades of death
To His own glorious light. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by REV. I. WILLIAMS and others.

The Latin, beginning 'Christi perennes nuntii', is in Santeuil's *Hymni Sacri*, 1689, the *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686, and elsewhere. The English version is as in A. & M. '75, of which only three lines, in part, are from Williams, 1839 (first in *British*

Magazine, Feb., 1857). See Caswall's *Masque of Mary*, 1858, p. 319, for a transln. in 8.6.8.8.6, from which are taken two lines.
TUNE. *Farrant.*
Also suitable: 487.

FESTIVALS OF MARTYRS, AND OTHER HOLY DAYS

224 8.7.8.7.D.

'Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, . . . stood before the throne.' Rev. vii. 9.

1 HARK, the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! LORD, to Thee:
Multitudes which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of JESUS;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

4 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their SAVIOUR and their King;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;

Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd TRINITY.

6 GOD of GOD, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and
GOD the HOLY GHOST adore. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862. i. 5, 6 and 8, as in H. C., C. H., Ir.; 'multitude . . . stands . . . hands . . .' in 1862, A. & M. and other hyls. ii. 8, 4 in 1862 and 1872, 'saint and *martyr, Confessor*, evangelist.' This preserved the old distinction between 'Confessor', one who receives confessions, and 'Cónfessor', one who witnesses for the faith a good confession, short of actual martyrdom. iii. 5, 6 in H. C. (with author's permission):

Mocked, afflicted, scourged, imprisoned,
Stoned, tormented, slain with sword,

See No. 44. TUNES. *Deerhurst, Sanctuary,* and *Hark the Sound.*

225

C.M.

'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, . . . clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' Rev. vii. 9.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts,
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

8 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707; and REV. WILLIAM CAMERON, 1781.

The hymn by Watts, beginning 'These glorious minds, how bright they shine', is in his *Hymns*, 1707. It was in great measure rewritten in the Scottish *Translns. and Paraphrases*, 1745, and this in its turn was considerably altd. by Cameron for the *Translns. and Paraphrases*, 1781. Here it is as in 1781, which, however, had no dox., and ii. 4, '*which* shine'; v. 2, 'nor *suns*'; vii. 1, '*'mong* pastures.' See Nos. 45, 517, and 556. TUNE. *Beatitude*.

226

7.6.7.6.D.

'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.'
St. Matt. v. 10.

1 LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
GOD Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew no shame
Love that could not languish;
And eternal hope o'ercame
That one moment's anguish.
He Who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their sufferings showed
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
O the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 9th cent., by Rev. J. M. Neale.

This is a free version of portions of the Canon of St. Timothy and his wife St. Maura, whose martyrdom is commemorated on May 3. The Greek, beginning Τῶν *ἱερῶν* Ἀθλοφόρων, is in the service book called the Menaea. The martyrdom of SS. Timothy and Maura is the subject of Canon Kingsley's poem *Santa Maura*. i. 2 as in 1862; '*song of* gladness' in A. & M.; i. 3 as in Neale and in C. H.; '*To* put' in A. & M.; iii. 1, '*not* shame' in orig.; iii. 4 as in 2 C. H.; '*Momentary* anguish' in orig.; iii. 7, orig. '*passions* showed.'

St. Joseph the Hymnographer, a native of Sicily, in early life lived as a slave in Crete, having been captured by pirates. Being freed, he established a monastery in Constantinople. The most voluminous of the Greek hymn-writers. See *Safe home, safe home in port* (609). Tune, *St. Kevin.*

227

S.M.

'Be . . . followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' Heb. vi. 12.

1 FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Our grateful hymn receive,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
And strove in Thee to live.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 JESU, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

5 [illegible] night, all praise, be Thine,
[illegible] THEE, co-equal SON,
And SPIRIT, bond of love divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

BISHOP R. MANT, 1837.

One of the original pieces in his *Anc. Hys.*, 1837. i. 1 as in orig. and in H. C., C. H., Am., and Sc.; 'For Thy dear Saint' in A. & M.; lines 2 and 4 in i are transposed; ii as in C. H., H. C., Sc., and Ir.; iii in A. & M., but omitted in H. C., C. H., Ir.; v in A. & M., but not in other hyls; iii in Sc. as in 1837:

Thy mystic members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

iv. 1 as in A. & M., and Am.; '*For this* Thy' in H. C., C. H., Ir., Sc.; iv. 2 as in A. & M., Am., H. C., C. H., Ir.; '*beg* that' in 3 C. H., Sc., and E. H., as in 1837. For an additl. stanza from 1837 see C. H., Sc., H. C., and Ir. TUNE. *Franconia.*

228 C.M.

'So great a cloud of witnesses.' Heb. xii. 1.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate GOD,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Text as in his *Hymns*, 1709. See Nos. 45, 517, and 556. TUNE. *Wiltshire.*
Also suitable: 555, 566, 589, 598, 615, 624, 686.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD

August 6

229

C.M.

'Lord, it is good for us to be here.' St. Matt. xvii. 4.

1 FOR ever we would gaze on Thee,
O LORD, upon the mount;
With Moses and Elias see
That light from Light's own Fount;

2 For ever with the chosen three
Would stand upon that height,
And in that blessèd company
Be plunged in pure delight.

3 For ever would we train the ear
To that celestial Voice;
In Thee, the SON of GOD, so near,
For evermore rejoice.

4 Here would we pitch our constant tent,
For ever here abide;
And dwell in peace and full content,
Dear Master, at Thy side.

5 But no! not yet to man 'tis given
To rest upon that height;
'Tis but a passing glimpse of heaven;
We must descend and fight.

6 Beneath the mount is toil and pain;
O CHRIST, Thy strength impart;
Till we, transfigured too, shall reign
For ever where Thou art. Amen.

REV. A. W. CHATFIELD, 1874.

In A. & M. '75. Written in 1874, 'whilst journeying to, and attending at the Assize Court at Shrewsbury.'

TUNE. *Semper Aspectemus.*

230

C.M.

'He was transfigured before them: and His face did shine as the sun.' St. Matt. xvii. 2.

1 UPON the holy mount they stood
That wondrous, awful night;
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that vision bright.

2 No Man of Sorrows stands there now;
But, keen as lightning flame,
The streams of heavenly radiance flow
From that transfigured Frame.

3 Beneath that mount another scene
They saw, when morning smiled;
A father, torn with anguish keen,
Sought mercy for his child.

4 No more the blaze of glistering light
Enwraps the Form divine,
But tender love and healing might
Around Him softly shine.

5 He came from hours of rapture high
To care for human woe;
So angels from God's presence fly
To succour men below.

6 O Jesu, be our life like Thine;
Blest labour, doubly blest
By communings with things divine
Upon the mountain's crest.

7 Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,
That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
With lowly deeds of love.

8 Let no self-will within us lurk,
No faithless sloth be there;
But prayer give life to all our work,
And work crown all our prayer. Amen.

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1871.

Written for *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. v. 3 has been objected to as a weak line, 'simply a tag to get a rhyme. He ought to have carried out the idea of our Lord's caring for us Himself, not by deputy. He did not send the Apostles down to cure the sick child.' See No. 219. Tune, *Evangelist*.

231

D.L.M.

'Master, it is good for us to be here.' St. Mark ix. 5.

1 O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The two great saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;

Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
Watching the glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
'This is My Son! O hear ye Him.' Amen.

DEAN STANLEY, 1870.

In *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1870, beginning 'Master it is good to be'; it is sometimes written '*Lord*, it is good *for us* to be'. See No. 181. TUNE. *St. Serf.*

HOLY COMMUNION

232

Six 7's.

'My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.' St. John vi. 55.

1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
LORD, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
JESUS, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built on Thee. Amen.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

In his *Star in the East*, 1824, reading ii. 3, ''Tis Thy wounds *my* healing give'; ii. 5, '*Thou my life! O let me* be'; ii. 6, *Rooted, grafted*, built'. Hymn orig. in singular. Author was a leading Congregationalist champion. TUNE. *Bread of Heaven.*

233

Six 10's.

'In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering.' Mal. i. 11.

1 AND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

2 Look, FATHER, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient SAVIOUR, Who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Amen.

CANON BRIGHT, 1874.

In the *Monthly Packet*, Oct., 1873, and in his *Hymns*, 1874, in six stanzas, where it began, '*Wherefore, we sinners*, mindful of the love'; i. 4 in 1874, '*Do* here present, *do* here.' This was the favourite hymn of the late Dr. Bond, Archbp. of Montreal. See notes on No. 7. TUNE. *Unde et memores.*

234

Six 10's.

'Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.' Eph. ii. 18.

1 O HOLY FATHER, Who in tender love
Didst give Thine only SON for us to die,
The while He pleads at Thy right hand above,
We in One SPIRIT now with faith draw nigh,
And, as we eat this Bread and drink this Wine,
Plead His once offered Sacrifice Divine.

2 We are not worthy to be called Thy sons,
Nor gather up the fragments of Thy feast;
Yet look on us, Thy sorrowing contrite ones,
On us in Him our Advocate and Priest,
Whose robe is fringed with mercy's golden bells,
Whose breastplate fathomless compassion tells.

3 O hear us, for Thou always hearest Him;
Behold us sprinkled with His precious Blood;
And from between the shadowing cherubim
Shine forth, and grant us in this heavenly Food
Foretastes of coming glory, and meanwhile
A FATHER'S blessing and a FATHER'S smile.

4 Nor only, FATHER, in Thy presence here
Low at Thy footstool for ourselves we pray,
But for the loved ones to our hearts most near
At home or toiling in far lands away:
O guard them, guide them, comfort and befriend,
And keep them Thine unfaltering to the end.

5 And, FATHER, ere we leave Thy mercy-throne,
Bound by these sacred pledges, yet most free,
We give our hearts, and not our hearts alone,
But all we are and all we have to Thee;
Glad free-will offerings all our pilgrim days,
Hereafter an eternity of praise. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1889.

In *Hyl. Comp.*, 1890, Bishop Bickersteth wrote: 'The structure of this hymn and in part the sequence of thought, especially the prayer, "Look on us in Him," and the intercession for those we love, were suggested by Canon Bright's verses, so well known in their abbreviated form, beginning "And now, O Father". And the hymn was written with the echo of the most beautiful tune, *Unde et memores*, vibrating in his heart. He was afraid it might seem presumptuous, but on sending a copy of this hymn to Canon Bright, he received the kindest reply from that eminent hymnologist, that he should only regard it as "a parallel hymn" to his own. The editor therefore ventures to include it in the *Hymnal Companion*, and to hope, as the central thought is different, being taken from the Jewish ritual (see Psalm lxxx. 1, Heb. x. 19–22), that this hymn also may have a place of its own in the ministry of song.' See No. 600.

TUNES. *Unde et memores*, and *Donum Dei*.

235

Six 7's.

'Ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.' 1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 TILL He come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come'.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper 'Till He come'.

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the Wine, and break the Bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the LORD
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1862.

In his *The Blessed Dead*, 1862. Appears in *From Year to Year*, 1883, for Thursday before Easter. See No. 600.
TUNES. *St. John*, and *Tichfield*.

236

9.8.9.8.

'This do in remembrance of Me.' St. Luke xxii. 19.

1 BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

See Nos. 1 and 297. TUNES. *Agapé*, and *Eucharistic Hymn*.

237

L.M.

'Come; for all things are now ready.' St. Luke xiv. 17.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Amen.

Rev. P. Doddridge, 1755.

In his *Hymns*, 1755, reading i. 4, '*its* sweetness'; iii. 1, '*dainties* all in vain'; iii. 3, '*for you*'; iii. 4, '*Are you*' iii not in Am., Sc., Eng. Meth., and Can. Pr.; iii. 1 as in H. C., and Ir., '*dainties*' in A. & M., 3 C. H.; '*emblems*' in Bapt., and Cong. Only A. & M. has doxology. The follg. stanza from orig. is in A. & M. '04, Ir., Sc., Can. Pr., and Bapt.:

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord;
Bid all (orig. 'and bid') our drooping graces live,
And, more, that energy afford
A Saviour's Blood (love) alone can give.

The follg. st. in 1758 is in Sc., and Ir.:

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor when we leave our Father's Board
The pleasure or the profit end.

The follg. are in Am. from Prayer Book Coll., 1827, No. 94, but not by Doddridge:

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's Board
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this Bread all men be blest
Who see the light or feel the sun.

This hymn by a Congregationalist was about 1818 inserted as a Communion hymn, by the University printers, at the end of their editions of Tate and Brady's Psalms (which, for a considerable period were bound with the Prayer Book), as were also two hymns by Doddridge, one by Wesley, one by J. Marchant, and Ken's Morning and Evening hymns. See notes on No. 66.

TUNE. *Rockingham.*

238 L.M.

'He ever liveth to make intercession.' Heb. vii. 25.

1 BE still, my soul, for GOD is near;
The great High Priest is with thee now!
The LORD of Life Himself is here,
Before Whose face the angels bow.

2 To make thy heart His lowly throne
Thy SAVIOUR GOD in love draws nigh;
He gives Himself unto His own,
For whom He once came down to die.

3 He pleads before the mercy-seat—
He pleads with GOD; He pleads for thee;
He gives thee Bread from heaven to eat—
His Flesh and Blood in mystery.

4 I come, O LORD!—for Thou dost call—
To blend my pleading prayer with Thine;
To Thee I give myself—my all,
And feed on Thee, and make Thee mine. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1873.

Written about 1873 for St. Mary's, Newington. See No. 144. In Thring's Coll., 1882, where i of Part II is 'O Body *broken* for my sake'. Part II (five stanzas) is in 3 C. H. St. i is:

1 O Body bruised for my sake,
And dying on the awful Tree!
That I from death new life should take,
And live engrafted into Thee.

TUNE. *St. Sepulchre*, by Geo. Cooper the younger, assistant organist at St. Paul's, whose father had filled that position under Sir John Goss.

239 C.M.

'This do in remembrance of Me.' St. Luke xxii. 19.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from heaven shall be;
Thy cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1825.

In his *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. ii. 3 as in H. C., Ir.; 'Thy testamental cup I take' in 1825 version; '*The* cup, *Thy precious blood*, I take' in Am. See No. 79. Tunes. *Fingal*, and *Leicester*.

240

C.M.

'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.' St. Matt. viii. 8.

1 I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom-price to pay?

4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with Food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1875.

Written for A. & M. '75. See No. 12.
Tunes. *Fingal*, and *Leicester*.

241 8.8.8.4.

'Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.' 1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His Body slain upon the tree,
His life-blood, shed for us, we see;
Thus faith shall read the mystery
Until He come.

3 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With His last Advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come;

4 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

5 O blessèd hope! With this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come! Amen.

George Rawson, 1857.

In the Baptist *Ps. and Hys.*, 1857. ii as in 3 C. H. and Ir. It is from two stanzas of the original:

2 His Body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial Bread,
And so our feeble love is fed.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see,
The wine shall tell the mystery.

In his *Hymns*, 1876, 'The streams of His dread agony.' iii. 2 as in Ir.; '*the* last' in original. iii. 3, as in most hyls.; '*bright* chain' in Ir.; '*The shame! the glory! by this* rite' in 1857.

TUNES. *Hanford*, *Wimbledon*, and *Huron*. The last named, now published for the first time, is by Canon Dyson Hague, one of the Compilation Committee.

242

10.10.

'He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him.' St. John vi. 56.

1 DRAW nigh and take the Body of the LORD,
And drink the holy Blood for you out-poured.

2 Saved by that Body and that precious Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

3 Salvation's Giver, CHRIST, the only SON,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid;

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 He that in this world rules His saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of 7th cent. by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The original is:

Sancti, venite, Christi corpus sumite,
Sanctum bibentes, quo redempti, sanguinem;

Salvati Christi corpore et sanguine,
A quo refecti laudes dicamus Deo.

Hoc sacramento corporis et sanguinis
Omnes exuti ab inferni faucibus.

Dator Salutis, Christus, Filius Dei,
Mundum salvavit per crucem et sanguinem;

Pro universis immolatus Dominus
Ipse Sacerdos existit et hostia.

Lege praeceptum immolari hostias,
Qua adumbrantur divina mysteria.

Lucis indultor et Salvator omnium
Praeclaram Sanctis largitus est gratiam.

Accedant omnes pura mente credoli,
Sumant aeternam salutis custodiam.

Sanctorum custos, rector quoque, Dominus,
Vitae perennis largitor credentibus,

Coelestem panem dat esurientibus,
De fonte vivo praebet sitientibus.

Alpha et Omega, ipse Christus Dominus,
Venit, venturus iudicare homines.

The hymn is certainly ancient, and is in the antiphonary written about 690 for use in the famous monastery of Bangor, near Belfast in Ireland. The title there is 'Hymn, when the priests communicate'. In the 14th cent. MS. at Dublin, known as the *Speckled Book*, there is a curious story of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.

'Sechnall had just finished mass, except going to Christ's body, when it was told him that Patrick was coming to the place in great anger against Sechnall. Sechnall thereupon left the oblation on the altar, and bowed down to Patrick . . . And as they were going round the Church-yard, they heard a choir of angels singing round the oblation in the church; and what they sang was the hymn beginning, "Sancti, venite, Christi corpus"; hence this hymn is sung in Ireland when one goes to the body of Christ, from that time onward.'

The last verse strikingly sets forth the submission of all, at His Second Coming, to Him Whom the faithful alone now know and revere at His Holy Feast. In the orig. it is 'Alfa et Ω', and possibly these words may have been stamped on the Eucharistic wafer bread. At a Synod, held in Dublin in 1186, it was ordered 'That the host, which represents the Lamb without spot, the Alpha and Omega, be made so white and pure, that the partakers thereof may thereby understand the purifying and feeding of their souls, rather than their bodies' (see the Henry Bradshaw Society's vol. x, 44-5; xiv, 5).

i. 1 as in A. & M., 3 H. C. Eng. H., C. H., Ir., as in orig.; 'Come take by faith' in 2 H. C., and Sc. i. 2 as in A. & M., Eng. H., and orig.; 'And drink with faith the Blood' in H. C.; 'And drink by faith the Blood' in Ir.; 'And drink the Blood of Christ' in Sc. ii. 2 as in A. & M.; 1851 version has '*Whereby* refreshed'. ii. 1 'Saved by His Body, hallowed by His Blood' in 3 H. C.; 'Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood' in 1851. iii. 2, in 1851, 'By *that His* Cross'. v. 2, in 1851, '*That* in a type *celestial mysteries* told'. vii. 2 as in 1851; 'take the *pledges*' in Ir., 3 H. C., and Sc. viii. 1 as in

3 C. H., Eng. H., 3 H. C., and Ir.; 'He that His saints in this world rules' in A. & M., 2 C. H., Sc., and Am.; x in 2 C. H.:

O First and Last to Whom all creatures bow,
Our GOD and Saviour, Thou art with us now.

In 3 H. C., Ir., and Sc.:

O Judge of all, our only Saviour Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us NOW.

TUNES. *Lammas*, and *Coena Domini*.

243

'They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.' Acts iv. 13. 10.10.

1 O CHRIST, our GOD, Who with Thine own hast been,
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.
2 Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed
May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.
3 Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place
A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.
4 Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.
5 Illuminate our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of Thee.
6 And may such witness in our lives appear,
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.
7 O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed,
Thy life within us we may manifest.
8 So shall we pass our days in holy fear,
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.
9 So shalt Thou be for ever, loving LORD,
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward. Amen.

CANON G. H. BOURNE, 1874.

From his *Post-Communion Hymns*, printed privately (27 verses) in 1874. The author writes to the compiler of these notes:—'This hymn and the hymn *Lord enthroned in heavenly splendour* (249) were written by me when I was Warden of a school here (at Salisbury, Eng.) for the use of my boys in their private chapel, and they formed part of a booklet printed, but not published, which was entitled *Seven Post-Communion Hymns*. May I be permitted to say that I think it is an excellent idea of yours to write notes such as give a life and individuality to the verses themselves and often help lines to be more clearly understood.' TUNES. *Lammas*, and *Coena Domini*.

244

10.10.10.10.

'I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.'
St. John xiv. 21.

1 HERE, O my LORD, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of GOD;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my LORD, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O LORD, my GOD!
Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1855.

Printed in Oct., 1855, as a memorial of a Communion service, and published in his *Hys. of Faith and Hope*, 1857. See notes on No. 390.

i. 2 as in 2 C.H., 3 H.C., and Ir. (with author's consent); '*Here would* I touch' in orig.; 'Here faith *would* touch' in Eng. H. i. 3, 'Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace' in 1857.

The orig. has ten stanzas, including the follg., which are in many hyls.:

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

6 I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in One;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

10 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

TUNES. *St. Agnes* (Langran), and *Adoro Te devote.*

245

10.10.10.10.

'I am that Bread of life.' St. John vi. 48.

1 THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, Thee
Who in Thy sacrament dost deign to be;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

2 O blest Memorial of our dying LORD,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O CHRIST, for ever precious be.

3 Fountain of goodness, JESU, LORD and GOD,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

4 O CHRIST, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

Tr. (1852) from the Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas, 13th cent., by BISHOP WOODFORD.

In Bishop Woodford's *Hymns*, 1852. This hymn is universally ascribed to St. Thomas Aquinas (see Nos. 254 and 248), but it has not been found in any MS. earlier than 1400. It is the simple and touching outpouring of a humble soul in its private devotions, very different from the stately march of the *Lauda Sion*, which St. Thomas wrote in 1263 for the public services of the Church.

The Latin has seven stanzas. The lines answering to the English as above are:

i Adoro Te, devote, latens Deitas!
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas,
Tibi se cor meum totum subiicit,
Quia Te contemplans totum deficit.

v O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de Te vivere,
Et Te illi semper dulce sapere.

vi. 1, 2 Pie Pelicane, Iesu Domine!
Me immundum munda Tuo sanguine,
iv. 3, 4 Fac me Tibi semper magis credere,
In Te spem habere, Te diligere.

vii Iesu! quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Quando fiet illud quod tam sitio,
Ut Te revelata cernens facie
Visu sim beatus Tuae gloriae.

TUNES. *St. Agnes* (Langran), and *Adoro Te devote.*

246

10.10.10.10.

'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.'
St. Luke xv. 2.

1 NOT worthy, LORD, to gather up the crumbs,
With trembling hand, that from Thy table fall,
A weary heavy-laden sinner comes,
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,—
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 I hear Thy voice: Thou bidst me come and rest.
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;
Thou bidst me take my place,—a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee:
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
LORD, let me sup with Thee: sup Thou with me.
Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1872.

Written in 1872. First published in *Hyl. Comp.*, 1876, which has two more verses. See notes on No. 600. TUNE. *Dalkeith.*

247

6.6.6.6.

'The bread that I will give is My Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.' St. John vi. 51.

1 I HUNGER and I thirst;
JESU, my manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of GOD;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1866.

From his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 2nd edn., 1866. See notes on No. 117. TUNES. *Dolomite Chant*, and *Moseley*.

248

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ?' 1 Cor. x. 16.

1 NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' LORD and King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

3 That last night, at supper lying,
'Mid the twelve, His chosen band,
JESUS, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word-made-flesh true bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free:
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

PART 2.

5 Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

6 Glory let us give, and blessing
To the FATHER, and the SON,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing,
Who from Both with Both is ONE.
Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas, 13th cent., by REV. E. CASWALL.

As altd by A. & M. '61. Only one line exactly as Caswall wrote it. St. Thomas, in 1268, at the request of Pope Urban IV, drew up the offices for the Festival of Corpus Christi. This hymn was written for the Breviary Office, modelled on the hymn of Fortunatus, for the Passion of our Lord (see No. 181), and begins 'Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium'. It is a triumph of the art which 'conceals art'; the simple lines are amazingly precise, one might almost say epigrammatic. It almost defies translation. iv and v in the original are:

Verbum caro panem verum verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum; et, si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat ritui,
Praestet fides supplementum sensuum defectui.

This hymn must be construed in accordance with the statement in the twenty eighth Article: 'The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, only after a heavenly and spiritual manner'; and, with the language of the rubric to the Service for Holy Communion, 'no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any corporeal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood.' The follg. anecdote is told of St. Thomas Aquinas: 'He and the Pope were ascending the steps of a gorgeously furnished church in Rome. Turning to the Saint the Pope said, with a complacent smile, "The church can no longer say with St. Peter, 'silver and gold have I none.'" "Neither can she say 'Arise and walk,'" was the reply of St. Thomas.' TUNES. *Pange Lingua*, and *St. Thomas*.

249

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.' Isa. xlv. 15.

1 LORD, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
First-begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong Defender,
Liftest up Thy people's head.
Alleluia,
Jesu, true and living Bread!

2 Here our humblest homage pay we;
Here in loving reverence bow;
Here for faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know Thee now.
Alleluia,
Thou art here, we ask not how.

3 Though the lowliest form doth veil Thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there Thine angels hail Thee,
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.
Alleluia,
We in worship join with them.

4 Paschal Lamb, Thine offering, finished
Once for all when Thou wast slain,
In its fulness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain,
Alleluia,
Cleansing souls from every stain.

5 Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
Stricken rock with streaming side,
Heaven and earth with loud Hosanna
Worship Thee, the Lamb Who died,
Alleluia,
Risen, ascended, glorified! Amen.

Canon G. H. Bourne, 1874.

From his *Post-Communion Hymns*, 1874. See No. 248. Here are stanzas i, ii, iv, viii, xii from a poem of twelve stanzas. Tunes. *St. Raphael*, and *St. Helen*; the latter by Sir Geo. C. Martin, musical editor, B. C. P.

250

C.M.

'He ... went in the strength of that meat ... unto Horeb the mount of God.' 1 Kings xix. 8.

1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat, the Body of the LORD;
Our drink, His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O GOD, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836.

This hymn was contributed to Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836. Miss Jeannette Osler, of Toronto, daughter of the distinguished author, writes to the compiler of these notes: 'My father (1798–1863) was an English medical man of scientific tastes, a Fellow of the Linnaean Society, and he was a very zealous Churchman of the old-fashioned Prayer Book type, as far removed from Ritualism as from the other extreme. Two younger brothers became pioneer missionaries in Canada, Rev. Hy. B. Osler of York Mills, Ont., and Rev. Featherstone Lake Osler, of Dundas, Ont., the latter the father of Mr. Justice Featherstone Osler, Britton B. Osler, K.C., and E. B. Osler, M.P., of Toronto, and of Dr. William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, England. My father had an unusual memory, and learnt the whole Greek Testament, and the greater part of the Old Testament. Laying down his profession in early middle life, he devoted himself for many years to Church literature. He was engaged for some time in work for the S.P.C.K., and wrote a book called *Church and King*, in which many of his hymns are to be found. Each Sunday and Holy Day had an instructive article in prose, followed by a hymn; if no hymn offered, he wrote one to serve. The hymn *O God unseen yet ever near* is given in the March number of this work, 1837, and it was written for Monday in Easter Week, following the prose article headed 'God's people nourished and defended'. He was one of the chief pioneers in the movement for the use of hymnals in Churches, a movement which in his day had to overcome much prejudice.' He wrote also No. 337.

TUNES. *Meditation*, *St. Flavian*, and *Albano*.

251 C.M.

'Thou art a Priest for ever.' Heb. vii. 17.

1 ONCE, only once, and once for all
His precious life He gave;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

2 'One offering single and complete,'
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

4 So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

5 His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its presence to His own.

6 And so we show Thy death, O LORD,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy board,
We have an altar here.

7 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

CANON BRIGHT, 1866.

From his *Hymns*, 1866, with iv. 1, 2 and v. 1 as rev. for A. & M. '68. See notes on No. 7. The dox. was added by A. & M. TUNES. *Meditation*, *St. Flavian*, and *Albano*.

252

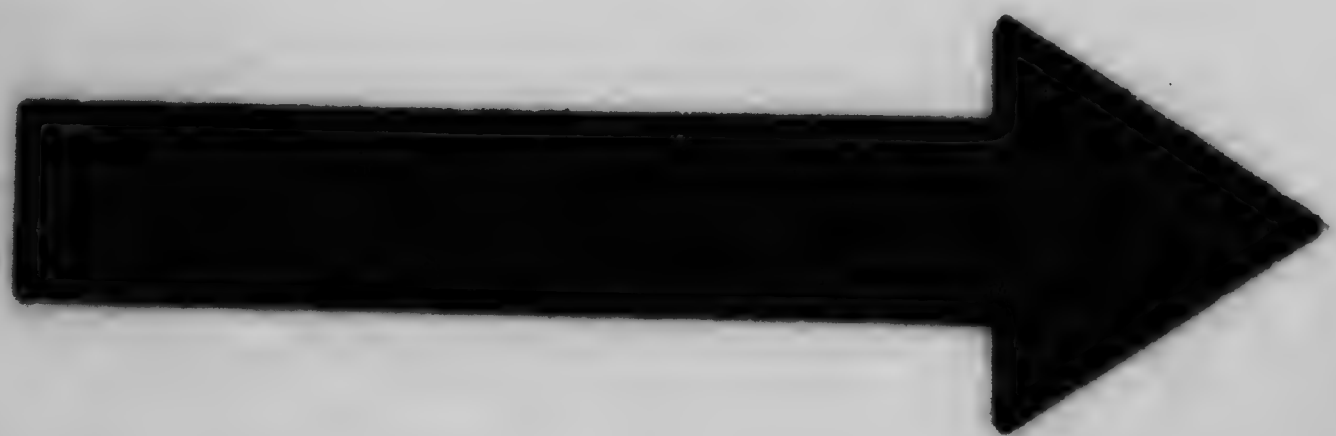
C.M.

'It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh.'
Song of Solomon v. 2.

1 THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
The night-dews fall like rain:
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
And knocks, and knocks again.

2 I slumber; but my heart is moved
With joy and holy fear:
'Is it Thy footstep, O Beloved,
Thy hand, Thy voice, I hear?'

3 'Tis I, thy LORD, Who stand and wait
Beneath the darkening sky:
Arise, unbar, unclose the gate.
Fear nothing; it is I.



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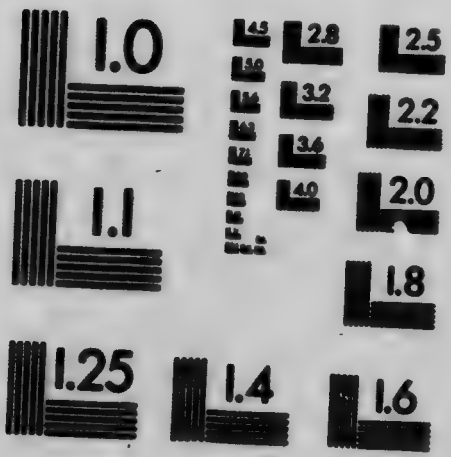

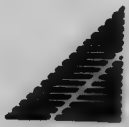

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4 'The Bread of life is in My hand;
The Wine of heaven I bring:
Fulfil My tenderest last command:
Thy Bridegroom is Thy King.

5 'Eat, drink; and muse in loving trust,
The while I sup with Thee,
If this be heaven on earth, what must
My bridal banquet be.' Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1869.

Written for the *Hyl. Comp.*, 1870. See No. 600.
TUNE. *Holy Trinity.*

253

7.7.7.

'Thou shalt prepare a table before me.' Ps. xxiii. 5.

1 JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 When we taste the mystic Wine,
Of Thine outpoured Blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of GOD, grant us Thy peace.

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land. Amen.

CANON R. H. BAYNES, 1864.

In his *Canterbury Hymnal*, 1864. He was Canon of Worcester, Editor also of *Lyra Anglicana*, 1862, and *English Lyrics*, 1865. See H. C. for additl. verse from 1864.

TUNES. *Heil'ger Geist*, and *Contrition*. The latter by Wm. Roberts, born Dec. 28, 1842, at Ellesmere, Shropshire, Eng.; Canon and Precentor, St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.; Rector, St. Alban's, Adolphustown; Mus. B., Trin. Coll. Tor. (1886); Mus. Doc. (1899); Fellow of Guild of Church Musicians (1903); Fellow of Victoria Coll. of Music, London, Eng. (1904). Canon Roberts has taken a keen interest in the compilation of the B. C. P., the proofs being read by him, and much other valuable assistance rendered. So far as known he is the only clerical graduate in music in Canada. He has kindly presented to the Church four tunes which appear in the B. C. P. (see Index).

254

L.M.

'As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.' St. John vi. 57.

1 THE heavenly WORD proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the FATHER'S side,
Accomplishing His work on earth
Had reached at length life's eventide.

2 By false disciple to be given
To foemen for His life athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
He gave to His disciples first.

3 He gave Himself in either kind,
His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;
In love's own fulness thus designed
Of the whole man to be the Food.

4 By birth their fellow-man was He;
Their Meat, when sitting at the board:
He died, their Ransomer to be;
He ever reigns, their great Reward.

PART 2.

5 O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

6 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, Blest ONE in THREE;
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

Tr. from the Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas, 13th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE, 1854, and REV. E. CASWALL, 1849.

As in A. & M. '68, part i being mainly from the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, and part ii mainly from Caswall, 1849. The Latin, beginning 'Verbum supernum prodiens, Nec Patris linquens dexteram', is from the Breviary Office of Corpus Christi (see No. 248). It is modelled on an ancient Advent hymn (see No. 61), and as that relates to the Word made Flesh at Christmas, so this relates to the Eucharist in which the Word made Flesh dwells with us for ever. Any doubt that might arise as to the meaning of iii. 1 is set at rest by reference to the original:

Quibus sub *bina* specie
Carnem dedit et sanguinem,
Ut duplicis substantiae
Totum cibaret hominem.

The word 'either' in 'He gave Himself, in either kind' is therefore used with the meaning of 'both', as in the expression 'On either side of the river,' which means on the two sides.

Aquinas died, 1274, and the Council of Constance, where Communion in one kind only for the laity was decreed, was not held till 1414, 140 years afterwards. Aquinas could hardly therefore have been referring to the denial of the cup to the laity. TUNES. *Aeterne rex altissime*, and *St. Vincent*.

255

Six 10's.

'That they all may be one.' St. John xvii. 21.

1 THOU, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, 'Thy will be done.'
O may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

2 For all Thy Church, O LORD, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy fold;
O bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, LORD, at length when sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love:
More blessèd still, in peace and love to be
One with the TRINITY in UNITY. Amen.

COLONEL W. H. TURTON, 1881.

In his *A Few Hymns*, 1881. Here as in A. & M. '89. The author, born 1856, wrote *The Truth of Christianity*, now in its 7th edition, 20th thousand. He writes to the compiler of these notes: 'This hymn was written with several others when I was a young subaltern stationed at Colchester, Eng., in 1881. First sung at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, London, 1881. It was printed in *The Altar Hymnal*, 1884, as originally written, and in A. & M. '89 with slight variations, chiefly in omitting one verse, and altering the first line which originally read 'O Thou Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray'. It has since

been included in several hymn books, most of them keeping to the first line as originally written'.

TUNE. *Sacramentum Unitatis.*

256

8.7.8.7.D.

'I am the living Bread.' St. John vi. 51.

1 IN the Name of GOD the FATHER,
In the Name of GOD the SON,
In the Name of GOD the SPIRIT,
ONE in THREE and THREE in ONE,
In the Name which highest angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Crying 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here in figure represented,
See the Passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy
As for our redemption slain;
Here the SAVIOUR'S Body broken,
Here the Blood which JESUS shed,
Mystic Food of life eternal,
See for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
GOD Incarnate be adored.
Holy JESU, for Thy coming,
May Thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, LORD, and tarry there. Amen.

REV. J. W. HEWETT, 1867.

As in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867. TUNE. *Lugano.*

257

L.M.

'My Flesh is meat indeed.' St. John vi. 55.

1 JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good:
To them that find Thee All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O JESU, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the Latin of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th cent., by REV. RAY PALMER.

From the American *Sabbath H. B.*, 1858. See No. 553. The Latin, beginning 'Iesu dulcedo cordium', is a selection of verses from the *Iesu dulcis memoria*. See Nos. 525, 526, where the Latin of stanzas i and ii is printed. The other stanzas are:

Qui te gustant esuriunt,
Qui bibunt adhuc sitiunt.
Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Iesum quem cupiunt.

Quocunque loco fuero
Meum Iesum desidero:

Quam laetus cum invenero
Quam felix cum tenuero.

Mane nobiscum Domine,
Mane novo cum lumine,
Pulsa noctis caligine,
Mundum replens dulcedine.

TUNES. *Eden*, and *Hamburg*.

258

7.6.7.6.D.

'I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.' Prov. viii. 17.

1 WE pray Thee, heavenly FATHER,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The unction from above;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

2 Be Thou our Guide and Helper,
O JESU CHRIST, we pray;
So may we well approach Thee,
If Thou wilt be the Way:
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal Source of life.

3 And Thou, Creator SPIRIT,
Look on us, we are Thine;
Renew in us Thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine;
That, with Thy benediction
Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the LORD.

4 O TRINITY of Persons!
O UNITY most high!
On Thee alone relying
Thy servants would draw nigh:
Unworthy in our weakness,
On Thee our hope is stayed,
And blest by Thy forgiveness
We will not be afraid. Amen.

REV. V. S. S. COLES, 1871.

As in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. Written when author was Curate at Wantage, Eng., for use by his confirmation candidates (see text at head of hymn). He is now Librarian of Pusey House, Oxford. See Eng. H., 1906, for revised version of this hymn.
TUNES. *Dies Dominica*, and *St. Christopher*.

259

7.6.7.6.D.

'In the midst of the throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain.' Rev. v. 6.

1 WE hail Thee now, O JESU,
Thy presence here we own,
Though sight and touch have failed us,
And faith perceives alone;
Thy love has veiled Thy glory;
And hid Thy power divine,
In mercy to our weakness,
Beneath an earthly sign.

2 We hail Thee now, O JESU,
In silence hast Thou come,
For all the hosts of heaven
With wonderment are dumb—
So great the condescension,
So marvellous the love,
Which for our sakes, O SAVIOUR,
Have drawn Thee from above.

3 We hail Thee now, O JESU,
For law and type have ceased,
And Thou in each Communion
Art Sacrifice and Priest;

We make this great memorial
In union, LORD, with Thee,
And plead Thy death and passion
To cleanse and set us free.

4 We hail Thee now, O JESU,
For death is drawing near,
And in Thy presence only
Its terrors disappear;
Dwell with us, sweetest SAVIOUR,
And guide us through the night,
Till shadows end in glory,
And faith be lost in sight. Amen.

CANON FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, 1886.

Written in 1886 on the train between Dunmow and London, printed in the *Church Times*, Jan. 29, 1886, when author was Curate of Coggeshall, Essex. Born 1861 at Montreal, ordained deacon by Bp. of Montreal in 1884, and priest by the Bishop of St. Albans in 1886. In 1899 he became rector of St. Matthew's, Quebec, and was one of the members of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P. See No. 420. l. 2, originally, '*Upon Thine altar-throne*,' which the author prefers.

TUNES. *Dies Dominica*, and *St. Christopher*.

260

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'He that hath the Son hath life.' 1 John v. 12.

1 AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic Wine
And everlasting Bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove,
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face. Amen.

REV. JOHN WESLEY, 1745.

In *Hys. on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

'John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each, in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream, one night, transported him, in its uncertain wanderings, to the gates of hell. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley. "Yes," was the reply. "Any Episcopalians?" "Yes." "Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes." "Any Congregationalists?" "Yes." "Any Baptists?" "Yes," again was the answer. "Any Methodists?" asked the pious Wesley, by way of a clincher. "Yes," to his great indignation was answered. In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition—and he stood before the gates of heaven—Improving his opportunity, he again inquired: "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "No," was replied. "Any Episcopalians?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Congregationalists?" "No." "Any Baptists?" "No." "Any Methodists?" "No." "Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder, "Who are they inside?" "*Christians!*" was the jubilant answer' (*Duffield*, 315).

TUNES. *Author of Life*, and *Via Pacis*.

261

6.5.6.5.

'He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.'
St. John vi. 57.

1 JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR,
GOD of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the GOD of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR,
Dwelling in us now,
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear LORD, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

From his *Oratory Hymns*, 1854. See No. 35.
TUNES. *Eucharisticus*, and *Evensong*.

262

8.8.

'He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.' Song of Solomon ii. 4.

1 SWEET feast of love divine;
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this Bread and Wine,
In memory, LORD, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, LORD, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy FATHER's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the Bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

4 The Blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of Thee.

5 O if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O LORD, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare. Amen.

SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

In his *Selection of Hymns*, 1839, and his *Original Hymns*, 1848. iv. 1 in 1848, 'That Blood'. The hymn is based on St. Luke xxii. 19 and Song of Solomon v. 1. The writer was of the body known as 'Plymouth Brethren'. He wrote many hymns, including a fine missionary hymn, *Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart*, Can. Pr. 480. TUNE. *St. George*.

263

7.7.7.7.

'Lord, to whom shall we go?' St. John vi. 68.

1 LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go
Thee Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know?

2 Awful is that life of Thine
Which the SPIRIT's breath inspires;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

3 Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and guide?

4 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou?

5 Therefore evermore I'll give
Laud and praise, my God, to Thee;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me. Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

In his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 1863. 3 H. C., 2 C. H., and Ir. have some additl. verses from the orig. See notes on No. 117.
Tune, *Guisborough*, a beautiful tune with a range of only four notes in the air.
Also suitable: 378, 374, 397, 507, 515, 525, 630, 646.

HOLY BAPTISM

264

C.M.

'It shall be a token of the covenant betwixt Me and you.'
Gen. xvii. 11.

1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

Dean Alford, 1862.

In the *British Magazine*, Dec., 1833; entitled, 'On the sign of the Cross in Baptism.' The author is best known by his edition of the Greek Testament. See No. 246. TUNE. *St. Stephen.*

265

P.M.

'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' St. Luke xi. 9.

1 O FATHER, Thou Who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on *his* soul impress;
O FATHER, hear!

2 O SON of GOD, Who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend *him* through this earthly strife,
And lead *him* on the path of life,
O SON of GOD!

3 O HOLY GHOST, Who broodedst o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give *him* undying life, *his* spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to be
A child of GOD, a home for Thee,
O HOLY GHOST!

4 O TRIUNE GOD, what Thou command'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on *him* Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O TRIUNE GOD! Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. Albert Knapp by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The German, beginning 'O Vaterherz, das Erd und Himmel schuf', is in Knapp's *Christnlieder*, 1841. The author (1798–1864), Stadtpfarrer at St. Leonard's Church, Stuttgart, wrote many hymns, and edited the *Evangelischer Lieder-Schatz*, 1837 and 1850, the largest modern German hymn-book. The transln. is in *Lyra Germanica*, 1858, where it reads: i. 1, 'O Father-*Heart*, who'; i. 5, 'Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught'; i. 6, 'And make Thou something out of naught'; i. 7, 'O Father-heart.'

TUNE. *St. Francis.*

266

8.7.8.7.

'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.' Isa. xl. 11.

1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1826.

Contributed to the American Prayer Book Collection of 1826. iii. 4 as in S. C. H; other hyls. have orig. 'all life's'. For an account of this great leader in the American Church, see *Bodine*, 185. He was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, N. Y., and of St. Johnland, a unique Christian Charity on Long Island. Two of his best-known hymns are *Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing*, and *I would not live always*.

TUNE. *Sicilian Mariners.*

267

L.M.

'The washing of regeneration.' Titus iii. 5.

1 'TIS done! that new and heavenly birth
Which re-creates the sons of earth,
Has cleansed from guilt of Adam's sin
A soul which JESUS died to win.

2 O ye who came that babe to lay
Within a SAVIOUR'S arms to-day,
Watch well and guard with careful eye
The heir of immortality.

3 Teach *him* to know a FATHER'S love,
And seek for happiness above,
To CHRIST *his* heart and treasure give.
And in the SPIRIT ever live;

4 That so before the judgment-seat
In joy and triumph ye may meet;
The battle fought, the struggle o'er,
The kingdom yours for evermore.

5 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

Contributed to A. & M. '61. See No. 12. Here as in A. & M. '75, exc. that ii is omitted:

2 'Tis done! the cross upon the brow
Is marked for weal or sorrow now,
To shine with heavenly lustre bright,
Or burn in everlasting night.

TUNES. *Winchester New*, and *Angels*.

268

L.M.

'Baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Pour forth Thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning Blood;
May FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT join
To seal this child a child of GOD. Amen.

v. 1, REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.
v. 2, from TOPLADY'S *Psalms and Hymns*, 1776.

i in *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1749, vol. ii, p. 245; ii in Toplady 1776, No. 99, st. ii. Thus Toplady and Wesley, between whom there was a bitter controversy in their lifetimes, are associated together in this hymn. See Nos. 6, 507, and 606.

TUNES. *Winchester New*, and *Angels*.

269

7.6.7.6.D.

'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'
St. Mark x. 14.

1 O FATHER, bless the children
Brought hither to Thy gate;
Lift up their fallen nature,
Restore their lost estate;
Renew Thine image in them,
And own them, by this sign,
Thy very sons and daughters,
New born of birth divine.

2 O JESU LORD, receive them;
Thy loving arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold;
Let these, with Thee now dying,
And rising from the dead,
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee, their living Head.

3 O HOLY SPIRIT, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each,
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

4 O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour.
We name upon the children
The threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1888.

Written 1886. In his *Hymns*, 1888. See notes on No. 27. ii. 5, 6 as in A. & M. '04. A. & M. and Am. have, as in 1888:

Let these, baptized, and dying,
Then rising from the dead.

TUNE. *St. Cosmas.*

Also suitable: 688, 702, and (for adult baptism) 421, 457, 617.

CONFIRMATION

270

C.M.

'With my whole heart have I sought Thee, O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments.' PS. cxix. 10.

1 MY GOD, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And CHRIST be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, LORD,
And death the gate of heaven. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

From his *Hys. of the Heart*, 1848. See No. 443.
TUNE. *St. Peter.*

271 8.7.8.7.

'My sheep . . . shall never perish.' St. John x. 27, 28.

1 THINE for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine;
Help, O help our weak endeavour,
LORD, to be for ever Thine.

2 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, LORD, with Thee.

3 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

4 Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy SPIRIT, more and more,
Watching, praying, without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

5 Hard the conflict; but what glory
Is revealed to our eyes
While we read the heavenly story
Of our home beyond the skies!

6 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, O help our weak endeavour,
LORD, to be for ever Thine. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1869.

Contributed to the *New Appendix* of 1869 to the S. P. C. K. *Hys. for Public Worship*. Text as in his *Holy Year*, 1872. See No. 44. TUNES. *St. Mabyn*, and *Newton Ferns*.

272

Six 7's.

'My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.' Jer. iii. 4.

1 HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of love,
Thou Who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On Thy waiting Church below;
Once again in love draw near
To Thy servants gathered here.

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant Guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now, till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the sacred vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd SPIRIT, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP W. D. MACLAGAN, 1878.

Written 1878, contributed to Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881, where it reads: iv. 1, '*holy* vow'; iv. 2, 'When *the holy hands are* laid.' Here as in Am. See No. 144.

TUNE. *Bread of Heaven.*

273

C.M.

'I have set God always before me; for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.' Ps. xvi. 9.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis GOD's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest SAVIOUR, called and led by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay mine honours down. Amen.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, 1755.

In his posthumous *Hymns*, 1755, where it reads, iv. 1, 'Blest Saviour, *introduced* by thee.' See notes on Nos. 66 and 287.

TUNE. *Christmas*, an arrangement from Handel, very popular on the American continent. It is from the song, 'Non vi piacque,' in Handel's Italian Opera of *Siroe*, 1728. It is interesting to compare this tune with *Innocents*, No. 314.

'Dr. Miller, the composer of *Rockingham* (237), played the German flute in Handel's orchestra, and had many a story to tell of the great composer's eccentricities. Handel never appreciated the interference of clergymen in musical matters in any shape or form. A minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral offered his services as a member of Handel's choir, and being somewhat grudgingly accepted, he went a step further, and suggested he should sing a solo. The performance was a failure, and the singer was hissed off the stage. Handel's opportunity had come. "Good-bye, my dear sir," said he. "I am sorry, very sorry, for you; but go back to your Church in de country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London, dey will not forgive you"' (*Lightwood*, 268).

274 L.M.

'Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.' Acts viii. 17.

1 COME, ever blessèd SPIRIT, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, LORD, to Thee.

2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O TRINITY in UNITY,
One only GOD and Persons Three,
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give:

4 O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862. Text as in 1868 edn. See No. 44.
TUNE. *Wareham.*
Also suitable: 388, 421, 430, 435, 457, 497, 498, 503, 508, 553, 562, 574, 579, 594, 612, 617, 619, 621, 622, 623, 662, 673, 705.

275 HOLY MATRIMONY 7.6.7.6.

'What . . . God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' St. Matt. xix. 6.

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away:

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy THREE are with us
The threefold grace is said.

3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break;

4 Be present, heavenly FATHER,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his piercèd side;

5 Be present, SON of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures,
In Thine eternal bands;

6 Be present, holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With CHRIST'S own Bride they rise. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1857.

In the *Salisbury H. B.*, 1857. iv. 1 as in S H. C and Eng. Meth.; '*awful* Father' in A. & M., S C. H., (as in 1857); '*holy* Father' in Se., Can. Pr. Earl Nelson writes to the compiler of these notes: 'This was an inspired hymn written not for my *Salisbury Hymn Book* (though I wanted a hymn for marriage), but when Keble was moving heaven and earth against the proposed Divorce Bill. One morning I received the original MS. written on the back of an old envelope with the lines "Do you think this will help us?" (i. e. in our crusade against the Divorce Bill). The original is in Keble College.' It is remarkable that iii is omitted in Am., Can. Pr., and Se. See notes on Nos. 4 and 20. Tunes. *Muriel*, and *St. Mary Cray*.

276

7.6.7.6.

'This is a great mystery.' Eph. v. 32.

1 WE lift our hearts, O FATHER,
To Thee, our voices raise,
For these Thy suppliant servants,
In mingled prayer and praise:—

2 Praise for the joy of loving,
All other joys above,
Praise for the priceless blessing
Of love's response to love;

3 Prayer that the sweet surrender
Of self may perfect be,
That each be one with other,
And both be one in Thee;

4 Prayer that the bond between them
May be as closely tied
As is the bond that bindeth
CHRIST and His holy Bride;

5 Prayer that Thou wilt accomplish
The promise of to-day,
And crown the years with blessing
That shall not pass away;

6 Praise for the hope most glorious
That looks beyond the veil,
Where faith and hope shall vanish,
But love shall never fail. Amen.

CANON WELCH, 1903.

Written in 1889 to be sung at the wedding of a friend of the author, but used for the first time at his own marriage in 1890. Since then it has been specially printed from time to time and used at the wedding of various friends. Canon Edward A. Welch

became Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, in 1895, and Rector of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, in 1899. He was a very active member of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P. This hymn now appears for the first time in a hymnal. In 1909 he was appointed Vicar of Wakefield, England. See No. 365.

TUNES. *Merrill*, and *St. Mary Cray*, the latter being an air composed by Rev. C. C. Scholefield for the wedding of Canon Welch's sister. The harmonies are by Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto.

277

11.10.11.10.

'The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' Ruth i. 17.

1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY, 1883.

The writer is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Blomfield, and is married to a son of Rev. A. T. Gurney, writer of No. 170. She writes to the compiler of these notes: 'It was written one Sunday evening, in about a quarter of an hour, for my sister's marriage. We had all been singing hymns, and had just sung *O Strength and Stay*, when my sister remarked that it was her favourite tune, and that she wished the words were suitable to a wedding. "What is the use of having a sister who writes poetry, if she cannot write me words for that tune?" I said, "Well, if no one will disturb me, I will go into the library, and see what I can do," and I then and there wrote the hymn, which was sung at my sister's wedding. The writing of it was no effort whatever, after the initial idea had come to me, of the twofold aspect of perfect union, love and life, and I have always felt that God helped me to write it.'

TUNES. *O Perfect Love*, and *Croston*.

278

7.6.7.6.D.

'Except the Lord build the house: their labour is but lost that build it.' Ps. cxxvii. 1.

1 O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,

To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

O SAVIOUR, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O SPIRIT of the FATHER,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, FATHER,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, SAVIOUR, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy SPIRIT hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1876.

Written Jan. 29, 1876, at the request of the Duke of Westminster, to be used at the marriage of his daughter to the Marquis of Ormonde. Text as in A. & M. Thring's *Collection*, 1880, has a different version, for which see Cong. See notes on No. 27. TUNE, *Bentley*.

Also suitable: 7, 530, 570.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

279 Six 8's.

'He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him.' St. Luke xx. 38.

1 GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away,
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, LORD, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy SON to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1858, rev. 1867.

In his *Hymns*, 1859, this had three four-line verses. He rewrote it in 1867, and this form is in Brown-Borthwick's *Supplemental H. and T. Book*, 1867, and in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. It was sung at his own funeral at Torquay in 1893. See notes on No. 27. TUNE *St. Chrysostom*.

280

7.7.7.7.8.8.

'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.' Wisd. iii. 1.

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the penitents, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of CHRIST shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

Written for *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. Sung at his funeral. The above is the author's last revision. See 3 H. C., Sc., Bapt., Can. Pr., and Eng. Meth., for additl. verse; also 2 C. H. for a different verse. See notes on No. 27. TUNES. *Requiescat*, and *Hebron*.

281

6.6.6.6.

'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HUSH! blessèd are the dead
In JESUS' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

4 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

5 But soon at break of day
His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake,—arise,—rejoice. Amen.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1878.

In his *The Shadowed Home*, 1874. H. C. has three more verses. See No. 600. Tune. *Dolomite Chant.*

282

4.6.4.6.D.

'The spirit shall return unto God Who gave it.'
Eccles. xii. 7.

1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

Canon E. A. Dayman, 1868.

From the *Sarum Hymnal*, 1868, of which he was joint editor with Earl Nelson (No. 194) and Bishop Woodford (No. 245). Tune. *Requiem.*

AT THE BURIAL OF A CHILD

283

P.M.

'He hath blessed thy children within thee.' Ps. cxlvii. 13.

1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
O how peaceful, pure, and mild,
In Thy loving arms 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In a world of pain and care,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Lost awhile our treasured love,
Gained for ever, safe above. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. J. W. Meinhold by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The author was born at Netzelkow in Usedom, and died near Berlin in 1851. When he was pastor at Crummin in Usedom he wrote this hymn in 1838, for the funeral of a little son of fifteen months. It is in his *Gedichte*, 1885, and begins 'Guter Hirt, du hast gestillt'. The transln. is in *Lyra Germanica*, 1858, where it begins 'Gentle Shepherd'. Here as in A. & M. '68, exc. i. 3, 4, there as in 1858:

Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping.

TUNE. *Meinhold.*

284

Eight 7s.

'Is it well with the child? . . . It is well.' 2 Kings iv. 26.

1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care:
GOD Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain:
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the SAVIOUR'S love.
JESU, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet. Amen.

HENRIETTA O. DUDLEY, 1881.

In Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. TUNE. *Martyn.*
Also suitable: 69, 166, 218, 219, 220, 227, 390, 411, 412, 414, 415, 420, 421, 434, 444, 455, 477, 490, 494, 520, 522, 531, 536, 553, 560, 566, 592, 593, 595, 598, 600, 603, 609, 630, 643, 644, 681, 759.

285 EMBER DAYS

C.M.

'As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.'
St. John xx. 21.

1 CHRIST is gone up; yet e'er He passed
From earth, in heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

2 His twelve apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

3 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her LORD is gone.

4 Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold:
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1842.

From his *Hys. for Children*, 1842; here as in the revised edition of 1844, beginning with the second verse. The first verse begins, 'Now to our Saviour let us raise.' It was meant as a hymn for Ascension Day. TUNE. *Mirfield.*

286

L.M.

'He gave some, apostles; .... and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' Eph. iv. 11, 12.

1 O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a SAVIOUR'S love;

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good LORD, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

BISHOP JOHN ARMSTRONG, 1847.

From his *Pastor in his Closet*, 1847. Here as altd. in A. & M. '68.
TUNES. *St. Laurence*, and *Wareham*.
Also suitable: 287, 289, 290, 378, 487, 540, 670.

ORDINATION

287

L.M.

'Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.'
Ps. cxxxii. 9.

1 LORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high,
And Thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
SAVIOUR, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign:
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1833.

Written 1833, for a *Selection of Hys.* edited by the Rev. J. Birchell, and also given to Rev. E. Bickersteth, for his *Christian Psalmody*, 1833. In both cases begins 'Pour out Thy Spirit'. Here it is nearly as in Cooke and Denton's *Church Hymnal*, 1853. See N. 79. TUNES. *Walton*, and *Ludbrough*.

288

7.6.7.6.D.

'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.' St. Matt. ix. 38.

1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
LORD, send them out to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
To ask no other wages
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, GOD the FATHER;
Be with them, GOD the SON;
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT,—
Most blessèd THREE in ONE.
Make them a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill them wit[h] Thy fulness
Both now and [e]rmore. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1866.

In his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 2nd edn. 1866, which is varied much in 1878. See notes on No. 117. TUNE, *Bentley*.
Also suitable: 286, 289, 290, 485, 540, 670.

LAY HELPERS AND TEACHERS

289 Eight 6's.

'I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.' Exod. iv. 12.

1 SHINE Thou upon us, LORD,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, LORD,
Thy SPIRIT's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O LORD,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, LORD;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;

That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1869.

Written in 1861 as 'Break Thou to us, O Lord, The Bread of Life to-day', and printed thus in his *Hymns*, 1866. He revised it for A. & M. '89, where it appears as here, exc. i. 7, 'The little ones.' See No. 27. Tunes. *Broughton*, and *Hawarden*.

290

L.M.

'Always abounding in the work of the Lord.'
1 Cor. xv. 58.

1 GO, labour on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down:
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

3 Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold, I come. Amen.

Rev. H. Bonar, 1857.

Written in 1843, and published in the first set of his *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1844, and in *Hys. of Faith and Hope*, 1857. 3 H. C. varied iii. 4, 'With strong great wrestlings souls are won' (Gen. xxx. 8), and it is there pointed out, 'It is by speeding work and casting sloth away, that souls are won. The ellipsis is too recondite.' But Bonar no doubt meant, 'Tis not by sloth that souls are won.' See No. 390.

Tunes. *Hursley*, and *Sons of my Soul*.

291

L.M.

'Enoch walked with God.' Gen. v. 22.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Teach me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
With one clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1880.

The author writes to the compiler of these notes: 'This hymn was written for a devotional department entitled "The Still Hour", in a magazine which I was editing in 1879, named *Sunday Afternoon*. One stanza, which does not lend itself to devotional purposes, has been omitted. The other stanzas were published as a hymn in *Songs of Christian Praise* by Rev. Charles H. Richards, 1880.' This hymn is much used in America, especially at conventions. The author, who is a distinguished Congregationalist clergyman at Columbus, Ohio, wrote two hymns in *The Pilgrim Hymnal*, 1904. He was one of the editors of this fine collection for use by American Congregationalists.

This hymn has become wedded to *Sun of my Soul* (*Maryton*) to which the author specially desires it to be set.

292

7.6.7.6.D.

'Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, the Son of Consolation.' Acts iv. 36.

1 THE Son of Consolation
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the HOLY SPIRIT
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self-oblation,
For CHRIST an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the apostles' feet.

2 The Son of Consolation!
O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great apostle
Led to the faithful band.

3 The Son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his LORD,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The Son of Consolation!
LORD, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
This blessèd name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

5 The Sons of Consolation!
O what their bliss will be,
When CHRIST the King shall tell them
'Ye did it unto Me!'
The merciful and loving
The LORD of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne. Amen.

MAUDE COOTE, 1871.

Contributed to *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. TUNE. *Homeland.*

293

Six 7's.

'Master, what shall we do?' St. Luke iii. 12.

1 JESUS, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 LORD, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou Redeemer art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 JESUS, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call,
JESUS! let me always be
In Thy service glad and free. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1869.

Written 1865, published in her *Ministry of Song*, 1869: 'Whose I am and Whom I serve'.—Acts xxvii. 23. ii. 5, 'Thou *an honour* art' (see marginal reading to 1 Peter ii. 7), in orig. These three verses are upon the latter part of the text. The first three stanzas are:

Jesus, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy Blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway,
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master, I am Thine,
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

TUNE. *Cassel.*

Also suitable: 195, 294, 310, 385, 409, 540, 543, 572, 617, 619, 636, 650, 724.

MISSIONS

294

L.M.

'Turn us again, O God.' Ps. lxxx. 3.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, Whose only SON
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

3 There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

4 And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

5 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

6 O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

7 That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1868.

In A. & M. '68. See No. 12. Tunes. *Camenbury*, and *Truro*.

295

'Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.' L.M.
Isa. li. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall
And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

William Shrubsole, 1795.

Appeared in *Missionary Hys.*, 1795. Here as printed in his daughter's memoir contributed to Dr. John Morison's *Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society*, 1844, vol. i, p. 451.
Tunes. *Canonbury*, and *Truro*.

296 4.10.10.10.4.

'Go work to-day in My vineyard.' St. Matt. xxi. 28.

1 COME, labour on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
'Go work to-day.'

2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on.
The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

4 Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
'Servants, well done.' Amen.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

In her *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*, 1859. iii. 3 as in A. & M. '04, Ir., Cong., and Bapt.; orig. '*corn* away'. There is another verse in H. C. Miss Borthwick, who with her sister, Mrs. Findlater, translated *Hymns from the Land of Luther* wrote *Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow*. Tune. *Ora Labora*.

'Come over . . . and help us.' Acts xvi. 9. 7.6.7.6.D.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1819.

See No. 1. On a fascimile of the orig. MS. is the story of this hymn:

On Whitsun Day, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham, preached in aid of the S. P. G. . . . On the Saturday previous, the dean requested Heber to write 'something for them to sing in the morning'; and he retired for that purpose to a distant part of the room. In a short time (a quarter of an hour) the dean inquired 'What have you written?' Heber read the first three verses. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the dean. 'No, no, the sense is not complete,' replied Heber, and he added the

fourth verse. The dean was inexorable to his repeated request to 'let me add another'.

The diction of this hymn is perfect. Notice the beautiful alliterations: 'palmy plain,' 'prospect pleases,' 'gifts of God,' 'lamp of life,' 'pole to pole,' 'sinners slain.' Orig. ii. 2, 'Ceylon's isle,' but in 1827, 'Java's isle,' presumably because the breezes over Java from Borneo and Sumatra were more likely to be spice-laden than those from India over Ceylon:

In his *Journal of a Voyage to India* Heber wrote:

'Though we were now too far off Ceylon to catch the odours of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odours are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorn hedge is commonly experienced; and from Ceylon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled.'

Heber's undergraduate triumph was his prize poem *Palestine*. Sir Walter Scott was in Oxford at the time, and by way of kindly suggestion, pointed out that Heber had omitted any reference to the fact that no tools were used in the building of the temple. Whereupon Heber at once wrote the well-known lines:

> No hammer fell, no pond'rous axes rung:
> Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!

For an interesting account of his life see *Boden*.

Tune. *Missionary*, by Lowell Mason, 1792–1872, 'the father of American choir singing.' In the B. C. P. the number of his hymn tunes is exceeded only by those of Dykes, Sullivan, Stainer, Barnby, Gauntlett, Smart, and Monk. In the *Amer. Presbyterian Hyl.*, a tune book of very high order, are thirty-three tunes by Mason, with eight repetitions; this number being exceeded only by those of Dykes and Barnby. In the B. C. P. are his tunes, *Hamburg* (Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts), *Diligence* (Work, for the night is coming), *Boylston* (Blest be the tie that binds), *Olivet* (My faith looks up to Thee), and *Excelsior* (Nearer my God to Thee); and some arrangements, such as *Naomi*, and *Antioch*. In Robinson's *Annotations* is the following account of the writing of the tune *Missionary*:

'A lady residing in Savannah, Georgia, had in some way become possessed of a copy of these words, sent to this country from England. This was in 1823, four years after the words were written. She was struck with the beauty of the poetry, and its possibilities as a hymn. But the metre 7.6.7.6.D. was almost new at this period; there was no tune which would fit the measure. She had been told of a clerk in a bank, Lowell Mason by name, just a few doors down the street. It was said that he had the gift of making beautiful songs. She sent her son to this genius in music, and in a half hour's time the boy returned with this composition. Like the hymn it voices, it was done at a stroke, but it will last through the ages.'

In 1832, Mason, with George James Webb (composer of the well-known tune for *Stand up, stand up for Jesus*), founded the Boston Academy of Music.

298

L.M.

'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.' Ps. lx. 4.

1 FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds
The Cross on which the SAVIOUR died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner, wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE, 1848.

This is in *Verses for* 1851 *in Commemoration of the Third Jubilee of the S. P. G.* 1851. *Bread* says of this hymn by the Bishop of New Jersey, father of the present Bishop of Albany, N.Y.:

'Set to Calkin's tune, this hymn has taken high rank, and is sung perhaps as frequently as any other missionary hymn, Bishop Heber's alone excepted. What can be more stirring, more ringing, than these triumphant notes? Surely the missionary spirit—the spirit of the widest evangelisation—is not subsiding, while such trumpet tones are sounding. How original and how striking is the reference in the fourth verse to the hem of the Saviour's garment, and the use of the "In hoc signo" in the last verse. What a fine use is made of the scriptural truth, of the angels' interest in the work of redemption, in the second verse. How unusual the conception of the spiritual birth of nations, in "crowding to be born".'

Bishop G. W. Doane wrote also *Thou art the Way, to Thee alone* (628), and *Softly now the light of day* (19). He issued an annotated edition of Keble's *Christian Year* in 1834.

TUNES. *Waltham*, and *Wareham*.

299

L.M.

'The Spirit of truth . . . . He shall testify of Me: and ye also shall bear witness.' St. John xv. 26, 27.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness at Thy coming light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of JESUS glorify,
Till every kindred call Him LORD.

5 GOD from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the FATHER'S love fulfilled,
The SAVIOUR'S sufferings crowned through Thee. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1823.

In the *Evangelical Magazine*, Aug., 1823, and his *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. 1. 2 in 1825, 'In all *Thy plenitude of* grace' as in many hyls. See notes on No. 79. TUNES. *Waltham*, and *Wareham*.

300

8.7.8.7.D.

'For My sake and the gospel's.' St. Mark viii. 35.

1 'FOR My sake and the gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story';
His heralds answer, 'Be it so,
And Thine, LORD, all the glory!'
They preach His birth, His life, His cross,
The love of His atonement,
For Whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

2 Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:

As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Day-spring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

3 Still on and on the anthems spread
Of hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in Blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of GOD
One triumph-song are singing.

4 He comes, whose Advent trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The LORD of saints and angels:
Of Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
TRIUNE, Who changest never,
The throne of GOD and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever! Amen.

BISHOP R. H. BICKERSTETH, 1899.

In the *Ch. Miss. H. B.*, 1899. See No. 600.
TUNE, *Bishopsgarth* (see No. 257).

301

'God Himself is with us for our Captain.' 2 Chron. xiii, 12. 11.11.11.11.

1 HARK! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.
GOD is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

2 Go, Thou mighty Captain, conquering on Thy way;
Night upon the mountains changes into day;
Idols bow before Thee, heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own Thee victor over all.

3 O Thou blessèd SAVIOUR, reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh.
Bid their glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation worship only Thee. Amen.

H. B., 1854.

In the *Ch. Miss. Juvenile Instructor*, 1854, p. 95. In the *Church Sunday School H. B.*, 1879, it is given as by H. B. TUNE, *St. Denis*

302 P.M.

'For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' Isa. xi. 9.

1 GOD is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year:
GOD is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea.

2 From utmost east to utmost west, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of GOD;
Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea.

3 What can we do to work GOD's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea?

4 March we forth in the strength of GOD, with the banner of CHRIST unfurled,
That the light of the glorious gospel of Truth may shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea.

5 All we can do is nothing worth, unless GOD blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide, till GOD gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of GOD as the waters cover the sea. Amen.

A. C. AINGER, 1894.

Written 1894, with dedication to Archbp. Benson. In the *Ch. Miss. B. B.*, 1899. Text as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1908. The author (who is not Canon Alinger) was a master at Eton College 1864–1901. TUNE, *Benson*.

303

8.7.8.7.D.

'The Lord shall be King over all the earth.'
Zech. xiv. 9.

1 HARK, creation's Alleluia,
Rising from a thousand shores,
Vibrates sweet as angel voices,
Loud as many waters, roars,—
'Blessing, glory, power, salvation
To our GOD upon the throne,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Infinite, supreme, alone.'

2 Gathering strength from every nation,
Every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Hark, that everlasting anthem,
Hark, that glorious tide of song.
Floods the valleys with its music,
Echoes from the lasting hills,
Onward, upward, till the temple
Of the living GOD it fills.

3 Hark, it mingles with the raptures
Of the armies of the sky,
Who have passed through tribulation
Into perfect rest on high,
Clothed in robes of spotless beauty,
Palms of triumph in their hand,
Harping on their harps hosannas,
As before His face they stand:

4 'Glory unto Him Who loved us,
Him Who washed us with His Blood,
Kings and priests henceforth for ever
To our FATHER and our GOD.
Alleluia! saints and angels,
Raise your loudest, loftiest strains!
Alleluia! hell is vanquished;
GOD, the LORD Almighty, reigns.' Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1879.

In *Hyl. Comp.*, 1890, where there are two more verses. See No. 600. TUNE, *Austria*. See notes on No. 468.

304

8.7.8.7.

For the conversion of the Jews.

'The Lord shall be King over all the earth.' Zech. xiv. 9.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

2 Nations now from GOD estrangèd
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the LORD their GOD;
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

4 Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign. Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

In his *Hymns*, 1806. See notes on No. 35. TUNE. *Austria.*

305

8.7.8.7.D.

'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.' Isa. xxxii. 20.

1 SOW the seed beside all waters,
North and south and east and west,
That our toiling sons and daughters
In the harvest may be blest.
Tell the tidings of salvation
'Mid the storms of Labrador;
Speak the word of consolation
By the lone Pacific shore.

2 Where the forests old are falling,
Yielding place to lawn and lea;
Where the fisher plies his calling
'Mid the perils of the sea;
Where the tide of commerce rushes
Through the city's crowded street,
And unpitying mammon crushes
Poor and weak beneath his feet;

3 Where our brothers, sowing, reaping,
Delving for the hidden ore,
Now with joy and now with weeping
Labour to increase their store;
Where the stranger wanders lonely
In the homeless wilderness,
Tell of JESUS; JESUS only,
Who alone can save and bless.

4 Tell how tenderly He careth
For the weary and oppressed,
How their burdens all He beareth,
As He leads them to His rest;
Tell that He, the LORD from heaven,
Died for all and lives again,
All through Him may be forgiven,
All with Him in glory reign.

5 Tell His love beyond all telling,
Seeking, following those who flee,
Love rebellious hearts compelling
To His service glad and free.
Thus a precious harvest gather,
North and south and east and west,
To the glory of the FATHER,
SON, and SPIRIT ever blest. Amen.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY, 1897.

In *Canadian Presbyterian Bk. of Praise*, 1897. For an account of the writer, see the delightful brochure, *Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers*, 1908, by Rev. A. Wylie Mahon. Dr. Murray (born 1832) for more than fifty years editor of the *Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax, N. S., one of the leading men among Canadian Presbyterians, has written many hymns, including *From ocean unto ocean* (356), and *Lord, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver* (326). See also Can: Pr. 426, and 226. No. 226 is especially interesting, remembering the power the writer has been in uniting the sections of the Presbyterian Church, and his efforts towards a larger union:

Our blessed bond of union
Thou art, O Christ, our Lord!
The rule of our communion
Is Thine own faithful word.
. . . . . .
We grasp Thy promise given,
We set before our eyes
One faith, one hope one heaven,
One battle and one prize.

The writer of these notes first heard the hymn *Sow the seed beside all waters* at a remarkable meeting, addressed by Dr. Grenfell, the hero of Labrador (i. 6, ii. 3). TUNE. *Autumn.*

306

7.5.7.5.7.7.

'O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.' Ps. xcvi. 1.

1 LET the song go round the earth,
JESUS CHRIST is LORD!
Sound His praises, tell His worth,
Be His Name adored;
Every clime and every tongue
Join the grand, the glorious song!

2 Let the song go round the earth!
From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
Glad, and bright, and free!
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

3 Let the song go round the earth!
Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away!
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er!

4 Let the song go round the earth!
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles!
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Ice-bound coasts give back the hymn.

5 Let the song go round the earth—
JESUS CHRIST is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring!
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK, 1896.

In the *Ch. Miss. H. B.*, 1899, of which she was one of the editors. She was a sister of Eugene Stock. She wrote twenty-eight hymns, most of them of a missionary character. See also No. 717. TUNE, *Moel Llys*, also by Miss Stock.

307

8.7.8.7.D.

'Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 1 Cor. i. 7.

1 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?

See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
LORD Almighty, give the Word:
Give the Word; in every nation
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: Thy Ch[illegible]h completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, LORD JESUS, come to reign. Amen.

REV. HENRY DOWNTON, 1867.

In the Rev. D. T. Barry's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1867.
TUNES. *Everton*, and *Bethany*.

308

8.7.8.7.D.

'So shall He sprinkle many nations.' Isa. lii. 15.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as GOD of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3 SAVIOUR, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy SPIRIT new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

BISHOP A. C. COXE, 1851.

From *Verses for* 1851, p. 38 (see No. 298). He was Bp. of Western New York and died 1896. TUNES. *Everton*, and *Bethany*.

309

10.10.7.

'They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.'
Isa. ix. 3.

1 LORD of the harvest! it is right and meet
That we should lay our first-fruits at Thy feet
With joyful Alleluia.

2 Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!

3 Lowly we prayed, and Thou didst hear on high—
Didst lift our hearts and change our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia.

4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia.

5 To Thee, O LORD of Harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.

6 O CHRIST, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia.

7 To Thee, Eternal SPIRIT, Who again
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,
We sing our Alleluia.

8 Yea, west and east the companies go forth:
'We come!' is sounding to the south and north:
To GOD sing Alleluia.

9 The fishermen of JESUS far away
Seek in new waters an immortal prey:
To Him sing Alleluia.

10 The HOLY GHOST is brooding o'er the deep,
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep;
To Him sing Alleluia.

11 Yea, for sweet hope new-born—blest work begun—
Sing Alleluia to the THREE in ONE
Adoring Alleluia.

12 Glory to GOD! the Church in patience cries;
Glory to GOD! the Church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluia. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1874.

In *Church Bells*, Oct. 24, 1874, and this form is in his *Hymns*, 1887. Here as in A. & M. '89, mainly as in his *Knight of Intercession*, 1877. See No. 624. TUNE. *Alleluia* (Parker).

310

7.6.7.6.D.

'Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubile to sound.' Lev. xxv. 9.

1 O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us—LORD JESUS,
To Thee all praise be due;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Great GOD of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore.

Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning LORD of all. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1848.

In his *Poems*, 1849, as No. 8 of 'Hys. on the Jubilee Year of the C. M. S.' Here as in H. C. 1870. See No. 600.
TUNE. *Endsleigh*.

311

8.6.8.6.8.8.

'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.' Rev. xi. 15.

1 O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O south, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient east, the anthem high,
And let the youthful west reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
GOD'S well-beloved SON;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O FATHER, haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The LORD of every human soul:

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He Who conquered death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin. Amen.

W. C. BRYANT, 1869.

In his *Hymns*, 1869, and *Poetical Works*, 1883. Author was at first a Unitarian, afterwards a Baptist. Wrote also *Thou Whose unmeasured temple stands*, 1835 (Bapt. 647) orig. 'O Thou Whose own vast temple stands'; *As shadows cast by cloud and sun*, 1875 (Bapt. 699): *When doomed to death, the apostle lay* (Am. 279), *Look from Thy sphere of endless day*, 1840 (Am. 251, Can. Pr. 436,

Bapt. 733). The last is an especially fine missionary hymn. Bryant is best known by *Thanatopsis*, written when he was eighteen years old. With Death as his theme, the youthful poet wrote:

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Prof. Welsh in *The Romance of the Psalter and Hymnal* quotes a touching account of his baptism when over sixty. Tune, *Meiringen*.

312

P.M.

'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.' Isa. lii. 7.

1 O SION, haste, thy mission high fulfilling
To tell to all the world that GOD is Light;
That He Who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace,
Tidings of JESUS, redemption and release.

2 Behold, how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the SAVIOUR's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish glad tidings, &c.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the LORD His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish glad tidings, &c.

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That GOD, in Whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish glad tidings, &c.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious,
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And haste the coming of the glorious day.
Publish glad tidings, &c.

6 He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace,
Tidings of JESUS, redemption and release. Amen.

MARY A. THOMSON, 1870.

This is No. 249 in the *Amer. Ch. Hyl.*, where it is dated 1870. v. 4, in orig. 'And all thou spendest, Jesus will repay,' which is open to the same objection as the omitted verses of No. 224. The writer, an Englishwoman, has lived most of her life in Philadelphia. In *Bedine* is an account of the writer, and of her four hymns in the *Amer. Hyl.* TUNE. *Angelic Songs.*

313

8.8.8.6.

'And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth.' *Jer.* i. 9.

1 SEND Thou, O LORD, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King!
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

4 Gird each one with the SPIRIT's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless Word;
And make them conquerors, conquering LORD,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

5 Raise up, O LORD the HOLY GHOST,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their steadfast aim to seek the lost,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come. Amen.

MARY C. GATES, 1868.

This is in *Sursum Corda*, 1896. Her collected poems, *Hymns of Nature and Songs of the Spirit*, were edited by her husband (Merrill E. Gates, President of Rutgers College, N. J., and of Amherst College, Mass., now of Washington, D. C.), and published in 1908 by F. H. Revell Co., N. Y. TUNE. *Trust.*

314

7.7.7.7.

'Take . . . the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.' *Eph.* vi. 17.

1 SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there, wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living WORD,
Let the SAVIOUR's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of GOD arrayed
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the SPIRIT's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the LORD. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1864.

In his *Pr. and Hys.*, 1864. Here as altd. by author for *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. See No. 219. TUNES. *Crucis Militis*, and *Innocents*.

315

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 SPEED Thy servants, SAVIOUR, speed them:
Thou art LORD of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them:
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
LORD, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer,
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, LORD, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O LORD, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

6 There to reap in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a SAVIOUR'S grace alone. Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1826.

In his *Hymns*, 1826. v. 4, '*humbler* be.' See notes on No. 85.
TUNES. *Kensington New*, and *Hallelujah*.

316

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'To give light to them that sit in darkness.' St. Luke i. 79.

1 SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that JESUS bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew:
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy SPIRIT go before. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

In the S. P. C. K. *Hys. for Public Worship*, 1852. Here as in Am. 356. See No. 118. TUNES. *Kensington New*, and *Hallelujah*.

317

'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.' Rom. xiii. 11. 7.6.7.6.D.

1 AWAKE! awake! O Christian,
The long dark night is past,
The Day-Star is arising,
The dawn is near at last:
The lands so long enshrouded
In darkness deep and drear
Are longing that the tidings
Of GOD's love they may hear.

2 A cry comes o'er the mountains
And floats upon the breeze,
From tropic shores and islands,
And from the Arctic Seas.
'Neath gleaming constellations,
The pole star in the north,
From Yukon's ice-bound borders,
The yearning cry comes forth.

3 From sea-girt Australasia,
Where in the starry sky
The Southern Cross burns brightly,
Again there comes the cry.
In valleys fair and smiling,
Where Christian ne'er hath trod,
The weary hearts are sighing
For Thee—the unknown GOD.

4 Where o'er the slopes of Persia
The fiery crescent gleams,
From distant dark Uganda,
And Niger's deadly streams,

From China's unloved daughters,
From flower-crowned Japan,
The cry is heard, 'O tell us
God's wondrous love to man.'

5 From lips of suffering sisters,
'Neath India's glowing sun,
From earth's dark, cruel places,
From many a weary one,
The cry is 'Come and help us,
Who grope as in the night,
Our eyes are blind and sightless,
O show us the true light.

6 'O hear our cry, good Christian,
And in our sore distress
Reveal to us the SAVIOUR,
Who longs to love and bless;
And then with hearts uplifted,
And grateful voice we'll raise,
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Our joyful song of praise.' Amen.

KATHARINE S. MILES, 1899.

The writer is the wife of the Bishop of Ontario. The hymn is a favourite with the Woman's Auxiliary to Missions, and is now printed for the first time in a hymnal. Previously issued in leaflet form. TUNES. *Aurelia*, and *Come Sing*.

318 7.6.7.6.D.

'The love of Christ constraineth us.' 2 Cor. v. 14.

1 THE love of CHRIST constraineth;
O let the watchword ring
Till all the world adoring
To JESUS' feet it bring.
Till north and south the kingdoms
Shall own His glorious sway,
And east and west the nations
Rejoice to see His day.

2 The love of CHRIST constraineth;
At home, abroad, where'er
By sea or shore abiding
His Name and sign we bear.
We ask not that our service
Or great or small may be,
If only Thou wilt own it,
Dear LORD, as unto Thee.

3 The love of CHRIST constraineth;
And we who trust His Word,
Who know and feel its power
To gladder service stirred,
Shall neither faint nor falter,
Though dark the night and long,
And weak our hands that labour;
His strength shall make us strong.

4 The love of CHRIST constraineth;
Then let us work and pray,
And watch the glad appearing
Of that triumphant day,
When FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
By every tongue confessed,
All earth His broad dominion
In His dear love shall rest. Amen.

CARA B. EVANS.

The writer is the widow of Canon Hy. John Evans of Montreal. This hymn (which appeared in the Montreal Division of the *Letter Leaflet*, Jan., 1897) is now printed for the first time in a hymnal. It is a favourite with the Woman's Auxiliary to Missions. TUNES. *Aurelia*, and *Come Sing*.

319

Six 8's.

'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' St. John xi. 28.

1 THE Master comes! He calls for thee—
Go forth at His almighty word,
Obedient to His last command,
And tell to those who never heard,
Who sit in deepest shades of night,
That CHRIST has come to give them light.

2 The Master calls! Shall not thy heart
In warm responsive love reply,
'LORD, here am I; send me, send me—
Thy willing slave—to live or die;
An instrument unfit indeed,
Yet Thou wilt give me what I need!'

3 And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy GOD shall give thee, too, thy part;
The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

4 Short is the time for service true,
For soon shall dawn that glorious day,
When, all the harvest gathered in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say—
'My child, well done! thy toil is o'er—
Enter My joy for evermore!' Amen.

EMILY MAY CRAWFORD, 1890.

Written 1889, for *Hys. of Consec. and Faith*; in the *Ch. Miss. H. B.*, 1899. She went to S. Africa in 1893 as a missionary in Pondoland under the S. A. G. M. After her marriage, in 1904, to Dr. T. W. W. Crawford (a Canadian) she went to Kenia in B. E. Africa, where they work as representatives of the Ch. of E. in Canada. TUNE. *Vox Domini.*

320 7.6.7.6.D.

'Early shall my prayer come before Thee.'
Ps. lxxxviii. 13.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the GOD we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the SAVIOUR's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—'The LORD is come!'
Amen.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

Contributed to Thomas Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1832. *Julian*, 1068, gives a list of thirty-two hymns of S. F. Smith in common

use, including the famous *My country, 'tis of thee*, which was written in 1832. Dr. Smith says of *The morning light is breaking*: 'I have myself heard it sung in five or six different languages, in Europe and Asia. It is a favourite with the Burmans, Karens, and Telegus, in Asia, from whose lips I have heard it repeatedly.' At college, Oliver Wendell Holmes, his classmate, wrote:

> And here's a fine youngster of excellent pith,
> Fate tried to conceal him, by naming him *Smith*.

TUNE. *Morning Light.*

321

Six 8's.

'Come over into Macedonia, and help us.' Acts xvi. 9.

1 THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
'Come o'er and help us, or we die.'

2 How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
'O ye that live, behold we die!'

3 By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
'O hear and help us, lest we die.'

4 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of CHRIST rolls on;
'I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry:
Help ye the dying, lest ye die.'

5 JESUS, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1871.

As in A. & M. '75. Written for the Day of Intercession for

Foreign Missions, 1871. Published in *Mission Life*, 1872. See No. 624.

TUNE. *Vater Unser*, sometimes wrongly ascribed to Martin Luther. Set to his metrical version of the Lord's Prayer in the *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539.

322 D.C.M.

'Awake, thou that sleepest.' Eph. v. 14.

1 UPROUSE you! Soldiers of the Cross,
And let your banner fly;
Ring out the tale of JESUS' love,
And raise your songs on high:
Tell all the nations how He died
To save the world from sin;
Proclaim the kingdom's open gates,
That all may enter in!

2 O rouse you to your noble task,
To win a dying world,
And rest not till in every land
CHRIST's standard be unfurled!
O never let your voice be stilled,
Your life-long struggle cease,
Till all the earth shall worship Him,
The eternal Prince of Peace.

3 Our sons and daughters met the call
To duty's gory field;
And laid their lives at honour's feet,
Not knowing how to yield:
Shall we the fight with hosts of hell
With craven hearts forgo?
Not till the Master's cause is won
And vanquished is the foe!

4 Then forward to the battle press,
Ye ransomed sons of light;
Your dauntless souls shall victory gain
In every long-drawn fight;
Till ye before the throne of GOD
Your joyful captives bring,
And with the crown upon your brow
His endless praises sing! Amen.

DEAN F. PARTRIDGE.

The writer, Francis Partridge (1840-1905) was Dean of Fredericton, and was appointed a member of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P., but died before the work was begun. He was a poet and a musician of high order. This hymn has

appeared in the *New Era*, the missionary publication of the Canadian Church, and now appears for the first time in a hyl.
TUNE. *Warrior.*

323

7.6.7.6.D.

'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Rom. xiii. 12.

1 WORK, for the day is coming!
Day in the Word foretold,
When, 'mid the scenes triumphant,
Longed for by saints of old,
He Who on earth a stranger
Traversed its paths of pain,
JESUS, the Prince, the SAVIOUR,
Comes evermore to reign.

2 Work, for the day is coming!
Darkness will soon be gone,
Then o'er the night of weeping
Day without end shall dawn.
What now we sow in sadness,
Then we shall reap in joy;
Hope will be changed to gladness,
Praise be our blest employ.

3 Work, for the LORD is coming!
Children of light are we;
From JESUS' bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.
Soon will the strife [illegible]nding,
Soon all our toils below,
Not to the dark we're tending,
But to the day we go. Amen.

AYON.

In H. L. Hastings's *Songs of Pilgrimage*, 1886, No. 1284, and marked as by Basil Manly, abr., cir. 1880. Mr. Manly was a professor at Louisville, Ky. For other stanzas of this hymn, see *Ch. Miss. H. B.*, 1899. TUNE. *Diligence.*
Also suitable: 100, 476, 478, 517, 588, 542, 564, 652, 692.

ALMSGIVING AND OTHER OFFERINGS

324

8.8.8.4.

'Freely ye have received, freely give.' St. Matt. x. 8.

1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare:
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all!

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all!

5 Thou giv'st the HOLY SPIRIT'S dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
FATHER, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all! Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

In his *Holy Year*, 1863. Some hyls. have the following:

6 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

7 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

These two stanzas, and espec. vii. 3, are objected to by some persons as suggesting a wrong motive for giving. The author wrote or approved of various versions of this hymn. See No. 44.

TUNE. *Almsgiving.*

325 8.7.8.7.D.

'Give; not grudgingly, . . . for God loveth a cheerful giver.' 2 Cor. ix. 7.

1 LORD of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,

And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand;

2 Grant us hearts, dear LORD, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentance,
'Ye have done it unto Me.'
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
'Give as I have given to you'?

4 Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

5 LORD of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But, O best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity. Amen.

ELIZA S. ALDERSON, 1868.

Written 1864, contributed to A. & M. '68, where it was set to the tune *Caritas*, by her brother, Rev. J. B. Dykes.

326

8.7.8.7.D.

'As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another.' 1 Pet. iv. 10.

1 LORD, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land;
Grant us then the grace of giving
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living
We may consecrate to Thee.

2 We are Thine, Thy mercy sought us,
Found us in death's dreadful way,
To the fold in safety brought us,
Never more from Thee to stray.
Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the Cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.

3 Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call;
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee Who givest all.
Thou hast bought us, and no longer
Can we claim to be our own;
Ever free and ever stronger,
We shall serve Thee, LORD, alone.

4 SAVIOUR, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
For the kingdom, power, and glory,
Are, O LORD, for ever Thine. Amen.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY, 1880.

Contributed to the *Hyl. of the Presbyterian Ch. in Canada*, 1880.
See No. 305. TUNE. *Carlton.*

327

6.5.6.5.D.

'All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.' 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 LORD of all creation,
Now before Thy throne,
We Thy people bring Thee
Gifts that are Thine own.
Thine is all the greatness,
Power and glory Thine,
High o'er all exalted,
Majesty Divine.
Of Thine own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O FATHER,
In Whose life all live.

2 All the gold and silver,
Corn on plains and hills,
Grass upon the mountains,
Water in the rills—
All things yield Thee glory,
With Thy Light they shine;
Thou all art inspirest—
Science, skill, are Thine.
Of Thine own, &c.

3 Body, soul, and spirit,
Thought, and speech, and song,
Come of Thee, Creator,
And to Thee belong.
These in bounden duty
We devote to Thee;
Thine is all the dower,
Thine the glory be.
Of Thine own, &c.

4 Of all works man doeth,
None can greater be
Than the work devoted,
O LORD GOD, to Thee:
Hither all to serve Thee,
Rich and poor repair,
Joy awaits Thy people
In Thy house of prayer.
Of Thine own, &c.

5 Alms-deeds, prayers, and praises,
With 'the willing mind,'
In the Name of JESUS,
Shall acceptance find.
Evermore thanksgiving
To the FATHER, SON,
And the gracious SPIRIT,
Blessed THREE in ONE,
Still Thy Church shall offer,
Of Thy gifts shall give
Unto Thee, the Giver,
In Whose life all live. Amen.

REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE, 1898.

From *Festival and other Hys.*, 1898. Written 1898, to be sung at the Festival of Choirs in St. Paul's Cathedral. He wrote many useful hymns for special occasions, e. g. unveiling a memorial window. See *Julian*, 235, 1622. See No. 332. TUNE. *Summa Trin.*

328

S.M.

'Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Acts xx. 35.

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blessest us
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To GOD the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing,

6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1858.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1864. See notes on No. 219. A. & M. added a doxology. Tune, *Nuremea.*

Suitable for Hospital Sunday.

329

8.7.8.7.7.7.

'They brought unto Him all sick people .... and He healed them.' St. Matt. iv. 24.

1 THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,—
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned, at Thy judgment-seat.

Amen.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1870.

Written for the Rev. W. H. Hutton's *Hymns for the Church Services*, 1871; slightly altd. in his own *Hys. and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874. Above text is a combination of 1871 and 1874. See notes on No. 97. Tunes, *Requiem*, and *Gounod.*

330 D.C.M.

'They . . . brought unto Him all that were diseased.'
St. Matt. xiv. 35.

1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the sinful taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

Dean E. H. Plumptre, 1867.

Written in 1864 for use at King's College Hospital. Appeared in 1865 in *Lazarus and other Poems*. See notes on No. 385.
Tunes. *St. Matthew*, and *Petersham*.

FOR THOSE THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR BY WATER

331

Six 8's.

'Thou rulest the raging of the sea: Thou stillest the waves thereof when they arise.' Ps. lxxxix. 10.

1 ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O SAVIOUR, Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred SPIRIT, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Amen.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1860.

The above is the form as settled by the author, in the S. P. C. K. *New Appendix*, 1869, who adopted some of the alterations of A. & M. '61, but not the follg. alterations of 1861. i. 2, 'arm hath bound'; ii. 1, 2:

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their ragin(t Thy word.

iii, Most Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace.

iv. 5, Thus evermore shall rise to Thee.

This hymn is in use in France, and is in the *Nouveau Livre de Cantiques* (the hymnal for the navy) where the refrain is:

Vois nos pleurs, entends nos sanglots,
Pour ceux en péril sur les flots.

Whiting was Master of Winchester College Choristers' School. TUNE. *Melita*, so named from the place of the shipwreck of St. Paul, the modern Malta.

332 8.7.8.7.7.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord.' Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 LORD most holy, GOD most mighty,
Let our cry come unto Thee:
Save from perils all who journey
O'er the land, and on the sea,
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing
All our dear ones sheltering.

2 Thou Who didst sustain Thy people
As they wandered in the wild,
Shielding them from instant danger
Or when crafty foe beguiled;
Still protect Thine Israel;
Thou their Keeper, all is well.

3 In their going, in their coming,
At all times, in every place,
From all hurt to soul and body
As they run their earthly race;
Guardian Who dost never sleep,
Those we love in safety keep.

4 Pilgrims, sojourners, and strangers,
We, as all our fathers were,
Having no abiding city,
To Jerusalem repair;
Bring us—all life's journeys o'er,
There to dwell for evermore. Amen.

REV. S. CHILDS CLARKE, 1885.

From the *Home H. B.*, 1885. See No. 327. TUNE. *Ramsbury*.

FOR DEPARTING OR ABSENT FRIENDS

333 8.5.8.3.

'We . . . do not cease to pray for you, . . . that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will.' Col. i. 9.

1 HOLY FATHER, in Thy mercy
Hear our earnest prayer;
Keep our loved ones, in their absence,
'Neath Thy care.

2 JESUS, SAVIOUR, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 HOLY SPIRIT, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD the ONE in THREE,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee. Amen.

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON, 1889.

In A. & M. '89. i. 2, orig. '*anxious* prayer'; i. 3, orig. 'Keep our loved ones *now far absent*,' to which a footnote is sometimes appended that '*Now departing*' may be substituted; 'in their absence' suits any occasion. TUNES, *Cairnbrook*, and *Bullinger*.

334

6.6.9.4.

'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means.' 2 Thess. iii. 16.

1 WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O LORD, in life and death,
Their help shalt be;

5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith and peace and prayer;
Till He Whose home is ours above,
Unite us there! Amen.

GEORGE WATSON, 1867.

Text as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. First published in *Our Hymn Book*, by Rev. Paxton Hood, of Brighton. Mr. Watson was publisher of *Band of Hope Review*, and *The British Workman*.
TUNE. *Verbum Pucis.*

335 9.8.8.9.

'Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace.' Acts xx. 32.

1 GOD be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you!
GOD be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet again! Till we meet again!
Till we meet at JESUS' feet;
Till we meet again! Till we meet again!
GOD be with you till we meet again![1]

2 GOD be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
GOD be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet again, &c.

3 GOD be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
GOD be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet again, &c.

4 GOD be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
GOD be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet again, &c. Amen.

REV. J. RAMEE RANKIN, 1882.

[1] A musical setting (second tune) is provided for use when the refrain is omitted.

In his *Hymns Pro Patria, and other Hymns, Christian and Humanitarian*, New York, 1889. The author, a Congregational clergyman, was president of Howard University, Washington. He wrote it with the derivation of 'Good-bye . . . God be with you' in his mind. Of the music he said, 'The first stanza was sent to two composers—one of unusual note, the other wholly unknown. I selected the composition of the latter, and submitted it to J. W. Bischoff, the organist of my church, who made some criticisms which were adopted.' Several hyls. have since endeavoured unsuccessfully to supplant Tomer's tune, which continues to contribute to the success of the hymn. It was very popular during the war in South Africa. See *Julian*, 1690.

TUNES. *God be with you*, and *Dominus Vobiscum*.

336 IN TIMES OF WAR

L.M.

'He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.' Ps. xlvi. 9.

1 O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again.

2 Remember, LORD, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O LORD?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. See notes on No. 12. TUNE. *Eden*.

337

C.M.

'Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory.' 1 Chron. xxix. 11.

1 GREAT GOD of hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

2 Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

3 Great God of hosts! their God, and ours;
Our only Lord and King;
Let that right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.

4 To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By Whom the conquest came,
And in triumphant songs of praise
Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.

E. Osler, 1836.

In the *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836, as a version of Ps. xliv. See No. 250. Tune, *Irish*.

338

P.M.

'Peace shall be upon Israel.' Ps. cxxv. 5.

1 GOD the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, lightning Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

2 God the almighty One! wisely ordaining
Judgments unsearchable, famine and sword;
Over the tumult of war Thou art reigning:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

3 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

4 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening:
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

6 So shall Thy children with thankful devotion
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.
Amen.

Henry F. Chorley, 1842; and Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

Chorley's verses in Hullah's *Part Music*, 1842; Ellerton's in Brown-Borthwick's *Select Hymns*, 1871. For various versions and combinations of versions of this hymn, see 3 H. C., Can. Pr., Am. Meth., and Cong. Tunes. *Sabaoth*, and *Russian Hymn*.

339

8.8.6.D.

'The God of Jacob defend thee.' Ps. xx. 1.

1 O LORD our Banner, GOD of might,
Who wast with Joshua in the fight,
And Moses on the hill,
Be with Thy servants far away,
Their shield by night, their guide by day,
To succour them from ill.

2 For husband, brother, son, and sire,
We raise up hands that never tire
On this our mount of prayer;
Thou knowest, we but dimly guess,
The day's long toil, the night's distress,
And all they do and bear.

3 The battle's issue hangs on Thee;
In Thy firm hand the scales we see
Of mortal loss and gain:
And tidings carried swift as thought
'Twixt land and land to Thee are nought
But Thine own will made plain.

4 Giver of strength, O bless and aid
Thy servants 'gainst the foe arrayed;
Go forth with them to fight!
In battle's storm their shelter be;
Thy SPIRIT grant, of unity,
Of counsel, and of might.

5 Watch o'er the wounded in the field,
And, where the sick and dying yield
Their souls, do Thou be nigh!
Give peace within the heart distressed,
And peace on earth, and, last and best,
Thy peace beyond the sky. Amen.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, 1885.

Printed in the *Guardian*, Jan. 21, 1885. Miss Wordsworth, daughter of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (see No. 44), was Head of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Miss Wordsworth writes to the compiler of these notes, that it was written 'during the winter of 1884-5, when the war in the Soudan was going on. General Gordon's fate stirred public feeling very much.' During the war in South Africa it was reprinted as a leaflet, 'Jehovah-Nissi, a hymn for our soldiers'. Special attention is called to the fine tune, *Jehovah Nissi*, by Dean Crawford.

840

Six 8's.

'They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Isa. ii. 4.

1 O LORD of hosts, Who didst upraise
Strong captains to defend the right,
In darker years and sterner days,
And armedst Israel for the fight;
Thou madest Joshua true and strong,
And David framed the battle-song.

2 And must we battle yet? Must we,
Who bear the tender name Divine,
Still barter life for victory—
Still glory in the crimson sign?
The Crucified between us stands,
And lifts on high His wounded hands.

3 LORD, we are weak and wilful yet,
The fault is in our clouded eyes;
But Thou, through anguish and regret,
Dost make Thy faithless children wise;
Through wrong, through hate, Thou dost approve
The far-off victories of love.

4 And so from out the heart of strife,
Diviner echoes peal and thrill;
The scorned delights, the lavished life,
The pain that serves a nation's will;
Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,
And love is crowned by sacrifice.

5 As rains that weep the clouds away,
As winds that leave a calm in heaven,
So let the slayer cease to slay;—
The passion healed, the wrath forgiven,
Draw nearer, bid the tumult cease,
Redeemer, SAVIOUR, Prince of Peace! Amen.

A. C. BENSON, 1900.

The writer, born 1862, second son of Archbishop Benson, was a Master at Eton from 1885–1903, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, editor with Lord Esher of *Queen Victoria's Letters*, 1907, and author of *The Upton Letters*, *From a College Window*, *Poems*, &c. He writes to the compiler of these notes: 'This hymn was written in 1899, with reference to the Boer War, and was first published by Messrs. Novello.' Printed in 1900 as a leaflet, with music by Dr. C. H. Lloyd. TUNE. *St. Matthias.*

341 IN TIMES OF SCARCITY

Six 7's.

'Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.'
St. Luke xi. 2.

1 WHAT our FATHER does is well;
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our FATHER does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our FATHER does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies;
He has called us sons of GOD,
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our FATHER does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan NOW,
GOD can save us in our need,
GOD can bless us, GOD can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the German of Rev. Benj. Schmolck (1720) by REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

Translns. as in A. & M. '61. Schmolck's hymn, beginning 'Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan, So denken Gottes Kinder', is in his *Freuden-Oel*, 1720. See *Julian*, 1234. TUNE. *Heathlands.*

THANKSGIVING

342

P.M.

'O praise the Lord, and ye the Name of the Lord.'
Ps. cxxxv. 1.

1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty LORD,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is GOD alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
'O praise our GOD alway';
Let all His saints adore Him!

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation:
Rejoice and praise our mighty LORD,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is GOD alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him! Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. See No. 12. TUNE, *Ein' feste Burg*. See No. 391.

343

P.M.

'This God is our God for ever and ever.' Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 NOW thank we all our GOD,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous GOD
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to GOD
The FATHER now be given,
The SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Supreme in highest heaven,
The ONE eternal GOD,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1858) *from* Rev. Martin Rinkart by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

Rinkart's hymn begins 'Nun danket alle Gott'. It seems to have appeared in the first edition, 1636 (no copy now extant), of his *Jesu Herts-Büchlein*, and is certainly in Crüger's *Praxis*, 1647, and was simply meant as a grace at table. It was not, therefore, written to celebrate the Peace of Westphalia, which did not take place till Nov., 1648. It seems a shame to thus shatter all the beautiful accounts given of the origin of this hymn (see *Bodine*, 314, *Duffield*, 892, *Welsh*, 155, *Lightwood*, 15). But the heroism of Rinkart during the Thirty Years' War, amidst war, pestilence and famine, will always stir the noblest impulses. He is said to have read the service over 4,480 bodies during the plague. Then followed the famine, when starving wretches fought in the streets for a dead cat or crow. And, with all this, came the Swedish army, demanding 30,000 thalers. The faithful pastor pleaded for his impoverished fellow-citizens, at first in vain, and said to his friends: 'Come, my children, we can find no mercy with men, let us take refuge with God.' His prayer then uttered was so fervent and touching that the demand was lowered to 8,000, and then to 2,000 thalers. And the story goes that when this tribulation was past, and on the day peace was proclaimed, while the people were gathered together to thank Almighty God for their deliverance, his eye fell on the 22nd verse of the 50th chapter of the book of Ecclesiasticus: 'Now therefore bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things every where, which exalteth our days from the womb, and dealeth with us according to his mercy. He grant us joyfulness of heart, and that peace may be in our days in Israel for ever.' And, thereupon, he is said to have written this hymn, which has been called the *Te Deum* of Germany, and himself forthwith composed and sang the inspiring tune, to which it is now sung the world over. But modern research shows that the hymn was written

some time before, and that the tune is by Crüger. Mendelssohn introduced it into his *Hymn of Praise*. It has been sung on many great occasions, the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the proclamation of peace in South Africa, at the close of the famine in 1817, when the first cartful of sheaves entered Stuttgart, at the Pan-Anglican Thanksgiving Service, 1908, &c.
TUNE. *Nun Danket.*

HARVEST

344 Paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. 7.7.7.7.

1 PRAISE, O praise our GOD and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
And blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. See No. 12. TUNES. *Moreland*, and *Harts*.

345

7.7.7.7.

'I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Hab. iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:

2 For the blessings of the fields
For the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

4 These to Thee, O God, we owe:
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise. Amen.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772.

In her *Poems*, 1773. For additl. verses see 3 C. H. and 3 H. C. Mrs. Barbauld is perhaps best known by her lines on Life, written when she was over 70:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
Then steal away; give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

TUNES. Same as for No. 344.

346

Eight 7's.

'They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.' Isa. ix. 3.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
LORD of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the LORD our GOD shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, LORD, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home. Amen.

DEAN ALFORD, 1844.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1844. The above is the last version of the author, in his *Year of Praise*, 1867, and as in most hyls. A. & M. '68 has this note: 'Considerable alterations have been made without the author's sanction.' See Nos. 264, 384, 494.

The interesting account of the writer in *Bodine* has the following quotations from his biography: 'Among his papers was found the following memorandum: "When I am gone, and a tomb is to be put up, let there be, besides any indication of who is lying below, these words, and these words only, 'Diversorium Viatoris Hierosolymam Proficientis,' i. e. the inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem."'

There is room for one other quotation, one of the most notable in all sacred literature, the most exalted utterance of his exalted life, namely, the words with which he concluded his great work on the New Testament Scriptures, referring first of all to the Book of the Revelation of St. John:

'I have now only to commend to my gracious God and Father this feeble attempt to explain the most mysterious and glorious portion of His revealed Scripture; and with it, this my labour of now four and twenty years, herewith completed. I do it with humble thankfulness, but with a sense of utter weakness before the power of His word, and inability to sound the depths even of its simplest sentence. May He spare the hand, which has been put forward to touch His Ark; may He, for Christ's sake, forgive all rashness, all perverseness, all uncharitableness, which may be found in this book, and sanctify it to the use of His Church—its truth, if any, for teaching; its manifold defect, for warning. My prayer is

and shall be, that in the stir and labour of men over His word, to which these volumes have been one humble contribution, others may arise and teach, whose labours shall be so far better than mine, that this book and its writer, may ere long be utterly forgotten.'

TUNE. *St. George.*

347

8.7.8.7.D.

'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.' Ps. lxv. 11.

1 TO Thee, O LORD, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration;
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, LORD, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
CHRIST'S golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected!

4 O blessèd is that land of GOD,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending! Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1864.

In *Hys. for the Service of the Church*, 1864 (for St. Raphael's, Bristol). See No. 94. ll. 3, Bapt. has with approval of writer, '*Before Thee thankfully* we lay.' The last verse is the beautiful ending to Sir John Stainer's fine anthem, *Ye shall dwell in the land*. TUNE. *Golden Sheaves.*

348

P.M.

'The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest them their meat in due season.' Ps. cxlv. 15.

1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from Matthias Claudius (1782) by JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL.

Translⁿ. contributed to Rev. C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs*, 1861. iii. 5, 7 as in most hyls. S.C.H., Sc., Bapt., and Cong., have as in 1861:

No gifts have we to offer
But that which Thou desirest.

For an account of the German original, see *Julian*, 237.

TUNE. *Wir pflügen.*

349

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest . . . shall not cease.' Gen. viii. 22.

1 GOD the FATHER, Whose creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.

2 GOD the WORD, the sun maturing
With his blessèd ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O everlasting Morn,
Thee in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee that liftest up our horn.

3 GOD the HOLY GHOST, the showers
That have fattened out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadowed out the grace that dowers
All the faithful of Thy train.

4 When the harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel-proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Sink to woe, or glory win;

5 Grant that we, or young, or hoary,
Lengthened be our span or brief,
Whatsoe'er the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory
As Thine own elected sheaf.

6 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE, and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1859.

Printed as a leaflet 'Harvest Hymn' by Masters in 1859; reprinted in his *Original Sequences, Hymns, &c.*, 1866. Doxology as in No. 362. TUNE. *St. Pancras.*

350

7.7.7.6.

'Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.'
St. Matt. vii. 17.

1 THE year is swiftly waning,
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal FATHER,
No time or change canst know.

3 O pour Thy grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
LORD, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace;
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. See notes on No. 219. TUNE, *Resignation*.

351

P.M.

'Behold, a sower went forth to sow.' St. Matt. xiii. 3.

1 THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through days of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And warmed by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.
O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
O fair to Him the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear CHRIST's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away. Amen.

REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE, 1874.

In *Church Bells*, Oct. 3, 1874. Text as in A. & M. '04, as required by owners of copyright.

TUNE. *St. Beatrice.* 'There is a touching little story connected with the writing of the music to this hymn, which I have the composer's permission to record here. It appears that the Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*, having purchased from Mr. Bourne the copyright of the words, sent them to Dr. Bridge of Westminster Abbey, with the request that he write a tune for them. The MS. reached Dr. Bridge during a time of

much trouble and anxiety, for his little girl, Beatrice, lay dying. Sitting by her bedside, the composer read the words, and as he watched the little life ebbing away, he composed the tune, which so admirably suits the hymn. In memory of his little daughter he named the melody, St. Beatrice' (*F. A. Jones*, 240).

352

10.10.10.10.

'Hearken unto the cry and the prayer which Thy servant prayeth before Thee.' 2 Chron. vi. 19.

1 HEAR us, O LORD, from heaven Thy dwelling-place:
Like them of old, in vain we toil all night,
Unless with us Thou go, Who art the Light;
Come then, O LORD, that we may see Thy face.

2 Thou, LORD, dost rule the raging of the sea,
When loud the storm and furious is the gale:
Strong is Thine arm; our little barques are frail:
Send us Thy help; remember Galilee.

3 Our wives and children we commend to Thee:
For them we plough the land and plough the deep;
For them by day the golden corn we reap,
By night the silver harvest of the sea.

4 We thank Thee, LORD, for sunshine, dew, and rain,
Broadcast from heaven by Thine almighty hand—
Source of all life, unnumbered as the sand—
Bird, beast, and fish, herb, fruit, and golden grain.

5 O Bread of Life, Thou in Thy Word hast said,
Who feeds in faith on Me shall never die!
In mercy hear Thy hungry children's cry,—
FATHER, give us this day our daily bread!

6 Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear love,
That we may reap contentment, joy, and peace;
And when at last our earthly labours cease,
Grant us to join Thy harvest home above. Amen.

WM. HENRY GILL, 1896.

i, ii, iii, and vi in his *Manx National Songs*, 1896; iv, v added in English *Methodist H. B.*, 1904. This hymn was inspired by the petition in the Manx *Book of Common Prayer*, 'That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use, the kindly fruits of the earth, and to restore and continue to us, the blessings of the sea, so as in due time we may enjoy them.' The Compilation Committee of B. C. P. found a general desire for this hymn and *Jesus, Saviour, pilot me* (518). They will no doubt be found specially useful in seafaring communities.

TUNE. *Peel Castle.*

FOR NATIONAL OCCASIONS

353

6.6.4.6.6.6.8.

'And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.' 1 Sam. x. 24.

1 GOD save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

The following verse may also be sung.

3 Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore. Amen.

HENRY CAREY, c. 1742 (vv. 1, 2).

ii of orig. in 3 C. H., H. C., Cong.; not in A. & M. '04, Can. Pr., Sc., Eng. Meth.; but the original reads 'on *Him* our hopes *are fix'd, O*'.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

Julian, 437, 1566, has a full and most interesting account of the history of words and tune, too lengthy to quote. The tradition that the melody was written by Dr. John Bull in 1607 is discussed. The tune is also used as a National Air in Denmark and Prussia, and in America is sung to *My country 'tis of Thee*. It is in the *Harmonia Anglicana*, undated, but about 1742, with the usual melody, and with two verses, i, 'God save our Lord, the king'; ii, 'O Lord our God, arise'. The verse, 'Thy choicest gifts,' is from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745.

354

L.M.

'As the garden of the Lord.' Gen. xiii. 10.

1 PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

In Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick's *Select Hymns*, 1871. i. 4, altd. by writer from '*bold* and free.' See Cong. for additl. verse. See notes on No. 27. Tune. *Duke Street.*

355

8.7.8.7.D.

'Let the people praise Thee, O God.' Ps. lxvii. 3.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face, Thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our king.

2 Peace and health, and every blessing,
Are Thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before Thy throne:

Young and old, O God, before Thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our land, and save our king.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favoured nation
May those mercies ever last;
And Thy servants still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praise will sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people, bless our king. Amen.

Jesse Cadman, 1825.

Written in 1825 for a musical festival at York, and printed in James Montgomery's *Sheffield Iris*. Appeared in E. Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833. Tune. *Austria*.

356

7.6.7.6.D.

'Let the people praise Thee, O God: let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.' Ps. lxvii. 5, 6.

1 FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
To Thee shall tribute yield.

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand;
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in lovingkindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day;
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show;
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord. Amen.

Rev. Robert Murray, 1880.

In the *Hyl. of the Presb. Ch. in Canada*, 1880. This hymn is much used at missionary services. See No. 305.

Tune. *Morning Light.*

357

8.7.8.7.D.

'The throne is established by righteousness.'
Prov. xvi. 12.

1 O KING of kings, Whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,
Before Whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting;
While all the shining courts on high
With angel-songs are ringing,
O let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

2 For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing—
'Tis Thou hast dowered our Empire's throne
With countless years of blessing.

3 Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
O teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory. Amen.

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1897.

Written for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897. ii. 7, '*our queenly*'; ii. 8, '*sixty years*'. Printed as a pamphlet 'to be used in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales,

and in the Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, upon Sunday the Twentieth day of June, 1897'. It has st. iii:

O royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning!
O happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurled,
All tyrant wrongs repelling;
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling!

This was the last hymn of Bishop How (1823–97). See No. 219.

TUNE. *Bishopgarth* (named after the Bishop's house at Wakefield), an epoch-marking tune, one of the last composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who died 1900. The profits, £202, arising from its sale, were given to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund. In sending the tune to Bishop How, he said, 'It is not a part-song, nor an exercise in harmony. It is a tune which I hope every one will be able to pick up quickly and sing heartily.' In the B. C. P. it is also set to *For My sake and the gospel's* (300), and to *Great God, to Thee our hearts we raise* (361).

358

Six 8's.

'Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God.'
Deut. viii. 11.

1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
LORD GOD of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, LORD. Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

In the *Times*, July 17, 1897. Appeared as the 'Recessional' in his *Five Nations*, 1903. The allusions in the hymn are to the incidents in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and especially to the Procession and the Naval Review.
TUNES. *Recessional*, and *Blanchard*.

FOR THE CHURCH

359

Six 8's.

'Hold fast the form of sound words.' 2 Tim. i. 13.

1 FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! &c.

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! &c. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1849.

In the *St. Wilfrid's H. B.*, 1849, and in his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849. See No. 36. The version he wrote for Ireland has:

3 Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall keep our country fast to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
O we shall prosper and be free.

TUNES. *Blanchard*, *Sovereignty*, and *Faith of our Fathers*.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A CHURCH

360

L.M.

'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary.' Isa. lx. 13.

1 O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

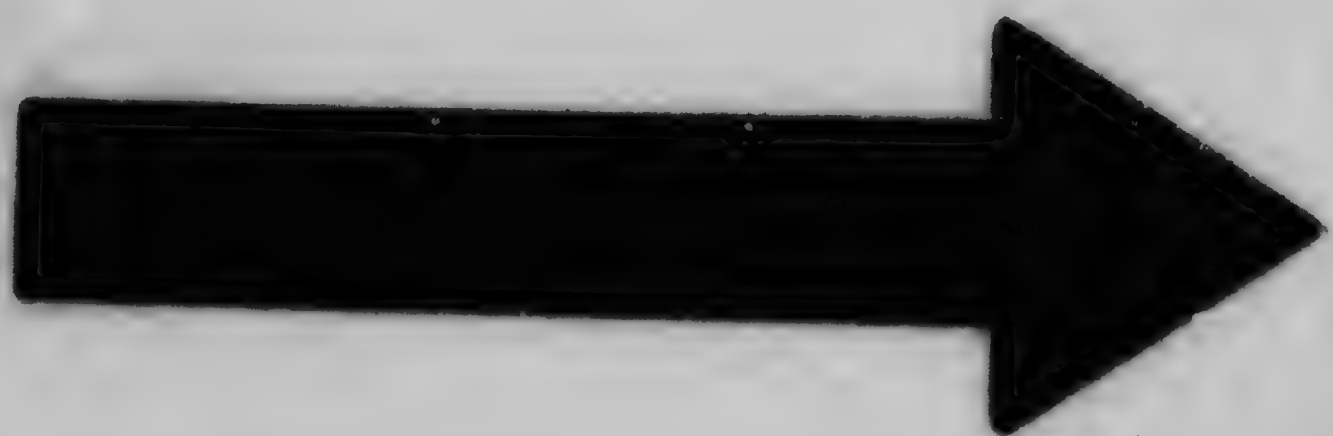
4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed TRINITY. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1843.

In his *Hys. for the Young*, 1843. Text as in A. & M. '61. See notes on No. 34. TUNE. *Melcombe.*



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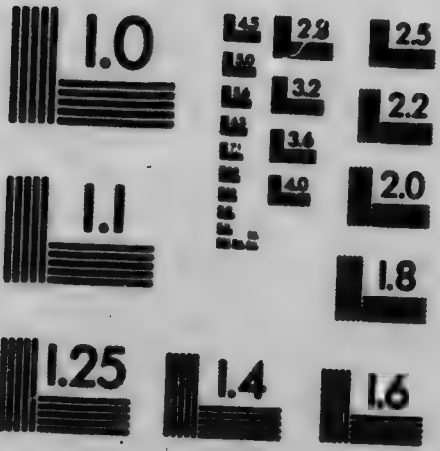

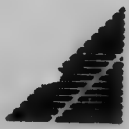

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DEDICATION OF SPECIAL OFFERINGS

361

8.7.8.7.D.

'The holy city, new Jerusalem.' Rev. xxi. 2.

1 GREAT GOD, to Thee our hearts we raise
In joyful adoration;
With saints above we hymn Thy praise
In notes of exultation:
They, round Thy throne a shining throng,
Stand, Thy dread might confessing:
We at Thy feet pour forth our song,
And humbly seek Thy blessing.

2 To Thy great glory, LORD, we place,
Within Thy shrine most holy,
These hallowed gifts, Thy courts to grace,
With thankful hearts and lowly.
Accept, we pray, these works of love,
And seal them Thine for ever:
Thy gracious unction from above
Pour Thou on gifts and giver.

3 Fountain of good, and GOD of love
Dwelling in light supernal;
Of all Thy gifts from heaven above,
Grant us the life eternal.
And when within this shrine we kneel,
Our sacred Master meeting,
O may our hearts His presence feel,
And joy in heavenly greeting.

4 GOD of our fathers, Thee we hail,
One GOD from everlasting,
While saints their crowns within the veil
Before Thy throne are casting.
On us and ours, O LORD, we pray,
In joy and in affliction,
Shed forth Thy SPIRIT, day by day,
In hallowing benediction. Amen.

CANON JULIAN, 1898.

Written in 1898, for the dedication of a chancel screen and credence table in Wincobank Church, Sheffield, where Canon Julian was then vicar; printed in *Church Hys.*, 1903. He is the editor of Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, the standard work upon the subject, the sub-editor being Rev. James Mearns, to whose painstaking revision the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P. and the compiler of these notes owe a special debt of gratitude. He wrote also, *O God of God! O Light of Light* (569). TUNE. *Bishopgarth.*

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

362 PART 1. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

'Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone.' Eph. ii. 20.

1 BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride dost earthward move;

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy LORD shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for CHRIST's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE, and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

See No. 368.

363 PART 2.

1 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation
CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone
Chosen of the LORD, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of GOD on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
GOD the ONE in THREE adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O LORD of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Sh d within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE, and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'Urbs beata Hierusalem', is ancient, perhaps of the 7th cent. In the oldest manuscript which contains it (a Pontifical of the 8th cent. for use at Poitiers, now in the Arsenal Library at Paris), it is appointed to be used as a Processional at the Blessing of the Font on Holy Saturday, i. e. Easter Eve. There the last three verses were omitted, and in their place were given the lines:

Fonte prolem salutari chrismatis et unguine
Candidatam et ornatam, virgo mater, afferens,
Quam superna proles patris Christus coelo accipit.

But this does not prove that the last three verses are later; it rather suggests that at Poitiers they were set aside in favour of what seemed more appropriate to the occasion. The otherwise universal use has been for the Dedication of a Church, and for this the last three stanzas are entirely suitable.

Dr. Neale's version is in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1851; here it is given as rewritten in A. & M., '61, except that there, i. 6 is, 'as a bride *to earth dost* move,' as in 1851.

TUNES. *Urbs beata*, and *Oriel*.

RESTORATION OF A CHURCH

364

8.7.8.7.D.

'The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former.' Hag. ii. 9.

1 LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving,
Tread with songs the hallowed way,
Praise our fathers' GOD for mercies
New to us their sons to-day!
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past,
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging GOD,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
LORD, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;—
'Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!'
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
'This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight.'

4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,
Guide us all to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

5 Praise to Thee, Almighty FATHER;
Praise to Thee, Eternal SON;
Praise to Thee, all-quickening SPIRIT;
Ever-blessèd THREE in ONE!

Threefold power and grace and wisdom;
Moulding out of sinful clay
Living stones for that true temple,
Which shall never know decay. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1869.

Written in 1869 for the reopening of St. Helen's Church, Tarporley, Cheshire. In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. iv. 4 as in Am.; 'Guide *its choir*' in orig. See No. 27. Tunes. *Rex Gloriae*, and *Deerhurst*.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

365

8.7 8.7.D.

'Look down from Thy holy habitati[illegible] . . . and bless Thy people.' Deut. xxv.. 15.

1 LORD, behold us with Thy favour
As we bless Thy Holy Name
For Thy grace and love and mercy,
Still from age to age the same.
We are sinful, Thou art Holy,
Thou in Heaven, on earth are we;
Yet we dare to come before Thee,
Dare to lift our hearts to Thee.

2 Praise we render for the blessings,
All unnumbered as the sand,
From Thy treasury exhaustless
Showered by Thy gracious hand;
For the Father's love creating,
For the Saviour's cleansing tide,
For the Spirit's grace we praise Thee,
Made, redeemed, and sanctified.

*3 For the font's renewing waters,
For the altar's Feast Divine,
Ministered in changeless order
By the sacred threefold line;
For Thy Spirit's Holy Unction,
For the Word's prophetic page,
For Thy Church's creeds undying,
Her enduring heritage;

For the memories we treasure,
That to this our Home belong,
Hours of sweet and high communion
Matin prayer and Evensong;

For the lessons Thou hast taught us—
Taught by joy and taught by pain—
LORD, for all Thy countless blessings,
We uplift our festal strain.

5 Thankfully our hearts remember
Whom our eyes no longer see,
Knowing, though the veil conceals them,
They with us are one in Thee;—
Ever one, for One our FATHER,
One our Church, and one our creed,—
They who worshipped here before us,
One with us their latest seed.

6 Grant us Thine own Royal Priesthood,
LORD, like them to work, to pray,
In Thy world and in Thy temple
Sacrificing day by day;
Then—our earthly worship ended,
And our earthly labour done,—
Bid us worship, bid us labour
There, where work and prayer are one.
Amen.

CAROLINE WELCH, 1908.

Written for the annual reunion of Bishop Lightfoot's students at Auckland Castle in 1889. Revised 1895 for the Dedication Festival of the Church of the Venerable Bede, Gateshead, England, of which the author was vicar. See notes on No. 276. TUNES. *Rex Gloriae*, and *Deerhurst*.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES

366

S.M.

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Gal. vi. 2.

1 O PRAISE our GOD to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

4 LORD, may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.'

5 O praise our GOD to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. See No. 12. TUNE. *St. Michael.*

TEMPERANCE

367 L.M.

'Keep thyself pure.' 1 Tim. v. 22.

1 KEEP thyself pure! CHRIST'S soldier, hear,
Through life's loud strife the call rings clear.
Thy Captain speaks: His word obey;
So shall thy strength be as thy day.

2 Keep thyself pure! When lusts assail,
When flesh is strong and spirit frail,
Fight on—a fadeless crown thy meed—
Thy body as thy captive lead.

3 Keep thyself pure! Thrice blessèd he
Whose heart from taint of sin is free.
His feet shall stand where saints have trod;
He with rapt eyes shall see his GOD.

4 Keep thyself pure! For He Who died,
Himself for thy sake sanctified.
Then hear Him speaking from the skies,
And victor o'er temptation rise.

5 O HOLY SPIRIT, keep us pure,
Grant us Thy strength when sins allure;
Our bodies are Thy temple, LORD;
Be Thou in thought and act adored. Amen.

ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE, 1907.

The author is a daughter of the late Rev. D. Wynne Willson, Rector of Hanborough, Oxfordshire; she was scholar and assistant tutor at Somerville College, Oxford; married Rev. H. P. Plumptre, formerly professor at Wycliffe College, Toronto, afterwards assistant to Bishop Carmichael at St. George's

Church, Montreal, and now Vicar of Redlynch, near Salisbury. The hymn was written in 1907, and is now published for the first time. TUNE. *Pentecost.*

368

8.7.8.7.6.7.

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' 1 Cor. iii. 16.

1 TEMPLE of GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT,
Not my own, this human frame,
Purchased by my SAVIOUR'S merit
For the glory of His Name—
Not my own—
For the glory of His Name.

2 Temple of GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT,
Temple builded for my GOD,
Not for self and flesh to mar it,
Spotless keep His fair abode—
Not my own—
Spotless keep His fair abode.

3 SAVIOUR, give me of Thy SPIRIT,
Holiness I crave from Thee;
Thine own beauty, let me wear it,
Clothe me in Thy purity—
Not my own—
Clothe me in Thy purity. Amen.

REV. ROBERT M. MILLMAN, 1908.

The writer (born 1878) was assistant at St. Anne's Church, Toronto, 1908 to 1909, and then left for the mission field to take up educational work in Tokio, Japan. The writer of these notes met Mr. Millman on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1906, and said to him, 'If you want to immortalize yourself, write a dignified and useful temperance hymn. The Committee have searched in vain through collections with such names as *Crystal Fountain*, &c., and have found nothing. They do not take kindly to hymns with refrains of the "drip, drop, drip" variety which such books are so much addicted to.' Mr. Millman went to his study, and in about an hour posted the above hymn to the Committee, anonymously, and it was shortly afterwards accepted. In the meantime Mr. Millman, considering that a hymn upon such a subject deserved more thought and care, was at great pains and spent much time upon the writing of another hymn, which he submitted under a different pseudonym. The above hymn, which was the inspiration of the moment, was retained and the other was not accepted.

TUNE. *Even me.*

369

7.6.7.6.D.

'He that is begotten of God keepeth himself.'
1 John v. 18.

1 O LORD, our strength in weakness,
We pray to Thee for grace,
For power to fight the battle,
For speed to run the race;
When Thy baptismal waters
Were poured upon our brow,
We then were made Thy children,
And pledged our earliest vow.

2 CHRIST with His own Blood bought us,
And made the purchase sure;
His are we; may He keep us
Sober, and chaste, and pure.
He, GOD in Man, has carried
Our nature up to Heaven;
And thence the HOLY SPIRIT
To dwell in us has given.

3 Conformed to His own likeness,
May we so live and die,
That in the grave our bodies
In holy peace may lie:
And at the Resurrection
Forth from those graves may spring
Like to the glorious Body
Of CHRIST, our LORD and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessed,
For they shall see the LORD,
For ever and for ever
By seraphim adored;
And they shall drink the pleasures,
Such as no tongue can tell,
From the clear crystal river,
And Life's eternal well.

5 Sing therefore to the FATHER,
Who sent the SON in love;
And sing to GOD the SAVIOUR,
Who leads to realms above;
Sing we with saints and angels,
Before the heavenly throne,
To GOD the HOLY SPIRIT;
Sing to the THREE in ONE. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1881.

Written in 1881 for the Lincoln Diocesan *Manual* of the Girl's Friendly Society. There, and in the *Members' Hymnal* of the Church of England Temperance Society, it has six verses. Text as in A. & M. '89, which omits eight lines. ii. 1, orig. 'With His own Blood He bought us'; ii. 8, '*is* given.' See No. 44. TUNE. *Chenies.*

370 FOR MOTHERS

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'God sent forth His Son, made of a woman.' Gal. iv. 4.

1 LORD of life and King of glory,
Who didst deign a child to be,
Cradled on a mother's bosom,
Throned upon a mother's knee:
For the children Thou hast given
We must answer unto Thee.

2 Since the day the blessèd Mother
Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore,
Thou hast crowned us with an honour
Women never knew before;
And that we may bear it meetly
We must seek Thine aid the more.

3 Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient,
That in all we do or say
Little souls our deeds may copy,
And be never led astray;
Little feet our steps may follow
In a safe and narrow way.

4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight
And new powers of sacrifice:
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.

5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That when all the work is over
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

Amen.

CHRISTIAN BURKE, 1904.

First printed in the *Treasury*, Feb., 1904, headed 'Prize Hymn for a Mothers' Union Service'. Her poems are collected in *The Flowering of the Almond Tree, and other Poems*, 1896.

TUNE. *Dismissal.*

371

8.7.8.7.7.7.

'Mary the mother of Jesus.' Acts i. 14.

1 GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, Who didst honour
Womankind as woman's son;
Very Man, though GOD-begotten,
And with GOD the FATHER one;
Grant our womanhood may be
Consecrated, LORD, to Thee.

2 JESU, Son of human mother,
Bless our motherhood, we pray;
Give us grace to lead our children,
Draw them to Thee day by day;
May our sons and daughters be
Dedicated, LORD, to Thee.

3 Thou Who didst with Joseph labour,
Nor didst humble work disdain,
Grant we may Thy footsteps follow
Patiently through toil or pain;
May our quiet home life be
Lived, O LORD, in Thee, to Thee.

4 Thou Who didst go forth in sorrow,
Toiling for the souls of men,
Thou Who shalt draw all men to Thee,
Though despised, rejected then;
Humble though our influence be,
Use it in the world for Thee.

*5 Bless our union: through its members
World-wide may Thy work be wrought;
Through the homes in every nation
Many to Thy fold be brought;
Fathers, mothers, children be
Led to live true life for Thee. Amen.

E. L. SHIRREFF, 1897.

Printed in 1897 in the Parish Magazine of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, London, where her husband, Rev. F. A. Shirreff, now of Sparsholt with Kingston Lisle, was vicar. Afterwards printed as a leaflet and on the *Almanac* of the Mothers' Union.
TUNE. *Motherhood.*

* This verse is suitable for meetings of the Mothers' Union.

FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE USE

372

PART 1. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

'The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.' Job xxviii. 28.

1 LORD, behold us with Thy blessing
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear;
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.

2 For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way;
LORD, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day;
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

3 Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart;
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their FATHER art.

4 Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare;
Thou, our SAVIOUR,
Still our failing strength repair. Amen.

PART 2.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that 's lost may all retrieve;
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy SPIRIT grieve.

2 Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure;
Pure and blameless may it be;
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

3 By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish
By Thy mightier power restrained;
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

4 Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store;
Those returning,
Make more faithful than before. Amen.

Rev. H. J. Buckoll, 1843.

Printed in *Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Chapel of Rugby School*, 1843. He was one of the masters with Dr. Thomas Arnold. Tune. *Dismissal.*

FOR QUIET DAYS, OR A RETREAT

373 10.10.10.10.

'Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while.'
St. Mark vi. 31.

1 COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

2 Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

3 Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

4 Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink;
The Bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the Wine of love to drink.

5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven. Amen.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1875.

In his *Songs in the House of Pilgrimage*, 1874, and in *Hyl. Comp.*, 1876. See No. 600. Tune. *Morecambe.*

374

C.M.

'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' Isa. xxx. 15.

1 WITH weary feet and saddened heart,
From toil and care we flee,
And come, O dearest LORD, apart
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 The courts of heaven were lost to view,
The world had come between;
But here the veil is rent in two;
We see the things unseen.

3 Our sins, in Thy pure light descried,
Stand out in dread array;
But here in Love's absolving tide
Their guilt is washed away.

4 With strife of tongues distraught and worn
Our troublous way we trod;
But cast ourselves, this holy morn,
Into the peace of GOD.

5 And oh, what depth of joy, as thus
We bend the trembling knee,
To know that Thou art one with us,
And we are one with Thee. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1889.

In A. & M. '89. See Nos. 219 and 357.
TUNES. *St. Frances*, and *Manoah*.

375

FOR THE PARISH

7.6.7.6.D.

'Now the God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do His will.' Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O LORD, to Thee;
Thy grace alone can save us,
To Thee alone we flee.
We come for this our parish,
Thy mercy to implore;
On church, and homes, and people,
O LORD, Thy blessing pour.

2 Blot out our sins, O FATHER,
Forgive the guilty past;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

3 O bless and keep the faithful,
That they may stand secure;
Unharmed by Satan's malice,
And steadfast, meek, and pure.
With heavenly Food supported,
O be they firm and strong,
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

4 LORD, banish strife and variance,
Knit sundered hearts in one;
And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear SON.
O FATHER, bless our parish,
That all may grow in grace,
And love Thee daily better,
Until we see Thy face. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

In *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. Bishop Walsham How, like Rev. John Ellerton, excelled in his hymns for special occasions. But he did not attempt to follow George Wither of the 17th cent., who wrote 'A Hymn for a House-warming', 'For a Widower or Widow delivered from a Troublesome Yoke-fellow', 'A Hymn whilst we are washing'. See Nos. 219 and 357. TUNE. *Barton.*

PROCESSIONAL

376 6.5.6.5.D.

'Behold, I have given Him for . . . a leader and commander to the people.' Isa. lv. 4.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on CHRIST'S soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way—
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on CHRIST'S soldiers
To their home on high!

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high. Amen.

Rev. T. J. Potter, 1860.

In *Holy Family Hymns*, 1860. Here as rewritten in the Supplement of 1866 to Morrell and How's *Ps. and Hys.*, which has been followed in most modern hyls., some of which have:

3 Pattern of our childhood, once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy, pure and meek and mild.
In the hour of danger whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour, only unto Thee?

The writer was a Roman Catholic. Little of his original is left in the 1866 revision; only one line unaltd. in the above.

Tunes. *St. Theresa*, and *Vexillum*.

377

P.M.

'Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.' Eph. vi. 10.

We march, we march to victory with the Cross of the LORD before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above, and His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 WE come in the might of the LORD of light,
In reverent train to meet Him,
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him.
We march, &c.

2 Our sword is the SPIRIT of GOD on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword the Incarnation.
We march, &c.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, &c.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of CHRIST before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, &c. Amen.

REV. G. MOULTRIE, 1865.

In the *Church Times*, Aug. 19, 1865, and in his *Hymns and Lyrics*, 1867. 1. 2 as in Am.; 'A *joyous host* to meet Him' in Am. Meth.; orig. 'In *surpliced* train'. TUNE. *The Good Fight.*

378

P.M.

'Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand.' Eph. vi. 11.

March on, march on, O ye soldiers true, in the Cross of CHRIST confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met, and the LORD His own is guiding.

1 THROUGH earth's wide round, let the tidings sound,
Of the LORD Who came from heaven;
Of the mighty hope, that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.
March on, &c.

2 We march to fight with the powers of night
That have held the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart shall forget its smart,
And shall hail a joyful morrow.
We fight with wrong, and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from each ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of tyrants vanish.
March on, &c.

3 Long wears the fight, but the GOD of right
Though unseen is ever near us;
And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
Till the sunrise broad of the day of GOD
Shall declare the victor's glory,
And the world shall rest in her LORD confessed,
And shall sing the finished story.
March on, &c. Amen.

ELLA S. ARMITAGE, 1887.

In the *Congregational Church Hymnal*, 1887. The writer is a Congregationalist. See *Julian*, 1606. TUNE. *Vallance*.

379

6.5.6.5.D.

'Him hath God exalted . . . to be a Prince and a Saviour.' Acts v. 31.

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
JESUS, King of glory,
JESUS, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His suffering ended,
Joyfully we sing;
JESUS hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His FATHER'S side.

Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
JESUS, King of glory,
Has gone up on high.
All His suffering, &c.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
JESUS ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His suffering, &c. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1871.

In her *Under the Surface*, 1874. *Julian*, 441, has the following account of the writing of this hymn:

'When visiting at Perry Barr, F. R. H. walked to the boys' schoolroom, and being very tired she leaned against the playground wall, while Mr. Snepp (editor of *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1872) went in. Returning in ten minutes he found her scribbling on an old envelope. At his request she gave him the hymn just pencilled, "Golden harps" &c. Her popular tune *Hermas* was composed for this hymn. *Hermas* was the tune she sang as "the pearly gates opened" for her, June 3, 1879'.

See Nos. 380 and 382. TUNES. *Wharncliffe*, and *Deva*.

380

6.5.6.5.D.

'He that is not with Me is against Me.' St. Matt. xii. 30.

1 WHO is on the LORD's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the LORD's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the LORD's side,
SAVIOUR, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;

But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom JESUS nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the LORD'S side,
SAVIOUR, we are Thine!

3 JESUS, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the LORD'S side,
SAVIOUR, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the LORD'S side,
SAVIOUR, we are Thine! Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1877.

In her *Loyal Responses*, 1878. v of orig. (see Can. Pr. 252):

Chosen to be soldiers in an alien land,
'Chosen, called and faithful' for our Captain's band,
In the service royal let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal, noble, true and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us by Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side, Saviour, always Thine.

TUNE. *Rosmore.*

381

5.5.6.5.D.

'That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee.' St. John xvii. 21.

1 JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.
We the cross are bearing,
Once on JESUS laid;
We the prayer are praying,
That our Master prayed.
JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

2 Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day;
When the Church uniting,
In one host shall fight,
'Gainst the power of darkness
In the LORD's own might.
JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

3 Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace;
Peace from GOD the FATHER,
Peace from GOD the SON,
Peace from GOD the SPIRIT,
From the THREE in ONE.
JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

4 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When the world is vanquished
By the Church made one;

East and west together
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

5 Praise we GOD the FATHER,
Praise the SON Who died,
Praise Him Who doth ever
In the Church abide;
Praise through endless ages,
In that Heaven be done,
Where the THREE bear record,
And the THREE are ONE.
JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee. Amen.

HENRY JENNER, 1870.

Written 1870, first used Sept. 15 at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, London. Here as in *Additional Hymns*, 1903. TUNE. *Wharncliffe.*

382

6.5.6.5.D.

'Rejoice in the Lord alway.' Phil. iv. 4.

1 ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou GOD of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!
On our way rejoicing,
As we onward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou GOD of love.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for GOD and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
CHRIST without, our safety,
CHRIST within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way, &c.

4 Unto GOD the FATHER
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto GOD the SAVIOUR
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto GOD the SPIRIT
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.
On our way, &c. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1862.

From *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 1863, 'First Sunday after Trinity; Acts viii. 39.' Text as in 2 C. H., Am., and Cong., which vary somewhat from original. See notes on No. 117.

TUNES. *Hermas*, and *Onward Christian Soldiers*. The former by Frances Ridley Havergal, a musician as well as a poet. She called many of her hymn tunes after the friends of St. Paul: *Epaphroditus*, *Hermas*, *Epenetus*, &c. See No. 386.

383

6.5.6.5.D.

'He went forth conquering, and to conquer.' Rev. vi. 2.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before.
CHRIST, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices;
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before. Amen.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 1864.

Written on the Friday before Whitsunday, 1864. Text as in the *Church Times*, Oct. 15, 1864 (as Hymn for Procession with Cross and Banners), exc. iii. 7, 'one in hope, *in* doctrine.' Written for the children of his mission at Horbury Bridge, Eng., for a procession from one village to another on school-feast day. The writer, born 1834, is one of the most versatile men of his time. Novels, biographies, histories, poetry, curious myths, and many other books from his pen are so numerous that his name is appended to more works in the British Museum than that of any other living writer. He wrote *Lives of the Saints*, in fifteen vols.; *The Origin and Development of Religious*

Belief; *Yorkshire Oddities*; *Sermons*, &c. In the B. C. P. are his hymns: *Now the day is over* (71ν); *Through the night of doubt and sorrow* (650); *On the resurrection morning* (592); *My Lord in glory reigning* (706). The last line of the refrain in Ir., Can. Pr., and 2 H. C., is '*Looking unto Jesus Who is gone before*'. Bishop Bickersteth in 3 H. C. kept orig. as above and wrote: 'An objection has been taken by some, but this line only echoes the language of our baptismal service, "We do sign this child with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ Crucified and manfully to fight under His banner." The felicitous variation of the *Irish Hymnal* adopted by many others has received the permission of the author.' ii. 1, 'At the *Name of Jesus*' in 2 and 3 H. C., Ir., Can. Pr.; ii. 1, '*legions* flee' in Sc.; iii. 3, '*Though divisions harass*, all one body we' in A. & M. '04. TUNE. *St. Gertrude*

384

6.5.6.5.D.

'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.'
Exod. xiv. 15.

1 FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By JEHOVAH led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of JESUS,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day:
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error;
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our GOD prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:

Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our GOD abideth;
That fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold
Thither, onward thither,
In JEHOVAH'S might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

5 To the FATHER'S glory
Loudest anthems raise;
To the SON and SPIRIT
Echo songs of praise;
To the LORD JEHOVAH,
Blessed THREE in ONE,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light. Amen.

DEAN ALFORD, 1871.

In his *Life*, 1878, p. 526. In the life of Rev. J. G. Wood, the eminent naturalist, his son tells the story of this hymn:

'In 1868 my father attended the Canterbury festival and was much shocked to see the slovenly, and even irreverent behaviour of those who, of all men, should have known better. Walking up the centre of the choir of the cathedral itself might be seen clergy, arrayed in full canonicals, carrying an ordinary tall hat in one hand, and with a gaily dressed lady on either arm. The alms at the festival service itself, instead of being presented at the altar, were deliberately and openly placed in a hat, and so carried off to the Chapter House. And all else was conducted on similar principles.'

After describing his father's efforts to secure an orderly service, Mr. Wood proceeds:

'Hitherto the surpliced portion of the choir... had straggled hurriedly into the choir, mutely and untidily.... My father wished a good and solid processional hymn. His chief difficulty was the attitude of Dean Alford.... By dint of much perseverance my father carried his point, and then incontinently followed up his victory by suggesting that the Dean himself should write a processional hymn for the occasion, and compose the music also. The Dean was a little overcome by the audacity of the proposal, but finally consented; and shortly afterwards my father received a very admirable hymn with the Dean's compliments. This, however, good as it was, was by no means the kind of hymn which he wanted; so he wrote off again to the Dean, pointing out that the hymn, while excellent in its way, was not all adapted to be sung upon the march. Would he kindly go into his cathedral, walk slowly along the course which the procession would take, and compose another hymn as he did so? The result was that grand hymn beginning, "Forward be our watchword!" The MS. was sent with a humorous little note that the Dean had written the hymn and put it into its hat and boots, and that Mr. Wood might add the coat and trousers for himself. The Dean had written the music also, but only the treble and bass. The original poem has ninety-six lines, throughout which the theme is the entry of the Israelites into the Promised Land; including:

5 Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us gleams the FATHER'S face.
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary, till the eye be light.

6 Into GOD'S high temple onward as we press
Beauty spreads around us, born of holiness;
Arch and vault and carving, lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy, prayer and praise alone;
Every thought upraising to our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble, round the throne of light.

7 Naught that city needeth of these aisles of stone;
Where the Godhead dwelleth, temple there is none;
All the saints that ever in these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding on the children's food.
On through sign and token, stars amidst the night,
Forward through the darkness, forward into light.

TUNE. *St. Alban.*

385 S.M.

'Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord.' Ps. cxlviii. 12.

1 REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
GOD'S wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their FATHER's home,
Jerusalem the blest.

9 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

10 Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The LORD Whom we adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

DEAN E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1865.

In his *Lazarus*, 2nd edn., 1865. He was a very versatile scholar. A translator of Dante, Aeschylus, Sophocles; a poet, *Lazarus*; *Master and Scholar*; *Things Old and New*; a theologian, *The Spirits in Prison*; a biographer, *Life of Bishop Ken*; a biblical critic; a hymn-writer. Text as in A. & M. '68, which changed i. 3 and ix. 3, from 'Your *orient* banner'. One stanza from orig. is omitted:

3 Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn and chant and song,
Through gate and porch and column'd aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

TUNES. *Marion*, *Festal Song*, and *King Edward*.

386

7.6.7.6.D.

'He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him.' Ps. xlv. 11.

1 O SAVIOUR, precious SAVIOUR,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy LORD and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious LORD and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O SON of GOD, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious LORD and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our SAVIOUR and our King. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1870.

In her *Under the Surface*, 1874, and in Snepp's *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1872. Line 2 of refrain altd. in Am. to 'To Thee, *O Christ*'. Nearly 100 of her hymns are in common use; see *Julian*, 497, 1645. In the B. C. P. are fourteen, including *Who is on the Lord's side* (330); *I could not do without Thee* (491); *Lord, speak to me* (540); *Thy life was given for me* (564); *Take my life and let it be* (621); *Thou art coming, O my Saviour* (646); *To Thee, O Comforter Divine* (655); *I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus* (757). TUNE. *Zoan.*

GENERAL HYMNS

387

Paraphrase of Psalm c. L.M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the LORD our GOD is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

REV. WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

In Day's *Psalter*, 1560–1, and the Anglo-Genevan *Psalter* of 1561. i. 3 as in orig.; 'serve with *mirth*' in some hyls., follg. the *Scottish Psalter* of 1650, which took it from the C. M. version given in older English psalters; ii. 1 as in orig.; some hyls. follow *Scottish Psalter* and have 'Know that the Lord': in ii. 3, A. & M. '04 and 3 C. H. restore orig. 'We are His *folk*', which A. & M. '04 says, 'has the figure and point of a Hebrew parallelism, gradually developing the metaphor of "We are His *people*, and the sheep of His pasture". The modern corruption has used up the metaphor at the beginning.' *Julian*, 44, says: '"Folck," changed to "flock," was probably a printer's error to begin with. It is found as early as 1585.' The doxology is by Dr. Neale. The author was a protestant exile with Knox at Geneva, 1557, one of the translators of the Geneva Bible, became rector of Childe Okeford, Dorset, 1565, and died there early in 1594. He took part with Sternhold in the 'Old Version' of the Psalter. See No. 111. No English hymns of earlier date than the 16th cent. are to be found in modern hyls. See No. 107.

TUNE. *Old Hundredth.* This is now sung with even notes

throughout. For orig. version see No. 616. *Lightwood* has an interesting chapter on 'The Rise of Modern Psalmody', which gives the history of the Genevan *Psalter* in which this tune first appeared in 1551. In the same chapter is a description of the book in which 'Amen' was first used. Its full title was: '*Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sinne*, comprehending the Seven Psalmes of the Princelie Prophet David, commonlie called Penitentiall, framed into a form of familar praiers and reduced into meeter by William Hunnis, one of the gentlemen of her Majesties honourable Chapell, and maister to the children of the same. Whereunto are also annexed his handful of honisuckles; the poore widowe's mite; a dialogue between Christ and a sinner; divers godlie and pithie ditties with a Christian Confession of and to the Trinity, newly printed and augmented 1588.'

388

L.M.

Paraphrase of Psalm c.

1 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Here as in *Ps. of David*, 1719. See No. 45. Watts's first version was in his *Horae Lyricae*, 1706 and *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. John Wesley recast the first two lines, in his *Ps. and Hys.*, Charlestown, 1737, from the orig. second verse:

Nations attend before His throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy.

The follg. from 1719 is in Am., Sc., Bapt., and Cong.:

We are His people, we His care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

iv. 8, in some hyls. '*must* stand', as in 1719. In 1706 Watts wrote i and ii thus:

Sing to the Lord with Joyful Voice;
Let every Land His Name adore;
The British Isles shall send the Noise,
Across the Ocean to the Shore.

With Gladness bow before His Throne,
And let His Presence raise your Joys,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
And form'd our Souls, and fram'd our Voice.

TUNE. *Old Hundredth.*

389

Paraphrase of Psalm cxvii. L.M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

vv. 1 and 2, REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.
v. 3, BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1692.

From his *Ps. of David*, 1719. See Am. Meth. for two verses added by John Wesley. This is a paraphrase of Ps. cxvii, the shortest psalm, the shortest chapter in the Bible: 1 'O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.' 2 'For his merciful kindness is great towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.'

TUNE. *Old Hundredth.*

390

'The time is short.' 1 Cor. vii. 29. D.S.M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons wane,
And we shall be with those that rest
Till CHRIST shall come again:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1842.

First printed as a leaflet; then, in his *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1844. Many hyls. have:

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that sweet day, &c.

i. 2 and 4 as in 2 C. H.; orig. '*seasons come*', '*Asleep within the tomb*'. For a fine description of Bonar's personality, see *Duffield*, 169. About 100 hymns by Bonar are in common use. The B. C. P. contains nine, including *Thy way, not mine, O Lord*

(654); *I heard the voice of Jesus say* (497); *Far down the ages now* (449); *Go, labour on* (290); *Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face* (244).

Rev. H. N. Bonar, son of the author, writes that the oft-repeated statement that hymns were never used in his father's church is not true. At first at the evening services, and afterwards at the morning services, hymns were sung, and Psalms and Paraphrases were not in exclusive use.

One of his most famous hymns is *When the weary, seeking rest* (Can. Pr. 406), modelled on the pattern of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple: 'What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man . . . which shall know . . . his own plague and his own sorrow . . . hear Thou from heaven Thy dwelling place' (2 Chron. vi. 29, 30).

When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling place on high.

The following news-item recently appeared:

'Edinburgh has been celebrating the centenary of the birth of Horatius Bonar, whose hymns are sung in nearly every church. Perhaps *A few more years shall roll* is the best loved of them all. One of his hymns is set to music by John Baptiste Calkin. The first stanza is:

Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

Tunes. *Chalvey*, and *Leominster*.

391

P.M.

'The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.' Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why?—his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth. Amen.

Tr. (1831) from the German of Rev. Martin Luther by Thomas Carlyle.

Translu. in *Fraser's Magazine*, Jan., 1831. The German was probably written in 1529, before the Diet of Speyer (Spires), when the evangelical princes delivered their protest—hence 'protestant'.

1 Ein feste burg ist unser Gott,
ein gute wehr und waffen,
Er hilfft unns frey aus aller not
die uns ytzt hat betroffen.
Der alt böse feind
mit ernst ers ytzt meint,
gros macht und viel list
sein grausam rüstung ist,
Auff erd ist nicht seins gleichen.

2 Mit unser macht ist nichts gethan,
wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es streit fur uns der rechte man,
den Gott hat selbs erkoren.

Fragstu, wer der ist?
er heist Jhesu Christ,
der Herr Zebaoth,
und ist kein ander Gott,
das felt mus er behalten.

3 Und wenn die welt vol Teuffel wehr
unnd wolt uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir unns nicht zu sehr,
es sol uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser welt,
wie sawr er sich stellt,
thut er unns doch nicht,
das macht, er ist gericht,
ein wörtlin kan yhn fellen.

4 Das wort sie sollen lassen stahn
und kein danck dazu haben,
Er ist bey unns wol auff dem plan
mit seinem geist und gaben.
Nemen sie den leib,
gut, ehre, kindt unnd weib,
las faren dahin,
sie habens kein gewin,
das reich mus uns doch bleiben.

For the common account of the origin of this hymn, see Heinrich Heine:

'A battle hymn was this defiant song, with which he and his comrades entered Worms (April 16, 1521). The old cathedral trembled at these new notes, and the ravens were startled in their hidden nests in the towers. This hymn, the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation, has preserved its potent spell even to our days, and we may yet soon use again, in similar conflicts, the old mailed words.'

Of Luther *Breed* says: 'He who gave to the people in their own tongue the Bible and the catechism, gave them also the hymn-book, as one has well said, "So that God might speak directly to them in His Word, and that they might directly answer Him in their songs."' The effect of Luther's hymns is shown by the well-known saying, 'The whole people is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine.'

To those who tried to dissuade him from going to the Diet at Worms he replied: 'If there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the roofs, I would go and not be afraid' (see stanza iii, above). No doubt the reason why there are comparatively few transins. of German hymns sung in English-speaking countries is because they are written in a style and metre which suits the German but not the English style of music. For a most interesting account of this hymn, see *Julian*, 823. There are more transins. of this than of any other German hymn. Carlyle's is the most faithful and

forcible; Godfrey Thring's *A fortress sure is God our King* perhaps the most suited for popular use.

The tune also was written by Luther. Mendelssohn made a wonderful use of it in the 'Reformation Symphony'. It is introduced by Meyerbeer into his opera, *Les Huguenots*, and by Wagner into his *Kaisermarsch* (*Julian*, 328, *Lightfoot*, 5).

392

8.7.8.7.

'Looking unto Jesus.' Heb. xii. 2.

1 ALL for JESUS—all for JESUS,
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope, nor SAVIOUR,
If we have not hope in Thee.

2 All for JESUS—Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

3 All for JESUS—at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear LORD, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament.

4 All for JESUS—Thou hast loved us;
All for JESUS—Thou hast died;
All for JESUS—Thou art with us;
All for JESUS crucified.

5 All for JESUS—all for JESUS—
This the Church's song must be;
Till, at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee. Amen.

REV. W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON, 1887.

In Stainer's *Crucifixion*, 1887.
TUNES. *All for Jesus*, and *Slingsby*.

393

8.7.8.7

'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.' Rom. viii. 28.

1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love. Amen.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

In his *Hymns*, 1825. He wrote also *In the Cross of Christ I glory* (496). He was a Unitarian, and one of the most brilliant men of his time—a statesman, philanthropist, biographer, publicist, linguist, historian, financier, naturalist, poet, and political economist. Tunes. *All for Jesus*, and *Stingsby*.

394

'King of kings, and Lord of lords.' Rev. xix. 16. C.M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him Whose blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1785.

In the *Gospel Magazine*, April, 1780, and then in his *Occasional Verses*, 1785. The variations in the text of this hymn are too

numerous to mention, scarcely any two hyls. being alike, and none keeping the orig. See *Julian*, 41.

TUNES. *Miles' Lane*, published with the words in 1780; *Coronation*, the favourite tune in America; and *Mirfield*. The little pipe organ on which *Coronation* was first played in 1786 is in the historical rooms of Old State House, Boston.

395 C.M.

'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' St. Matt. xi. 28.

1 ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress,

2 JESUS, Who gave Himself for you
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred heart;
O to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly He invites;
Ye hear His words so blest;
'All ye that labour come to Me,
And I will give you rest.'

4 O JESUS, Joy of saints on high,
Thou Hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words
To Thee we lift our prayer.

5 Wash Thou our wounds in that dear Blood
Which from Thy heart doth flow;
A new and contrite heart on all
Who cry to Thee bestow. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin by REV. E. CASWALL.

As in A. & M. '75. The Latin, beginning 'Quicumque certum quaeritis', is apparently of 18th cent. It is the Breviary hymn for Vespers in the Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

TUNES. *St. Bernard*, and *Childhood*.

396 C.M.

'Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.' Jer. xv. 16.

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

Anne Steele, 1760.

In her *Poems*, 1760. Orig. has twelve stanzas, of which Eng. Meth. has two addit'l. Tunes. *St. Bernard*, and *Childhood*.

397

8.7.8.7.D.

'Thou art a Priest for ever.' Ps. cx. 4.

1 ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! King Eternal,
Thee the LORD of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, Heaven Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to JESUS!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood. Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1866.

In his *Altar Songs*, 1867, and in A. & M. '68. iii. 1, 'of *angels*' in some hyls.; v. 5, '*holy* Sion' in some hyls.; iv omitted in some hyls. TUNES. *Alleluia*, and *Eucharistica*.

398 11.10.11.10.

'The Ancient of days did sit . . . and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him.' Dan. vii. 9, 10.

1 ANCIENT of days, Who sittest throned in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy FATHER, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas, dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy JESUS, Prince of Peace and SAVIOUR,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always. Amen.

Bishop W. C. Doane, 1886.

The present Bishop of Albany (consecrated 1869) writes to the compiler of these notes: 'This hymn was written in 1886, for the bicentenary celebration of the charter which made Albany a city, the first chartered city in America. Mr. Jeffery (an English musician) wrote the tune, he having been at the time organist of the cathedral here. Later on I changed and modified it for more general use, and it was put into our hymnal.' The text as in his *Rhymes*, 1902. See No. 19.

Tune. *Ancient of Days.*

399

C.M.

'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power.' Rev. iv. 11.

1 AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect GOD is He,
And He is fully OURS.'

7 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

CANON BRIGHT, 1865.

In his *Hymns*, 1866. See No. 7. TUNE. *Weybridge.*

400 P.M.

'Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.' Rev. iv. 11.

1 ANGEL-voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
LORD of might!

2 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

3 In Thy house, great GOD, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

4 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Blessèd TRINITY!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. Amen.

REV. F. POTT, 1861.

The *Guardian*, Feb. 20, 1861, p. 172, has a notice of the opening of the new organ on Quinquagesima Sunday (Feb. 10) in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Wingate, near Bolton-le-Moors, Lancs. It says, 'The most effective piece of singing in the course of the day was that of a special hymn, *Angel-voices ever singing*, to which Dr. Monk of York had kindly written a very spirited tune.' The Rev. W. K. Macrorie, afterwards (1869) Bishop of Maritzburg, Natal, was then vicar.

The above final revision is as required by the author, who makes it a condition that it be not set to the tune by Sullivan, which Mr. Pott thinks was evidently written 'with the first stanza alone in his mind, and the rest of the hymn is in contrast therewith'. Mr. Pott has, however, permitted a reference to Sullivan's popular tune, which is printed as the tune for No. 776.

TUNE. *Angel Voices* (Monk).

401

C.M.

'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'
St. John vi. 37.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where JESUS answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O LORD, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding Place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name! Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See No. 13. Am. Meth. has an additl. verse. The author, writer of the well-known hymn *Though troubles assail*, once said: 'My course of study, like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted in walking the hospital.' (Hence his hymns are always practical.) 'Much depends,' he used to say, 'on the way we come into trouble; Paul and

Jonah were both in a storm, but in very different circumstances.' He wrote his own epitaph in St. Mary Woolnoth, London :

John Newton, clerk,
Once an infidel and libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long laboured to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney, in Bucks ;
And years in this Church '.

TUNES. *St. Agnes*, and *Abridge*.

402

C.M.

'O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths : that my footsteps slip not.' Ps. xvii. 5.

1 BE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call ;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread ;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O LORD, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail ;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail. Amen.

REV. I. WILLIAMS, 1842.

Hymns on the Catechism, 1842, in the singular ; one of the hymns on the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Wrote also *Lord in this Thy mercy's day* (108). TUNES. *St. Agnes*, and *Abridge*.

403

8.5.8.3.

'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' St. Matt. xi. 28.

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
Be at rest !'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
'Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!'
Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek, 8th cent., by
Rev. J. M. Neale.

Dr. Neale gave this under the name of St. Stephen (725–94), called the Sabaite because he was of the monastery of Mar Saba near Jerusalem; and as from a hymn, beginning *Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον*, in the Greek service book called the Octoechus. No such hymn can be found in the modern editions of the Octoechus, or indeed elsewhere; nor has any one been able to discover that St. Stephen wrote anything at all corresponding to the English hymn. In the preface to the 1866 edn. of his *Hys. of the Eastern Church* Dr. Neale said, 'The hymns at pp. 206, 209 (i.e. *O happy band of pilgrims*, and *Safe home, safe home in port*), 'and *Art thou weary*, contain so little that is from the Greek, that they ought not to have been included in this collection.'

iii. 1, Ir. and 2 C. H. have, 'Is there crown of royal splendour'; iv. 2, '*my portion* here' in 2 C. H.; vii. 3 as in A. & M., 3 C. H.; 'Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs' in H. C., Am., Am. Meth., Cong., Bapt., Eng. Meth.; 'Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs' in Ir.; 'Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets' in Can. Pr., Sc.

Ann. H. C. says, 'The thought seems to demand the response to come from those who have themselves struggled in the warfare with sin; and the Prayer Book avoids attributing higher honour to celibacy than to marriage.'

St. Sabbas, the founder of the monastery of Mar Saba, in the valley of the Kedron, died A. D. 532. The monastery still stands, and wolves and jackals still gather in the rocky gorge below, to eat the offal flung to them from the monks. St. Stephen lived there in the 8th cent. The structure of the hymn is antiphonal, the first half of each verse being a question, and the second the answer. It is sung antiphonally with great effect, especially in gatherings of children, the boys and the girls asking the question in turn, and all joining in the answer. The question may be sung by a soloist, and the answer by the choir and congregation. Mr. Duffield relates how this hymn was used with effect in a tale, *Cape Cod Folks*, by Sally Pratt McLean:

'It is the duet which George Olver and Benny Cradlebow sing together as they are mending the boat, just before Cradlebow's heroic death.

"By and by, him and George Olver struck up a song. I've heern 'em sing it before, them two. As nigh as I calc'late, it 's about findin' rest in Jesus, and one a-askin' questions, all fa'r and squar', to know the way and whether it 's agoin' to lead thar straight or not, and the other answerin'. And he—he was a-tinkerin', 'way up on the foremast. George Olver and the rest of us was astern, and I'll hear to my dyin' day how his voice came a-floatin' down to us thar—chantin' like it was—cl'ar and fearless and slow. So he asks, for findin' Jesus, ef thar 's any marks to foller by; and George, he answers about them bleedin' nail-prints, and the great one in His side. So then that voice comes down ag'in, askin' if thar 's any crown, like other kings, to tell Him by; and George, he answers straight about that crown o' thorns. Then says that other voice, floatin' so strong and cl'ar, and if he gin up all and follered, what should he have? What now? So George, he sings deep o' the trial and the sorrowin'. But that other voice never shook, a-askin' and what if he halt to Him to the end, what then should it be, what then? George Olver answers, 'Forevermore, the sorrowin' ended—Death gone over.' Then he sings out, like his mind was all made up, 'And if he undertook it, would he likely be turned away?' 'And it 's likelier,' George answers him, 'that heaven and earth shall pass.' So I'll hear it to my dyin' day, his voice a-floatin' down to me from up above thar, askin' them questions that nobody could ever answer like, so soon he answered 'em for himself."'

In 1887 appeared a version of this hymn with eleven stanzas, The follg. four added stanzas were not, however, by Dr. Neale, or from the Greek:

5 Is this all He hath to give me
In my life below?
Joy unspeakable and glorious
Thou shalt know.

6 All thy sins shall be forgiven,—
All things work for good:
Thou shalt Bread of Life from Heaven
Have for food.

7 From the fountains of Salvation
Thou shalt Water draw;
Sweet shall be thy meditation
In God's Law.

9 Festal palms, and crowns of glory
Robes in Blood washed white,
God in Christ His people's Temple—
There no night.

TUNES. *Stephanos*, *St. Helen's*, and *Bullinger*.

404

C.M.

'My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God.'
Ps. xlii. 2.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O GOD, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal spring.

4 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is NOW,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

In the *New Version of the Psalms*, partly 1696, partly 1698. See No. 111. Orig. has eleven stanzas. See H. C., and Eng. Meth. Faithful Tate, father of Nahum Tate, wrote hymns. The follg. stanza by Faithful Tate displays a taste in hymns that has died out:

And though my skin feels soft and sleek,
Scarce can I touch my chin, my cheek,
But I can feel Death's jawbone prick
Even through my skin.

TUNES. *Spohr*, and *Martyrdom*.

405 C.M.

'Enoch walked with God.' Gen. v. 24.

1 O FOR a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

In R. Conyer's *Coll. of Ps. and Hys.*, 1772, and *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See Nos. 467, 479, 523, 524, 777. Most hyls. have also:

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

See interesting note in *Julian*, 1680. TUNES. As for No. 404.

406 6.5.6.5.D.

'God hath . . . given Him a Name which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.' Phil. ii. 9, 10.

1 AT the Name of JESUS
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the FATHER'S pleasure
We should call Him LORD,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty WORD.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it,
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

4 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the FATHER's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is GOD the SAVIOUR,
He is CHRIST the LORD,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

6 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this LORD JESUS
Shall return again,
With His FATHER's glory,
With His angel train;

For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now. Amen.

CAROLINE M. NOEL, 1870.

In her *The Name of Jesus and other Verses*, 1870. Cong. and Bapt. have additl. stanza. Some modern hyls. have at author's request, '*In* the Name of Jesus' (Rev. Ver., Philippians ii. 10). TUNES. *Evelyns*, and *Princethorpe*.

407 P.M.

'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' St. John i. 29.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of GOD!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my SAVIOUR let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced side.

2 Behold the Lamb of GOD!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of GOD!
All hail, Incarnate WORD,
Thou everlasting LORD,
SAVIOUR most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of GOD!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of GOD above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

In his *Hys. of the Heart*, 1848, where the first line of each verse was 'Behold the Lamb'. Here as altd. in A. & M. '61. See No. 443. TUNES. *St. John*, *Ecce Agnus*, and *Dignus est Agnus*.

408

S.M.

'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'
St. Matt. v. 8.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD;
The secret of the LORD is theirs,
Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.

2 The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 LORD, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1818.

From the poem on the Purification, in the *Christian Year*, 1827 (4), and recast in the *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836; i, iii by Keble, and ii, iv probably by Edward Osler (250). Here as in A. & M. '61, exc. iii. 1, 2, 'He to the lowly soul *Doth still.*' See No. 4. TUNES. *Franconia*, *Dennis*, and *Boylston*.

409

S.M.

'The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.' Acts iv. 32.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in JESUS' love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our FATHER'S throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When for a while we part,
This thought will soothe our pain;
That we shall still be joined in heart,
And one day meet again.

5 One glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day,

6 When from all toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Amen.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

In his *Hymns*, 1782. The above version adopts some variations in other hyls., and makes further changes in last three stanzas. The writer was a Baptist pastor in a small country church in England, where his salary was less than $4.00 a week, and his family and responsibilities large. He accepted a call to a great London church. His farewell sermon was preached, and his furniture loaded. His people in tears gathered round him, and begged him to stay.

Mr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on a packing-case, and cried with the others. Looking up, Mrs. Fawcett said:

'Oh, John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!'

'Nor I either,' said he; 'nor will we go. Unload the wagons, and put everything back in its old place.'

His letter of acceptance to the London church was recalled; and he wrote this hymn to commemorate the episode. See *Julian*, 148, 878, and *Duffield*, 72.

For a thrilling account of his last sermon, on 'I am this day going the way of all the earth', Josh. xxiii. 14, after the delivery of which he passed to 'our Father's throne' (ii. 1), see *Duffield*, 74. TUNES. *Franconia*, *Dennis*, and *Boylston*.

410 S.M.

'Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.' Ezek. xxxvii. 5.

1 BREATHE on me, Breath of GOD,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Until my heart is pure;
Until my will is one with Thine
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. Amen.

Rev. Edwin Hatch, 1878.

In his small and privately printed collection of poems, entitled, *Between Doubt and Prayer*, 1878. The author was an Anglican clergyman, and was from 1859 to 1862 Professor of Classics, Trinity College, Toronto. He was a theologian of repute and Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, 1867–85, and was Bampton lecturer, 1880. He died in 1889.

Tunes. *Breath of God*, and *Trentham*; the former by Dean Crawford, of Halifax, N.S., a member of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P.; the latter by Robert Jackson, organist at Oldham, England, for over forty years, succeeding his father who had been organist at the same church for nearly fifty years.

411

S.M.

'There shall be no night there.' Rev. xxi. 25.

1 THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesu, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

Rev. F. M. Knollis, 1859.

From *Lays of the Sanctuary*, 1859, for St. Michael and All Angels. Orig. had five stanzas of eight lines. Here as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871, v being by the compilers of *Church Hymns*.

Tunes. *Woolwich*, and *Ben Rhydding*.

412 PART 1. 7.6.7.6.

'Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' Heb. xiii. 14.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But He, Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 There grief is turned to pleasure:
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

8 There GOD, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

9 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

10 JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

413

PART 2. 7.6.7.6.D.

'The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.' Rev. xxi. 24.

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where knowledge has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of the distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

414 PART 3. 7.6.7.6.D

'A better country, that is, an heavenly.' Heb. xi. 16.

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is CHRIST.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

415

Part 4. 7.6.7.6.D.

'And the city was pure gold.' Rev. xxi. 18.

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin of Bernard of Cluny (1145) by Rev. J. M. Neale; rev. 1859.

412

1 Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.

2 O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
O retributio, coelica mansio stat lue plenis.

3 Sunt modo praelia, post modo praemia. Qualia? Plena:
Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque poena.

4 Spe modo vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone:
Nunc tribulatio, tunc recreatio, sceptra, coronae.

5 Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur, atque scietur:
Ipse videntibus atque scientibus attribuetur.

6 Mane videbitur, umbra fugabitur, ordo patebit;
Mane nitens erit, et bona qui gerit, ille nitebit.

7 Nunc tibi tristia; tunc tibi gaudia; gaudia quanta?
Vox nequit edere, lumina cernere, tangere planta.

8 Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decoro
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.

9 Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis.

10 A. & M. '61, not in the Latin.

413

1 *a* Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus:
1 *b* Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, aequa coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet.

2 *a* Curre, vir optime, lubrica reprime, praefer honesta,
Fletibus angere, flendo merebere coelica festa;
2 *b* Luce replebere iam sine vespere, iam sine luna,
Lux nova, lux ea, lux erit aurea, lux erit una.

3 *a* Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
3 *b* Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora Tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax rata sanctis.

4 *a* O sacra potio, sacra refectio, visio pacis,
Mentis et unctio, nullaque mentio ventris edacis!
4 *b* Hac homo nititur, ambulat, utitur, ergo fruetur;
Pax rata, pax ea, spe modo, postea re, capietur.

414

1 *a* O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur:
Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrimantur:
1 *b* Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus aethera mentibus ignis amoris.

2 *a* Tu locus unicus; illeque coelicus es paradisus:
Non ibi lacrima, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
2 *b* Lux tua, mors crucis, atque caro ducis est. Crucifixi:
Laus, benedictio, coniubilatio personat ipsi.

3 *a* Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo,
Sunt radiantia iaspide moenia, clara pyropo.
3 *b* Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus:
Est tua fabrica concio coelica, gemmaque Christus.

4 *a* Tu sine litore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.
4 *b* Ipse tuus Deus est lapis aureus, est tibi murus
Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.
4 *b* Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora.

415

1 *a* Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
1 *b* Nescio, nescio, quae iubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialis gaudia, gloria quam specialis.
2 *a* Sunt Syon atria coniubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena.
2 *b* Sunt ibi pascua mentibus affluа, praestita sanctis;
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
3 *a* From 2 *b* of Latin.
3 *b* Gens duce splendida, concio candida, vestibus albis,
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon aedibus, aedibus almis.

The text printed above is from a 12th cent. MS. (H) in the Brit. Museum (Harl. 4092), exc. in 412, vii, where it reads 'Non' (Nō), while another 12th cent. MS. (A) in the Brit. Museum (Add. 22287) reads 'Nunc' (Nc̄). The principal variations from Dr. Neale's text are in 415, ii, where Neale reads 'Stant Syon', and '*Est tibi* pascua *mitibus*,' but H. and A. read '*Sunt* Syon', and '*Sunt* ibi pascua *mentibus*'.

The author is called Bernardus Morlanensis in the printed edns., and hence Dr. Neale calls him Bernard of Morlaix in Brittany. Others think he was of Morlas, in the Basses-Pyrénées. The early MSS. call him Bernardus Morvallensis, which rather suggests Morval in the French Jura. But he calls himself 'French born', while in 1100 Morlaix was English territory and Morval was German territory. All that is certainly known of him is that he was a monk at Cluny about 1145 under Peter the Venerable (Abbot 1122 to 1156), to whom he dedicates his poem *De Contemptu Mundi*, beginning 'Hora novissima' (as in No. 413). The greater portion of the poem is a bitter satire on the wickedness of his times; but in the introduction there is a description of the joys of Heaven, which is the finest and sweetest in mediaeval literature. Various translators have rendered it in varying metres; Dr. Neale's transln., while free, is much the best to sing, and he has thereby enriched English worship with hymns which have won universal acceptance. Neale first translated a small portion in his *Mediaeval Hys.*, 1851; and in his *Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country*, 1859, gave a free version of the greater part of the description of the Heavenly Land. He ends his version in the middle of a couplet; i.e. Bernard wrote:

Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars Deus; eius es, et sis;
Rex tuus est tua portio, tu sua, ne sibi desis.

In the MS. H the couplets are written thus (see No. 415):

Patria lactea, cive dec ——ora
Omnibus obstruis et cor et ——ora

Nos. 412-415 are here given partly from Neale's 1851 version, partly from his 1859, and as arranged in A. & M. '61.

It is impossible to make a good transln. into English verse of the same metre. The first two lines of No. 413 have been literally translated:

These are the latter times,
These are not better times,
Let us stand waiting!
Lo, how with awfulness,
He first in lawfulness
Comes arbitrating.

But the Latin is excellent mediaeval, and its accent is so obvious and its rhythm so attractive and musical, that even one ignorant of Latin must be attracted by its rhymes and rhythm. The many variations of Neale's transln. in hyls. are to some extent accounted for by the fact that Neale wrote several versions, from which various selections have been made; e.g. No. 413, i. 7, 8, '*To terminate* the evil, *To diadem* the right'; No. 415, i. 6, 'What *social joys* are there'; ii. 2, '*Conjubilant* with song'. There has been some controversy over No. 413, iii. 2, where Neale wrote '*fear* no thorn', not the more obvious '*bear* no thorn', as a version of 'libera spinis'. See Isa. vii. 25. No. 414, ii. 5, orig. 'The *Cross* is'.

Tunes. *St. Alphege*, 412; *Holy Church*, 413; *Homeland*, and *Hora Novissima*, 414; *Ewing*, 415.

416 8.7.8.7.

'One cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy.'
Isa. vi. 3.

1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

2 Round the LORD in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;

3 'LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD.'

4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, Holy, Holy,'—singing,
'LORD of hosts, The LORD most high.'

5 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

6 'LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD.' Amen.

BISHOP R. MANT, 1837.

One of the original hymns in *Ancient Hys.*, 1837, where v. 3, 'Thus *conspire* we'. TUNE. *Redhead* No. 46.

417

11.10.11.10.

'Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.' 2 Pet. i. 19.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and SAVIOUR of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1811.

See Nos. 1 and 297. In *Christian Observer*, Nov., 1811, where ii. 2, 'His *bed*'; iv. 2, 'Vainly with *gold*'. The author in the preface to his *Hymns*, 1827, says that his hymns were for 'the Sundays

and principal holy days of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon'. He adds: 'No fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him Whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill understood and worse applied.' Monsell's *Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness* deserves comparison with this hymn.

TUNES. *Epiphany Hymn*, *Epiphany*, and *Verulam*. The first is an adaptation of one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'

418

C.M.

'He shall grow as the lily.' Hos. xiv. 5.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to GOD.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER'S shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1811, revised 1827.

See Nos. 1 and 297. As in his *Hymns*, 1827. It first appeared in the *Christian Observer*, April, 1812, in a different metre, and began:

By cool Siloam's shady *fountain*
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath *on yonder mountain*
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

i. 2, Am. has 'How *fair*'; ii. 3, '*tender* heart' in Carey Brock. The 1812 version had different stanzas for iv and v.

TUNES. *Belmont*, and *Naomi*.

419

'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' Rom. viii. 14. C.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we always be
In this poor dying state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

In *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. See Nos. 45 and 556. ii. 1, 'lifeless songs'. See Am. and Ir. for omitted stanza. iii. 1, 2 in orig.:

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?

Cong. has 'ever *live*'; Am. Meth., Eng. Meth., and Can. Pr.:

And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?

Tunes. *Belmont*, and *Naomi*.

420

'Casting all your care upon Him.' 1 Pet. v. 7. 6 5.6.5.D.

1 CAST thy care on Jesus,
Make Him now thy Friend,
Tell Him all thy troubles,
Trust Him to the end;
He is Man and Brother,
He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
Is the path He trod.

2 Cast thy care on Jesus,
Nothing is too small
For His vast compassion;
He can feel for all;

In the gloom and darkness
Clasp His living hand,
He will guide and cheer thee
Through the desert land.

3 Cast thy care on Jesus,
Tell Him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within;
He Himself was tempted,
And He pleads above
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through His love.

4 Cast thy care on Jesus,
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On His love repose;
But a short step further,
Nearer to His side,
Where thine eyes shall see Him
And be satisfied. Amen.

CANON FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, 1894.

The author, rector of St. Matthew's, Quebec, is a distinguished Canadian poet. He was a member of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P. He informs the compiler of these notes: 'This hymn was written at Drummondville, P. Q. I had had a letter from a dear friend in England, telling me that a specialist in London had just discovered that my friend was the victim of a malignant disease, and had not many more months to live. That night I could not sleep for thinking of him, and then the hymn came to me, and in the morning I wrote it down as it stands.' See No. 259. Dr. Scott's *Hymn of Empire* is well known. TUNE. *Eripe me.*

421

7.7.7.3.

'Watch and pray.' St. Mark xiv. 38.

1 CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one clear voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

In her *Morn. and Even. Hys. for a Week*, 1836. i. 2, 'Cast thy dreams of ease away' in Cong., Am. Meth., Eng. Meth., Can. Pr.; iii. 3 as in most hyls.; 'Ambushed *lurks*' in 3 C. H.; 'Near thee lurks' in Am. Meth., Ir.; iv. 2 as in most hyls.; 'Still they *watch*' in Am. Meth., Ir.; iv. 3 as in 3 C. H.; '*sweet* voice' in most hyls., as in orig.; '*deep* voice' in Am. Meth., Ir.; 'one *consent*' in Eng. Meth. See No. 528. TUNES. *Vigilate*, and *Agnitos*.

422

7.7.7.7.

'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs.' Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to GOD
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Sion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our LORD we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
CHRIST, the everlasting SON,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 LORD, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

In his *Sacred Hys.*, 1742. See H. C. and Am. Meth. for additl. stanzas. iv. 3 as in H. C., Ir.; 'Jesus Christ, your Father's Son' in orig. Tunes. *Newington*, and *Innocents*.

423

7.7.7.7.

'Thou shalt call His Name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins.' St. Matt. i. 21.

1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yea: none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

5 Jesu, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinners' Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from Nevers Breviary (1727) by Rev. John Chandler.

The Latin begins 'Victis sibi cognomina', and is a hymn for the Circumcision. Transln. as varied by A. & M. '61, which added the doxology. Tunes. *Newington*, and *Innocents*.

424

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'Christ Himself being the chief corner stone.' Eph. ii. 20.

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The THREE in ONE to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious GOD, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from the Latin of 8th cent. by
REV. JOHN CHANDLER.

The Latin begins, 'Angularis fundamentum', and is the second part of the *Urbs beata* (see No. 362). iii. 3, 'faithful *prayer*' in 1837; 'vow' in his *Hys. of the Church, mostly Primitive*, 1841.

TUNES. *Harewood*, and *Gopsal*, the latter (by Handel) called after the residence of Charles Jennens, who wrote the libretto of the *Messiah*.

425

8.7.8.7.D.

'God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.' Ps. xlvi. 5.

1 ROUND the Sacred City gather
Egypt, Edom, Babylon;
All the warring hosts of error,
Sworn against her, move as one:
Vain the leaguer! her foundations
Are upon the holy hills,
And the love of the Eternal
All her stately temple fills.

2 Get thee, watchman, to the rampart!
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword!
Be ye strong as ye remember
That amidst you is the LORD:
Like the night mists from the valley,
These shall vanish one by one,
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,
And the hate of Babylon.

3 But be true, ye sons and daughters,
Lest the peril be within;
Watch to prayer, lest, while ye slumber,
Stealthy foemen enter in:
Safe the mother and the children,
If their will and love be strong,
While their loyal hearts go singing
Prayer and praise for battle song.

4 Church of GOD! if we forget thee
Let His blessing fail our hand,
When our love shall not prefer thee
Let His love forget our land:—
Nay! to thee shall we be steadfast,
Though the world's foundations shake,
Love of thee is love for ever,
Love of thee for JESUS' sake.

5 Church of CHRIST! upon thy banner,
Lo, His Passion's awful sign;
By that seal of His Redemption
Thou art His, and He is thine:
From the depth of His Atonement
Flows thy sacramental tide:
From the height of His Ascension
Flows the grace which is thy guide.

6 GOD the SPIRIT dwells within thee,
His Society Divine;
His the living Word thou keepest,
His thy apostolic line.
Ancient prayer and song liturgic,
Creeds that change not to the end,
As His gift we have received them,
As His charge we will defend.

7 Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
In Whose will the Church at warfare
With the Church at rest is one;

So to Thee we sing in union,
GOD in earth and heaven adored,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Holy, Holy, Holy LORD. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1874.

Written in 1874 for the Church Defence Institution, and printed in *Church Bells*, Nov. 14, 1874, and his *Knight of Intercession*, 1877. A fuller form was made for a Choral Festival at Salisbury Cathedral in 1884, and this is in his *Hymns*, 1886. Here as he revised it for A. & M. '89.

TUNE. *Fairbank*, by Rev. Gilbert F. Davidson, Guelph, Ont., a member of the General Hymnal Committee, who took great interest, and gave much assistance, in the details of this hymnal.

426

'He only is my rock and my salvation.' Ps. lxii. 2. 6.7.6.7.D

1 PRAISE the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
CHRIST Himself the Corner-stone;
Vain against our rock-built Zion
Winds and waters, fire and hail;
CHRIST is her defence and bulwark:
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the SPIRIT'S unity,
Based on prophets and apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O LORD incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love;
Emblem of the heavenly Salem,
Our eternal home above.

3 Stands four-square that heavenly city,
Paved with gold like crystal bright;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolyte.
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts;
At its gates twelve angels stand;
On its wall twelve names are graven,
Of the apostles' chosen band.

4 Where Thou reignest, King of Glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
'Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night:

Soon may we those portals enter,
When this earthly strife is o'er;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

5 Join we now the voice of triumph
To the throne of glory sent,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the LORD Omnipotent;
Praise to Thee, Eternal FATHER,
Praise to Thee, Eternal SON,
Praise to Thee, Eternal SPIRIT,
While unending ages run. Amen.

CANON BENJAMIN WEBB, 1871.

Written for the *Hymnary*, 1871; here as revised for the *Westminster Abbey H. B.*, 1883. TUNE. *Surrum Voces.*

427 L.M.

'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with GOD.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to GOD, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

REV. SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

In his *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1720. In its original form (*Julian*, 246) this hymn is now scarcely known to the Church. Few hymns have been subjected to so many alterations. See A. & M., A. & M. '04, 2 C. H., H. C., Am., Ir., Bapt., Can. Pr., Cong. See *Duffield*, for interesting account of author, who notwithstanding a mental malady induced by his having unintentionally killed a robber, wrote much literature, including 166 hymns and the exposition of 1 Cor. in Matthew Henry's *Commentary*. TUNES. *Holley*, and *Intercession*.

428

'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.' L.M.
St. John xiv. 26.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry,
To Thee, the Gift of God most high,
The Fount of life, the Fire of love,
The soul's Anointing from above.

3 O Finger of the hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;
True promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

6 Praise we the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with Them One:
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow. Amen.

Tr. from the Latin, 10th cent., by Rev. E. Caswall, 1849; Bishop R. Mant, 1837; and R. Campbell, 1850.

The Latin, beginning 'Veni Creator Spiritus', probably of the 9th cent., has been ascribed to various authors, including Charlemagne, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory the Great, perhaps with the greatest probability to Rabanus Maurus (born at Mainz in Germany about 776, became archbp. there in 847, died there in 856). But there is no very definite evidence. By the end of the 10th cent. it began to be extensively used; and it soon passed into all the breviaries and hyls. of the Western Church, for use at Pentecost, at the Consecration of Bishops, the Ordination of Priests, &c. It ranks as one of the greatest of the mediæval hymns.

Julian, 1209, refers to fifty-one translns. of this hymn, including the C. M. version in the Prayer Book (The Ordering of Priests). The B. C. P. has also Bishop Cosin's L. M. translu. (435), which is also in the Prayer Book, and Dryden's *Creator Spirit, by Whose aid* (442). The above is as altd. in A. & M. '75.

Tunes. *Holley*, and *Intercession*.

429

C.M.

'I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne.' Rev. v. 11.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever Thine.

4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

In his *Hym. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. iv. 1, orig. '*The whole* creation.' TUNES. *Nativity*, and *Mayfield*.

430

L.M.

'The Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.' Ps. cxxxiii. 3.

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O GOD, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a FATHER'S love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, JESUS, LORD,
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.

3 Command Thy blessing, in this hour,
SPIRIT of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, SAVIOUR, Guide,
One true eternal GOD confessed,
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blessed.
Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1816.

Here as in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, exc. iii. 3, 'and *exulting* power.' Written, like many of his hymns, for a Whitsuntide Sunday-School gathering. See *Julian*, 255. See notes on No. 79.

TUNES. *Santa Trinita*, and *Holley*.

431

'He shall enter into peace.' Isa. lvii. 2. L.M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day!
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

4 O LORD, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee.
Amen.

REV. WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

In his *Ps. and Hys.* 1831. H. C. has:

3 There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

TUNES. *Santa Trinita*, and *Holley*.

432

'The Desire of all nations shall come.' Hag. ii. 7. 8.7.8.7

1 COME, Thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal SPIRIT
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.

In his *Hys. for the Nativity*, 1744. See notes on Nos. 6 and 507. TUNES. *Gotha*, *Love Divine*, and *Emmanuel*.

433

8.7.8.7.

'Visit me with Thy salvation.' Ps. cvi. 4.

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 JESU, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;

6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

In *Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption*, 1747. i. 1, Am., Ir., and H. C. have 'all *love*'; iii. 2, 'Thy *life*' in Am., Can. Pr., Sc., Bapt., as in orig.; iii. 3, Am. has '*Come to us, dear Lord*, and never'; iv. 1, 'would we' in Can. Pr.; v. 4, '*secured* in Thee' in Am. In Bapt. and Am. Meth. are two addtl. stanzas. See Nos. 6 and 507. TUNES. *Gotha*, *Love Divine* (from Stainer's *Daughter of Jairus*), and *Emmanuel*.

434

'I will not leave you comfortless.' St. John xiv. 18. 11.10.11.10.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of GOD, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove. Amen.

THOMAS MOORE, 1824 (*altd.*) and T. HASTINGS, 1832.

i and ii are in Moore's *Sacred Songs*, 1824, but i. 2, 'Come *at the shrine of God*'; ii. 2, 'Hope, *when all others die*'; iii. 3, '*in God's Name* saying.' The three verses are as in Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1832, exc. ii. 3, '*in mercy* saying'; iii. 3, 'Come to the feast *prepared*.' The above version is as in most hyls. Hastings is best known by his tune *Toplady* for *Rock of Ages* (608). Moore was the famous Irish song-writer; *Oft in the stilly night*, *Faintly as tolls the evening chime* (Canadian Boat Song), *Those Evening Bells*, are from his pen.

The tune *Consolation* has been wedded to it ever since the words were written. It is from Webbe's setting of *Alma Redemptoris mater*.

435

L.M.

'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.' St. John xiv. 26.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT. Amen.

Tr. (1627) from the Latin by Bishop J. Cosin.

Appeared first for 9 a. m. prayers in *Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627. In revision of Book of Common Prayer in 1661–2 Bishop Cosin took a prominent part; this hymn was inserted in the service for the Ordering of Priests, and in that for the Consecration of Bishops, as an alternative to the older version, which dates from Cranmer's time. The *Veni Creator* is thus the only metrical hymn expressly sanctioned by both Church and State for use in the Ch. of Eng. See No. 426.

TUNES. *Veni Creator*, *Come Holy Ghost*, and *Veni Creator* (Dykes).

436

7.6.7.6.D.

'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'
St. John vi. 37.

1 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessed voice of JESUS,
Which comes to hearts oppress;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of JESUS,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness
And songs the break of day.

3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of JESUS,
Which comes to end our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of JESUS,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which, though we be unworthy
Of love so great and free,
Invites us, very sinners,
To come, dear LORD, to Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1867.

In the *People's Hymnal*, 1867. W. Garrett Horder, in *The Hymn Lover*, says this 'is a most successful hymn of invitation, the most difficult subject to treat in verse, without a preaching, if not a pharisaic tone, making those who sing to pose as saints singing to sinners'. See notes on No. 94. ii. 1 as A. & M.; 'Come unto Me, *dear children*' in H. C., Cong., as in orig.; ii. 7, 8, as in orig. and in most hyls.; altd. by A. & M. to 'But He has brought us gladness, And songs *at* break of day'; iii. 3 as in A. & M.; '*peaceful* voice' in orig.; iii. 4 as in orig.; altd. by A. & M. to '*aid* our strife'; iii. 7 as in orig.; altd. by A. & M. to 'But *He has*'; iv. 5–8 has been rearranged as in A. & M. '04 and other recent hyls. It was originally in the somewhat involved form:

Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

The follg. version has been suggested:

Which calls us, though unworthy
Of love so great and free,
And bids us, very sinners,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

TUNE. *Come unto Me.*

437

7.6.7.6.D.

'They shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.' Ps. cii. 27.

1 O GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O LORD, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:

A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy SPIRIT brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

4 LORD, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

BISHOP R. H. BICKERSTETH, 1860.

As in *Hyl. Comp.*, 1870 (as rev. by author). It is founded on Ps. cii and on Ps. xc. See also Isa. xl. 8; 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.' See No. 600. TUNE. *Holy Church.*

438

S.M.

'He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.'
St. John xiv. 17.

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then guide to JESUS' Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of GOD.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete:
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and THEE. Amen.

REV. JOSEPH HART, 1759.

In his *Hymns*, 1759. The above is the most usual version. l. 8, 'Dispel the *darkness* from our minds, *And open all* our eyes' in Cong. and some other hyls. as in orig. The story of his life is in the preface to his *Hymns*; the twenty-seventh is an autobiography, entitled 'The author's own confession'. His funeral was attended by 20,000 persons. See an interesting account of him in *Duffield*, 100. TUNES. *Rhodes*, and *Carlisle*.

439

'Let them . . . commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.' 1 Pet. iv. 19. S.M.

1 COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the LORD rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

5 Thou seest our weakness, LORD,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

Tr. (1739) from the German of Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1653) by REV. JOHN WESLEY.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It is from *Befiehl du deine Wege* (first published in Crüger's *Praxis*, 5th edn., 1653), which is an acrostic on Luther's version of Ps. xxxvii. 5, each stanza beginning with a word from Luther's version. Many translns. have been made. The above is the finest. We may add that the German was not written by Gerhardt to console his wife when they were banished from Berlin; it was in print two years before his marriage. See Can. Pr., Sc., Cong., Bapt., and Ir. for additl. stanzas. Full version of sixteen stanzas is in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*. John Wesley excelled as a translator; Charles Wesley as a writer of original hymns. John Wesley's last words were from Watts's hymn, *I'll praise my Maker with my breath*. John Wesley became familiar with German hymns through his intercourse with the Moravians. He also wrote the translns.: *Lo, God is here* (554); *Thee will I love, my strength, my tower* (688); *Jesus, Thy Blood and righteousness* (519).

TUNES. *Rhodes*, and *Curtis*.

440

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'O praise the Lord of heaven: praise Him in the height.'
Ps. cxlviii. 1.

1 COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
GOD of GOD, the WORD Incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the LORD of Life to die,
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3 There, for us and our redemption,
See Him all His life-blood pour,
There He wins our full salvation,
Dies that we may die no more;
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where He was before.

4 High on yon celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built throne, all bright,
Midst unending alleluias
Bursting from the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

5 Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed;
Yea, He gives them Food immortal,
Gives Himself, the living Bread;
Leads them where the precious fountain
From the smitten rock is shed.

6 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransomed nations
Ye around His throne shall stand.

7 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

REV. JOS HUPTON, 1805; and REV. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

Hupton's version is in the *Gospel Magazine*, Sept., 1805 ('Come ye saints and raise'); Dr. Neale's recast in the *Christian Remembrancer*, July, 1862. Here as in A. & M. '68. TUNE. *Unser Herrscher.*

441

Six 7's.

'When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made: and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.' Ps. civ. 30.

1 COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come,
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine;
Come, Thou FATHER of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine:

2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 O most blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, LORD,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin by REV. E. CASWALL.

Greatly altd. by A. & M. '61 and again in A. & M. '75. Only eleven lines as Caswall wrote them. The orig. is one of the most perfect and beautiful of all the Latin mediæval hymns. It begins 'Veni Sancte Spiritus'. Its authorship is not certainly known, but it was evidently written not earlier than 1150, nor later than 1220, probably in Italy, about 1200. Archbp. Trench and other modern critics agree with Clichtovæus, 1516. 'It is above all praise, whether by reason of its wonderful sweetness, along with a most clear and flowing style; or by reason of its agreeable brevity, along with wealth and profusion of ideas, especially as almost every line expresses one idea; or, finally, by reason of the elegant grace of its structure, in which things contrasted are set over against each other, and most aptly linked together. And I well believe that the author (whoever he was), when he composed this piece, had his soul transfused by a certain heavenly sweetness, by which, the Holy Spirit being its author, he uttered so much sweetness in so few words.' One stanza of the orig. must suffice to show the difficulty of obtaining an adequate transln.:

Veni Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

On insufficient evidence it has been ascribed to Robert II of France (died 1031), who used to go to the church of St. Denis, and in his royal robes, with his crown upon his head, direct the choir, and join in the singing. It has also been ascribed to Stephen Langton (Archbp. of Canterbury, 1207), and, perhaps more probably, to Pope Innocent III (1161–1216). See *Julian*, 1212, 1721, who gives list of thirty-five transins.

TUNES. *St. Chrysostom*, and *Veni Sancte Spiritus*.

442

Six 8's.

'The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'
Gen. i. 2.

1 CREATOR SPIRIT, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The FATHER's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The FATHER and the SON by Thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty FATHER's Name;
The SAVIOUR SON be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal PARACLETE, to Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1693) from the Latin of 9th cent. by JOHN DRYDEN.

From *Miscellany Poems*, 1693. For note on Latin see No. 428. It will surprise some readers to meet Dryden as a hymn-writer. His controversial allegory, *The Hind and Panther* (the Hind = the Ch. of Rome; the Panther = the Ch. of Eng.), contributed nothing to true religion. He was a Roman Catholic. i. 3, '*pious* mind', and i. 6, '*Thy* temple' in orig. TUNE. *Barrington.*

448

'And on His head were many crowns.' Rev. xix. 12. D.S.M.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn:
The Shiloh long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's Stem;
The Shepherd King of Israel's fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail,
Throughout eternity. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1851.

In *Hys. of the Heart*, 2nd edn., 1851. The author, an Englishman (1800–94), spent the latter part of his life in Quebec. He left the Ch. of Eng. in 1848 and joined the Ch. of Rome. ii. 3 as in orig.; '*Whose conquering arm these* trophies won' in 3 H. C. and Ir.; ii. 5, 6, 7 as in 3 H. C. The orig. was:

Fruit of the mystic Rose
As of that Rose the Stem:
The Root whence mercy ever flows.

Ir. and 2 H. C. have other variations. The verse is omitted in some hyls. iii. 3, orig. '*Rich* wounds'; iii. 7 as in orig.; some hyls. have '*wondering* eye'. iv. 4 as in A. & M. and many

hyls.; 'Absorbed in prayer and praise' in orig. as in 2 C. H. Cong., &c. He wrote also *My God, accept my heart this day* (270), and *Behold the Lamb of God* (407). TUNE, *Diadematis.*

444

8.7.8.7.

PART 1.

'So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Ps. xc. 12.

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to GOD Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them
O that while we can we might!

3 JESU, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

O by Thy power
Grant, LORD, that we
At our last hour
Fall not from Thee;
Saved by Thy grace,
Thine may we be
All through the days of eternity. Amen.

PART 2.

'So soon passeth it away, and we are gone.' Ps. xc. 10.

5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

6 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

7 Jesu, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

8 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear:
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity. Amen.

Rev. E. Caswall, 1858, vv. 1-4.

Lines 1-16 from Caswall's *Masque of Mary*, 1858. Lines 17-22 from A. & M. '75 to replace orig. which was:

As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so will he die;
As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of eternity.

Stanzas v, vi in S. P. C. K., 1869, but here as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871, exc. v. 3, 'bygone years' for 'old year now', as in several hyls., to make hymn suitable for use throughout the year. The rest of part 2 is from *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. The author joined the Ch. of Rome in 1847; went in 1850 to the Birmingham Oratory to work among the poor and the young. His nephew, Robert Clarke Caswall, a Ch. of Eng. clergyman, at one time was engaged in work in Toronto; is now Archdeacon of Tennessee.

Tune. *St. Sylvester.*

445 8.6.8.8.6.

'That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.' 1 Tim. ii. 2.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER, 1872.

In his *Pennsylvania Pilgrim*, 1873. The text is as in the latest copyright edn. Can. Pr. has:

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
As fell Thy manna down.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–92), the distinguished American poet, was a Quaker, and it is curious that a member of the Society of Friends has contributed so much to hymnody when we remember that that society did not use hymns in public worship. See No. 672, and *Julian*, 1690.

TUNES. *Rest*, and *Newcastle*.

446

8.6.8.8.6.

'Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.'
St. Matt. xi. 28.

1 O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And Thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The LORD of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, JESUS, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 To save us by Thy precious Blood,
To make us one in Thee,
Thy thorny crown, Thy Cross, Thy strife,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
And ours the victory.

4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee. Amen.

CATHERINE E. MAY, 1858.

Probably written in 1856. First verse in Maurice's *Choral Harmony*, 1858 (a tune-book), the rest in Maurice's *Choral H. B.*, 1861. ii. 3, '*yield to Satan's* power' in orig.
TUNES. *Rest*, and *Newcastle*.

447

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

'Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.' Ps. xix. 4.

1 DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who chooseest for Thine
The weak and the poor:
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure;

2 Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The fire of Thy presence
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth,
'CHRIST JESUS is LORD!'
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanites' wall.

5 O loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O LORD,
From slumber of sin!
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
O may they illumine
Our spirits within!

6 All glory to Thee,
Who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love
The vast infinite!
And for us revealed
As ONE and yet THREE,
Dost call us from darkness
Thy glory to see! Amen.

Tr. (1836) from the Latin of Canon J. B. de Santeuil by REV. I. WILLIAMS.

Translin. in *British Magazine*, 1836. Here as altd. in A. & M. '61. The Latin, beginning 'Supreme quales Arbiter' is in Santeuil's *Hymni Sacri*, 1689, and the *Cluniac Breviary*, 1686. TUNES. *Houghton*, and *Hanover*.

448

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

'Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour.' Ps. civ. 1.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833.

In his *Sacred Poems*, 1839. Previously in an unauthorized text in E. Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, 1833. It is a paraphrase of Psalm civ. ii. 3, word 'the' not in orig., added for

metrical reasons in most hyls. vi. 3 as in most hyls.; '*Thy* humbler' in A. & M. '04; 'Thy ransomed' in A. & M., Ir.; vi. 4 as in A. & M. and Ir.; 'shall *stay*' in orig. and in most hyls. TUNES. *Houghton*, and *Hanover*.

449

S.M.

'Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.' 2 Pet. iii. 12.

1 FAR down the ages now,
Her journey not yet done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
And longs to reach her crown.

2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.

3 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, or poverty, or want,
Through peril or through blood.

5 Still faithful to our GOD,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom still in view. Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1856.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, April, 1856, and *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857. Here as altd. in A. & M. '89, exc. i. 2, 'Her journey *well nigh* done' (orig.). See notes on No. 390. TUNES. *St. Giles*, *Lyte*, and *St. Bride*.

450

S.M.

'My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is.' Psalm lxiii. 2.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER'S breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

Rev. H. F. Lyte, 1834.

In his *Spirit of the Psalms* (Ps. cxxxvii), which has:

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

This stanza is a paraphrase of 'As for our harps, we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' See No. 18.

Tunes. *St. Giles, Lyte,* and *St. Bride.*

451

8.M.

'He . . . offered one sacrifice for sins.' Heb. x. 12.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

In his *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd edn., 1709. ii. 2, Bapt. has 'guilt'; v. 4, orig. has 'bleeding love'. For an instance of the practical value of this hymn see *Duffield*, 387. See notes on Nos. 45, and 536. TUNES. *St. Giles*, *Lyte*, and *St. Bride*.

452

10.10.10.10.

'I will arise and go to my father.' St. Luke xv. 18.

1 FATHER, again in JESUS' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a FATHER'S home.

4 O by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells,
O by that Love which every love excels,
O by that Blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.
Amen.

LADY LUCY E. G. WHITMORE, 1824.

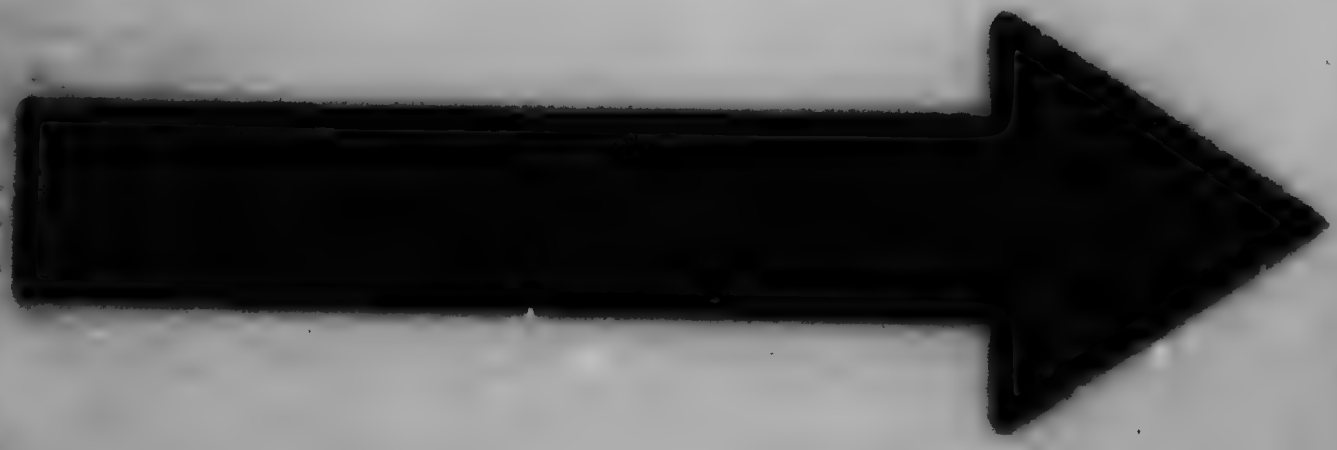
In her *Family Prayers*, 1824. Text as in *Hyl. Comp.* of Bishop Bickersteth, who was her godson. TUNES. *Dalkeith*, and *Penitentia*.

453

D.C.M.

'All the angels stood round about the throne.'
Rev. vii. 11.

1 FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
Hymn glory, LORD, to Thee.



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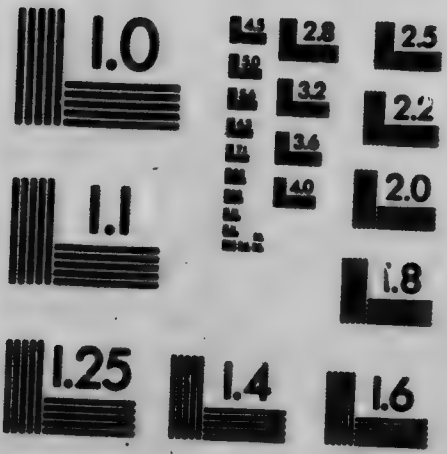

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2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
O may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

3 Here where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And serve Thee e'en as they;
With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own;
That childhood's flower and manhood's power
Be Thine and Thine alone. Amen.

DEAN FARRAR, 1856.

In his *Lyrics of Life*, 1859, as 'A School Chapel Hymn, St. Michael and All Angels'. Written when the author was a master at Marlborough College. His *Life of Christ*, *Eternal Hope*, and *Life of St. Paul*, are standard works. He is known to boys by his tales, *St. Winifred's*, *Eric, or Little by Little*, *Julian Home*, &c. He wrote various versions of this hymn. 1859 has i. 5, '*amaranth* crown'; i. 6, '*fiery* sea'; ii. 4, '*mercy* sings'; ii. 5, '*So* may'; iii. 4, '*And love*'; iii. 5, '*Teach us* to raise'; iii. 7, 'That boyhood's time and manhood's prime,' 'Till life's first flower and fullest power,' 'That boyhood's flower.' In *Laudes Domini* (Amer. Bapt.) appears a fine hymn by him:

Lord and Father, great and holy!
Fearing naught, we come to thee;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

Though the worlds in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens Thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
'Thou art Love and Love alone.'

TUNES. *Seward* and *St. Sylvester*, the former by L. A. Seward, an organist of Peterborough, Ont., now printed for the first time.

454

8.8.8.4.

'That they all may be one.' St. John xvii. 21.

1 FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, LORD, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.

2 O SON of GOD, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our GOD in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, LORD, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 In Thee we are GOD's Israel,
Thou art the world's Emmanuel,
In Thee the saints for ever dwell,
Millions, but one.

5 Thou art the Fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious Blood,
And feeding us with Angels' Food,
Making us one.

6 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

7 O SPIRIT Blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

8 O TRINITY in UNITY,
ONE only GOD, in Persons THREE,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

9 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.' Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1872.

Appended to *The Holy Year*, 1872. Written after the Church Congress at Nottingham, 1871. See No. 44. TUNE. *Huron.*

455

D.S.M.

'And so shall we ever be with the Lord.' 1 Thess. iv. 17.

1 'FOR ever with the LORD!'
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My FATHER's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 'For ever with the LORD!'
FATHER, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the LORD!' Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

In his *Poet's Portfolio*, 1835. Orig. has twenty-two stanzas of four lines each. H. C. and other hyls. have:

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
22 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.

Montgomery said that he had received more indications of approval of this hymn than any other, exc. *Prayer is the soul's sincere desire* (608). *Bodine*, 335, quotes from biography of Archbp. Benson a beautiful incident relating to this hymn. See No. 79. Montgomery's hymn, *O where shall rest be found*, has the well-known lines:

'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

TUNE. *Nearer Home.*

456

L.M.

'Let us . . . come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' Heb. iv. 16.

1 FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty SON, Incarnate WORD,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Thrice holy! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON;
Mysterious GODHEAD, THREE in ONE,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

REV. EDWARD COOPER, 1805.

In *A Selection of Ps. and Hys.*, Uttoxeter, 1805. i. 1, Am. has 'Father of *all*'; iv. 1 as in A. & M. and Bapt.; '*Jehovah!* Father,' in orig. and in most hyls. TUNE. *Rivaulx.*

457 L.M.

'Fight the good fight of faith.' 1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
CHRIST is thy strength, and CHRIST thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through GOD's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

In his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 1863. Written for Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. See No. 117. Here as in A. & M. iii was in orig.:

> Cast care aside, *upon* thy Guide
> *Lean, and His mercy* will provide;
> *Lean*, and *the* trusting soul shall prove.

TUNE. *Pentecost.* In the *Musical Times*, Dec. 1, 1908, was a most interesting history of this tune. Rev. Wm. Boyd tells how he wrote it for *Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire*, at the request of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who had been his tutor, for use at a Whitsuntide gathering of colliers at Horbury in Yorkshire; and that it was first printed in *Thirty-Two Hymn Tunes; composed by members of the University of Oxford*, 1868. He continues: 'One day, as I was walking along Regent Street, I felt a slap on my back, and turning round I saw my dear old friend Arthur Sullivan. 'My dear Billy,' he said, 'I've seen a tune of yours which I must have.' (He was then editing *Church Hymns*.) 'All right,' I said. 'Send me a cheque and I agree.' No copy of the book, much less a proof, was sent to me, and when I saw the tune I was horrified to find that Sullivan had assigned it to *Fight the good fight*. We had a regular fisticuffs about it; but judging from the favour with which the tune has been received, I feel that Sullivan was right in so mating words and music.' Indeed, in granting permission to the B. C. P., Mr. Boyd made it a term that the tune should be set to this hymn.

458

6.4.6.4.D.

'Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.'
St. Matt. xiv. 27.

1 FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white.
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
'Peace: it is I.'

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest wind,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
'Peace: it is I.'

3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
'Peace: it is I.' Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of 8th cent. by Rev. J. M. Neale.

In his *Hys. of the Eastern Church*, 1862, Dr. Neale gives this as by St. Anatolius of Constantinople, who died 458, as beginning Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας, and as for a Sunday of the First Tone. This means that it ought to be found in the *Pentecostarion*; but it cannot be discovered there, or indeed elsewhere. The Anatolius who wrote hymns lived in the 8th cent. The text is as in 1866 version, exc. ii. 8, 'Wail of *Euroclydon*.'

Tunes. *Euroclydon*, *Tempestas*, and *St. Sophronius*.

459

8.8.8.8.

'And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.' St. Mark iv. 39.

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 'Save, LORD, we perish', was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.' Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1862

Chope's Hymnal, 1862. TUNE. *St. Alfred.*

460

Six 7's.

'The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.'
Ps. xxxiii. 5.

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise. Amen.

F. S. PIERPOINT, 1864.

Contributed to *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864. Orig. has eight stanzas, of which two additl. in Can. Pr. There are several variations in various hyls. The refrain has four different forms. See Cong., Sc., Bapt., Eng. Meth., A. & M. '04. TUNE. *St. Hugh.*

461

6.6.8.6.4.7.

'Delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.' Rom. viii. 21.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven!

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven!

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And all the strife is o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven!

4 There in celestial strains
The ransomed captives sing:
There love in every bosom reigns,
For GOD Himself is King.
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven!

5 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
As journeying through the wilderness,
We seek the promised rest!
Alleluia!
We are travelling home to heaven! Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1802.

In his *Hymns*, 1804. See notes on No. 35. The first line is as in many hyls. since 1819; orig., 'From *Egypt lately* come,' and line 6 of each verse, 'We are *on our way* to God.' There are many variations of the hymn. For life of author see *Duffield*, 206. TUNES. *Pilgrimage*, and *Moriah*.

462

L.M.

'There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.' Exod. xxv. 22.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

3 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

CANON HUGH STOWELL, 1828.

From *The Winter's Wreath*, 1828; rev. 1831. The author was a Manxman. He wrote also *Lord of all power and might* (541).

TUNE. *Retreat.* The compiler of these notes well remembers his ignominious failure, when, a freshman at the University of Toronto, to start the singing of this hymn at a large gathering of undergraduates to a tune other than *Retreat*. A stentorian voice of another undergraduate relieved the awkward pause, and *Retreat* carried the words with its accustomed swing. The composer of this tune, Thomas Hastings, an American musician at Albany, early in 19th cent., secured better congregational singing by scattering the choir among the congregation. He wrote both hymns and tunes. See No. 434. His best-known hymn is *Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.*

463

Six 7's.

'God be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us.' Ps. lxvii. 1.

1 GOD of mercy, GOD of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, SAVIOUR, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, LORD;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their SAVIOUR King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, LORD;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
GOD to man His blessing give,
Man to GOD devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

In his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. From this are also *Far from my heavenly home* (450), *Pleasant are Thy courts above* (482), *Praise, my soul, the King of heaven* (601). See notes on No. 18.

TUNES. *Verona*, *Guildford*, and *St. John*.

464

Six 7's.

'Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God.' St. John xi. 27.

1 GOD the FATHER'S only SON,
And with Him in glory ONE,
ONE in wisdom, ONE in might,
Absolute and Infinite;
JESU, I believe in Thee,
Thou art LORD and GOD to me.

2 Preacher of eternal peace,
CHRIST Anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door
Unto sinners chained before;
JESU, I believe in Thee,
CHRIST the Prophet sent to me.

3 Low in sad Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the Cross,
Making good our utter loss:
JESU, I believe in Thee,
Priest and Sacrifice for me.

4 Ruler of Thy ransomed race,
And Protector by Thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend,
And Rewarder at the end;
JESU, I believe in Thee,
CHRIST, the King of kings to me. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1866.

In his *Lyra Fidelium*, 1866, and his *Knight of Intercession*, 1872, as a hymn on 'I believe in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord'. For two additl. verses see Cong. iii. 1 as in Cong.; 'Low in *deep*' in A. & M. See notes on No. 624.
TUNES. *Verona*, *Guildford*, and *St. John*.

465

7.6.7.6.D.

'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.' Exod. xiv. 15.

1 GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The LORD Himself thy leader
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
For more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only CHRIST, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray,
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till CHRIST Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory. Amen.

REV. L. TUTTIETT, 1861.

In his *Counsels of a Godfather*, 1864 (not 1861). Written for Confirmation. See notes on No. 67. TUNE. *St. George's, Bolton*.

466

C.M.

'In all places where I record My Name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.' Exod. xx. 24.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy Word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of our LORD
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it begins with verse, 'O Lord, our languid souls inspire.' Written (1769) at the same time as Cowper's *Jesu, where'er Thy people meet* (523) for the opening of a larger room at Olney, 'the great room of the Great House.' See notes on Nos. 13 and 401. TUNES. *Belmont*, and *Winchester Old*.

467

C.M.

'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' St. John xiii. 7.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1774.

First printed in Newton's *Twenty-six Letters*, 1774. It is hard to believe that Cowper, afflicted as he was with melancholia, was the writer of *John Gilpin*, the story of 'How he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again'. The commonly accepted story of *God moves in a mysterious way*, is that it was written when he was baulked in an attempt at suicide in the Ouse at Olney, but see *Julian*, 433, 1625, 1642. v. 4 is certainly an improvement by the author on MS. version, 'But *wait to smell* the flower.' For several interesting incidents concerning this hymn see *Duffield*, 179, where the following occurs: 'During the cotton famine in Lancashire in 1865, just after the war in America, one of the mill-owners called his hands together and told them he must close the mills. It meant poverty to them and ruin to him, and no one could speak. Suddenly, however, there rose up the clear voice of a girl—she was a Sunday-school teacher—and she started the words of stanza iii, 'Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take.' It was the 'word fitly spoken'. See No. 782.

TUNES. *London New*, *York* ('The Stilt'), and *St. Anne*.

468

8.7.8.7.D.

'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.'
Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our GOD;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering—
Showing that the LORD is near.

Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 SAVIOUR, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See notes on Nos. 18 and 401.

TUNE. *Austria*, by F. Joseph Haydn, who when writing his great Oratorio, *The Creation*, at 67 years of age, 'knelt down every day, and prayed God to strengthen me for my work.' And he was strengthened, even as Handel was in writing the *Messiah*. In his dying hours he heard the oratorio sung before a great audience, and when the chorus 'Let there be Light' rang out, he cried, 'Not mine, not mine; it all came to me from above.' When he was asked on what occasion in his long life music had moved him most, he replied that it was when thousands of children sang, under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, the well-known double chant by John Jones, then organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. The tune *Austria* was written by him after hearing *God save the king*, and with the desire to provide a national anthem for his own people. 'Change one word, and it may be said of the musician as truly as of the astronomer "The undevout composer is mad"' (*Brown and Butterworth*, 32).

469

8.7.8.7.D.

'O praise the Lord of heaven: praise Him in the height.'
Ps. cxlviii. 1.

1 PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
GOD hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the GOD of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name! Amen.

ANON., 1801.

This hymn was pasted in the end of *Ps., Hys., and Anthems of the Foundling Hospital, London.* Many hyls. have stanza by E. Osler (see No. 250):

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

TUNES. *Austria*, and *Alta Trinità beata.*

470 7.7.7.5.

'Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.' 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

In his *Holy Year*, 1862, for Quinquagesima, founded on 1 Cor. xiii. 3 C. H., Can. Pr., Sc., and Eng. Meth. have:

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if love I need;
Therefore give me love.

TUNES. *Charity*, *Capetown*, and *Irene*.

471

7.7.7.5.

'Hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.'
Lam. iii. 56.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, infinite,
JESU, hear and save!

2 Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,
JESU, hear and save!

3 Strong Creator! SAVIOUR mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESU, hear and save!

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
LORD of lords, and King of kings,
JESU, hear and save!

5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
JESU, hear and save! Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1811.

In the *Christian Observer*, 1811, as the hymn for Circumcision. Rev. by author later. In the *Hymns*, 1827, the second form is given for the Sunday after Christmas, or for Circumcision, and the first form for Quinquagesima, where the gospel for the day tells of the healing of the blind Bartimeus. Here the 1811 text is used, exc. 'Jesus' in i. 4. Heber versified Phaedrus at seven years of age. See Nos. 1 and 297.

TUNES. *Charity*, *Capetown*, and *Irene*.

472 7.7.7.5

'At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' Ps. xvi. 11.

1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
FATHER, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
LORD of life, be ours Thy crown,
Life for evermore. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

As in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. Written Jan. 25, 1870, while at Crewe Green, and first used Sept. 26, 1870, at the funeral of Mr. Thomas Stubbs, chief manager of the Crewe Railway Works. Sung at his own funeral at Torquay, June 20, 1893. First printed in Brown-Borthwick's *Sixteen Hymns*, 1870.

TUNES. *Charity*, *Capetown*, and *Irene*.

473 8.7.8.7.4.7.

'This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death.' Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1771) by Rev. P. Williams from the Welsh of Rev. W. Williams (1745).

William Williams, the 'sweet singer of Wales', associate of Whitefield and of the Countess of Huntingdon, has been called the 'Watts of Wales'. He seceded to the Calvinistic Methodists. He wrote 916 hymns, including the missionary hymn *O'er the gloomy hills of darkness* (2 H. C. 107). There are many variations in the text. i. 1 as in orig. and in most hyls.; 'great *Redeemer*' in A. & M.; i. 6 as in orig. and in most hyls.; 'Feed me now and evermore' in A. & M.; 'Feed me till my want is o'er' in Sc.; ii. 2 as in orig.; four other forms of this line; ii. 3 as in most hyls.; 'fire and cloudy' in orig.; iii. 3 as in some hyls.; orig. 'Death of deaths and hell's destruction'. See *Julian*, 77, for different forms in Welsh and English. The fourth st. of orig. is in some hyls:

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee.

Tunes. *Triumph*, *Mannheim*, and *Catherine*.

474

6.6.8.D.3.3.6.6.

'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.'
Exod. iii. 5.

1 GOD reveals His presence—
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple—
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence—
Hear the harps resounding!
See the hosts the throne surrounding!
'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending!
Bow Thine ear
To us here:
Hear, O Christ, the praises
That Thy Church now raises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit.
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial. Amen.

G. Tersteegen, *tr.* Bishop F. W. Foster and Rev. J. Miller, 1789; *altd.* Rev. W. Mercer, 1854.

Moravian *Collection of Hymns*, 1789, as altd. The German is from Tersteegen's *Geistliches Blumengärtlein*, 1729. For John Wesley's transln. see No. 554.

Gott ist gegenwärtig! lasset uns anbeten
Und in Ehrfurcht vor Ihn treten!
Gott ist in der Mitte; Alles in uns schweige
Und sich innigst vor Ihm beuge!
Wer Ihn kennt,
Wer Ihn nennt:
Schlagt die Augen nieder;
Gebt das Herz Ihm wieder!

Gott ist gegenwärtig, dem die Cherubinen
Tag und Nacht gebücket dienen;
Heilig, Heilig, Heilig, singen Ihm zur Ehre
Aller Engel hohe Chöre.
Herr, vernimm
Unsre Stimm',
Wenn auch wir geringen
Unsre Opfer bringen!

Wir entsagen willig allen Eitelkeiten,
Aller Erdenlust und Freuden.
Da liegt unser Wille, Seele, Leib und Leben,
Dir zum Eigenthum ergeben;

Du allein
Sollst es seyn,
Unser Gott und Herre;
Dir gebührt die Ehre.

Majestätisch Wesen! Möcht' ich recht Dich preisen
Und im Geist Dir Dienst erweisen!
Möcht' ich, wie die Engel, immer vor Dir stehen
Und Dich gegenwärtig sehen!
Lass mich Dir
Für und für
Trachten zu gefallen,
Liebster Gott, in Allen!

See translns. in Eng. Meth., and Ir. Mercer's *Church Psalter and H. B.*, 1854, was for many years a favourite hyl. in the Ch. of E. Montgomery, a member of Mercer's church, assisted in the compilation, and Sir John Goss was musical editor.

TUNE. *Arnsberg.*

475

8.7.8.7.D.

'Who . . . when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.' Heb. i. 3.

1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd JESUS,
Hail, thou Galilean King:
Thou didst suffer to redeem us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou universal SAVIOUR,
Bearer of our sin and shame,
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by GOD appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy Blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESU, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy FATHER's side:
Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give. Amen.

JOHN BAKEWELL, 1757.

i and iii in *A Collection of Hymns*, London, 1757, ii added in Madan's *Coll. of Ps. and Hys.*, 1760. i. 3, orig., '*Who* didst suffer to *release* us'; i. 4 as in orig.; many hyls. have 'Thou *agonising*'; i. 6 as in most hyls.; '*Who has borne* our' in 3 C. H. as in orig.; i. 7 as in most hyls.; 'By *whose*' in 3 C. H. as in orig.; ii. 5 as in most hyls.; '*Every sin may be* forgiven' in 3 C. H. as in orig. The author was a friend of Thomas Olivers, writer of *The God of Abraham praise* (625). His tombstone is near that of his friend John Wesley in the City Road Chapel, London. At the close of a very long life he wrote:

'May God in His infinite goodness grant that we and all serious Christians of every denomination, may labour for a perfect union of love, and to have our hearts knit together with the bond of peace, that, following after those essential truths in which we all agree, we may all have the same spiritual experience, and hereafter attain one and the same kingdom of glory.'

TUNE. *St. Hilda.*

476

7.6.7.6.D.

'Blessed be His glorious Name for ever.' Ps. lxxii. 19.

1 HAIL to the LORD's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

Here as in his *Songs of Zion*, 1822, with some slight variations. For all eight verses of orig. see Sc., including the striking stanza:

Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

iv. 8, orig. was, 'His Name—What is it?—Love'. Some hyls. have 'That Name to us is Love' as in 1822. This is really a version of Psalm lxxii; compare Watts's *Jesus shall reign* (517). *Breed* says, 'Montgomery is distinguished as the only layman beside Cowper among hymn-writers of the front rank in the English language.' See notes on No. 79. Other famous missionary hymns by Montgomery are *Hark, the song of Jubilee* (3 H. C. 81) and *Lift up your heads ye gates of brass* (533).

TUNES. *Crüger*, and *Salve Domine*, the latter by L. W. Watson, an organist at Charlottetown, P. E. I., composer of *The Island Hymn*, &c.

477

P.M.

'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Rom. xiii. 12.

1 HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of JESUS, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come:'
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of JESUS, &c.

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of JESUS, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

In *Oratory Hymns*, 1854. See notes on No. 36. iv. 3 as in most hyls.; orig. 'All journeys end in welcomes', as in Cong. v. 3, 4 in 1854 and 1862 are:

While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

TUNES. *Pilgrims*, *Vox Angelica*, and *Swiss Melody*.

478

8.7.8.7.D.

'A light to lighten the Gentiles.' St. Luke ii. 32.

1 HAIL! Thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign FATHER of mankind,
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

3 Hail! Thou all-inviting SAVIOUR,
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
JESUS CHRIST, our LORD and King.
May we body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise. Amen.

REV. BASIL WOOD, 1810.

In his *Psalms of David*, 1810. It is suitable for Epiphany.
TUNE. *Nettleton.*

479

7.7.7.7.

'Lovest thou Me?' St. John xxi. 15.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the LORD;
'Tis thy SAVIOUR; hear His word;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768.

In Maxfield's *New Appendix*, 1768. Here as in *Olney Hymns*, 1779, exc. that ii. 2, as in most hyls., is varied from 'When *wounded*'. It has been translated into several languages, including Italian by Gladstone. See eloquent quotation from Archdeacon Farrar in *Duffield*, 205. TUNE. *St. Bees.*

480 7.7.7.7.

'Thou art a place to hide me in.' Ps. xxxii. 8.

1 JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

4 Death will come one day to me;
JESU, cast me not from Thee:
Dying let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

Tr. (1861) from the Latin by REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

The Latin, beginning 'Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo Te', was apparently written in Germany in the second half of 17th cent., and is in the *Symphonia Sirenum*, a Jesuit hymn-book published at Cologne in 1695. TUNES. *Gibbons*, and *Woodman*.

481 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.' Rom. xiii. 11.

1 HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
JESUS Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our LORD's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

3 Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all:
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the LORD
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray:
Would ye His heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near.
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise:
Thrice holy is the LORD,
Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
While heaven the note prolongs
Praise, brethren, praise. Amen.

ANON., 1859.

In the *Revival Magazine*, Nov. 19, 1859. Text as in H. C. Tunes. *Vigil*, and *Happy Land*.

482

Eight 7's.

'O how amiable are Thy dwellings: Thou Lord of hosts!'
Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, GOD of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly FATHER's breast:

Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 LORD, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, LORD, on me. Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

In his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. See notes on Nos. 18 and 463. TUNE. *Maidstone.*

483

C.M.

'Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.' Ps. xc. 2.

1 HAVE mercy on us, GOD most high,
Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most HOLY TRINITY.

2 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most HOLY TRINITY.

3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,
Didst live and love alone.

4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And O what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness!

5 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Low at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most HOLY TRINITY. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1849.

In his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849. See notes on No. 36. i. 2 as in *Oratory Hymns*, 1854; i. 3, orig. 'Have mercy *on us, worms of earth*'; v. 2 as in A. & M.; orig. '*Still* at.' TUNES. *St. Flavian*, and *St. Peter*.

484

C.M.

'Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.'
Song of Solomon i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 JESUS! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See notes on Nos. 13 and 401. iv. 1 as in C. H., and Bapt.; 'Saviour, Shepherd, Friend' in Ir.; 'Shepherd, Guardian, Friend' in Am., Cong.; 'Shepherd, Husband, Friend' in original. It has been said that 'The Bride, the Lamb's wife, is not the individual soul, but the collective Church,' and so 'husband' is not a proper term. It is well, however, to note the derivative meaning of husband = 'houseband', the bond that keeps the house together.
TUNES. *St. Flavian*, and *St. Peter*.

485 P.M.

'There was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.' Rev. viii. 3.

1 HOLY off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Pure life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas, too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

3 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

4 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.
Amen.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1867.

In S. P. C. K. (New App.), 1869. For remainder of ten verses see Ir., including:

8 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be,
Could we cling more close to Thee,

Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

TUNE. *Holy Offerings.*

486

11.11.11.11.

'The foundation of God standeth sure.' 2 Tim. ii. 19.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the LORD,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto JESUS for refuge have fled?

2 Fear not, He is with thee; O be not dismayed!
For He is thy GOD, and will still give thee aid;
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by His righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters He calls thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For He will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; His only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on JESUS hath leaned for repose,
He will not, He will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
He never will leave and will never forsake. Amen.

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

In Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, marked as by K——. Nothing is known of the writer. v. 4 has been altered by B. C. P. from 'I'll never,—no, never,—no never forsake', and the rest of the hymn varied slightly. See Heb. xiii. 5, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' *Bodine*, 153, relates how at the last moment the American House of Bishops added this hymn to their collection, on the motion of Bishop Phillips Brooks, who

said: 'There is a most gratifying enlargement of the old collection, and some hymns which obviously were scarcely worthy of a place have disappeared. But a hymn has two values, one of which is doctrinal, and the other literary, and added to these is that often mightiest power which comes from association. This last is pre-eminently true of *How firm a foundation*.' And he dwelt with great tenderness and power upon its sacred association with the deepest life of individual believers, while making no high claim on the ground of literary merit. This hymn was retained in the B. C. P. in the same way at the very close of the work of compilation, after an eloquent appeal by a member of the Committee. See Can. Pr. 278. In America this hymn is wedded to tune *Adeste Fideles*.

TUNES. *Priory*, and *Joanna*.

487

S.M.

'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.' Isa. lii. 7.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How welcome is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy SAVIOUR King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The LORD makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR and their GOD. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

In *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. See notes on Nos. 45, and 556. l. 4, 'peace instil' in A. & M. '04.

TUNES. *Potsdam*, *St. Audoën*, and *Holyrood*.

488

S.M.

'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.' Ps. cxxxvii. 5.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious Blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800.

In his *Ps. of David*, 1800. The author, a Congregationalist, was President of Yale College, died 1817. *Duffield*, 242, tells what great things he accomplished notwithstanding his physical disadvantages. 'His sight failed him after his recovery from smallpox, with which, in the barbarous manner of ancient days, he had been deliberately inoculated. For the greater part of forty years he was seldom able to read consecutively for fifteen minutes and for days and weeks together his eyes were often useless.' See also *Bodine*, 161.

Tunes: *Potsdam*, *St. Audoën*, and *Holyrood*.

489

8.7.8.8.7.

'Lovest thou Me?' St. John xxi. 17.

1 I ADORE Thee, I adore Thee,
Glorious ere the world began;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Thankful at Thy feet to be;
I have heard Thine accent thrilling,
LORD, I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, even me.

3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Born of woman, yet divine!
With Thy SPIRIT, LORD, endue me,
In Thine image pure renew me,
Let me evermore be Thine. Amen.

REV. W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON, 1887.

From Stainer's *Crucifixion*, 1887, where iii. 3, 4, 5 are:

Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,
Sweetest Jesu, I implore Thee,
Make me ever, only Thine.

TUNE. *Adoration.*

490 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.' Ps. xxxix. 12.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home,
Only a sojourner,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my SAVIOUR'S side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There all the saints of GOD,
After life's weary road,
Have their divine abode,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my LORD's right hand—
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

REV. T. R. TAYLOR, 1836.

In his *Memoirs*, 1836. i. 8, orig. 'Earth is a desert drear'; B. C. P. has adopted Bp. Bickersteth's altern., agreeing that the 'heart of many does not respond to' this assertion, and that it is 'better to cleave more closely to' the words of the Psalmist. The original goes too far in the direction of what George Eliot called 'other worldliness'. The third verse is altd. from:

There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest;

'for many in a congregation, especially young persons, cannot truly sing' these words. It was written by a Congregational minister just before his early death. In his last attempt to preach, young Taylor uttered the words, 'I want to die like a soldier, sword in hand.' He died that evening, and Montgomery wrote the hymn thereupon, *Servant of God, well done* (2 H. C., 487).

At midnight came the cry,
To meet thy God prepare;
He woke and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

TUNE. *St. Edmund.*

491

7.6.7.6.D.

'Without Me ye can do nothing.' St. John xv. 5.

1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O SAVIOUR of the lost,
Whose precious Blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious Blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.' Amen.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

In *Home Words*, 1873, and in her *Under the Surface*, 1874. ii. 7, 8 as approved by author; in orig. 'And weakness will be power, If leaning hard on Thee'. A. & M. has:

3
I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4
I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear,
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.

Tune. *Magdalena.*

492 7.6.7.6.D.

'Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.'
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesu
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of CHRIST most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious JESU,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of JESUS
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious JESU,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of JESUS
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious JESU,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, JESU,
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee. Amen.

REV. F. WHITFIELD, 1855.

In his *Sacred Poems*, 1861. TUNES. *St. Anselm* and *Llangloffan*.

493

7.6.8.6.D.

'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, . . . cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' Rev. vii. 9, 10.

1 I HEARD a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him Who sat thereon;
'Salvation, glory, honour,'
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,—
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war:
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the Holy City,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven a Bride adorned
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there nor sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the Light:
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!—
The Lamb upon His throne—
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God, Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;
O worthy Judge Eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home. Amen.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1866.

Published as a leaflet. Here as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1908. See notes on No. 97. Tune, *Patmos*, and *Alford*.

494

7.6.8.6.D.

'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'
Rev. vii. 17.

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and SAVIOUR, come. Amen.

DEAN ALFORD, 1867.

In *Year of Praise*, 1867, exc. iv, which was added in *The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by F. R. Pickersgill and Henry Alford*, 1870. See notes on No. 384. TUNE. *Alford.*

495 6.7.6.7.

'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.'
1 Thess. v. 28.

1 MAY the grace of CHRIST our SAVIOUR,
And the FATHER'S boundless love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT'S favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the LORD,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth can not afford. Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779. See notes on Nos. 18, and 401.
TUNES. *Sardis*, and *Sharon*.

496 8.7 8.7.

'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Gal. vi. 14.

1 IN the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. Amen.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

In his *Hymns*, 1825. See notes on No. 393. He wrote the well-known hymn, *Watchman, tell us of the night.*
TUNES. *Cross of Jesus*, and *Rathbun*.

497

D.C.M.

'He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.' St. John vi. 35.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

Rev. H. Bonar, 1846.

As in *Hys. of Faith and Hope*, 1857. See notes on No. 390. This and *I lay my sins on Jesus* are perhaps the most popular of the author's many hymns. *I lay my sins on Jesus* was his first hymn, written when he was Sunday School superintendent, and assistant minister at Leith, about 1836.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces;
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like Jesus;
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

TUNE. *Vox Dilecti.*

498

6.5.6.5.D.

'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'
St. Luke xxii. 32.

1 IN the hour of trial,
JESU, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee:
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
LORD, receive me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834.

Here as in *Original Hymns*, 1853. For Mrs. Hutton's altd. version see Can. Pr., Am., &c. i. 2 has given rise to discussion as to meaning of St. Luke xxii. 32, 'But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' See St. John xvi. 26, and Heb. ii. 17, 18.

TUNES. *St. Mary Magdalene, Penitence*, and *Bohemia.*

499

6.5.6.5.D.

'It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh.' Song of Solomon v. 2.

1 LO! the voice of JESUS
Fondly speaks to all;
He it is who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall:
He it is whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the FATHER'S throne.

2 Lo! the voice of JESUS,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest—
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of JESUS
Bids us still endure,
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upward to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

REV. ALBERT E. EVANS, 1870.

As in *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. TUNE. *St. Alban's.*

500

PART 1.

C.M.

'That great city, the holy Jerusalem.' Rev. xxi. 10.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand;
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

5 O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

F. B. P., 1580, and REV. J. BRONHEAD, 1795.

i, ii, iii as in *Psalms and Hymns*, Sheffield, 1795; v is from A. & M. '61; iv in 1795 was:

Jerusalem! my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

i. 4 as in A. & M.; 'In joy and peace and thee' as in 1795, in all other hyls. which have from 1795 version:

There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

For a history at length of this and of No. 501 see *Julian*, 580, 1656. TUNE. *Southwell.*

501 PART 2. D.C.M.

'When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?' Ps. xlii. 2.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of GOD's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil;
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

2 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There GOD Himself gives light.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on either side
The tree of life doth grow.

4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

F. B. P., 1580.

Author has been called 'Francis Baker, Priest', and said to have been confined in the Tower of London at the close of Elizabeth's reign; but there is no evidence for either statement. The full hymn is in a MS. in the British Museum. If it was written in prison such stanzas as No. 10 have a special interest. For the full text from St. Augustine's *Meditations*, on which the hymn is founded, see *Julian*. i. 1 is as in version of W. Prid, 1585. Many versions of the hymn occur. ii. 7, orig. 'There is no death, nor ugly devil, There is life' &c.; iii. 7, 'on *every* side, The *wood* of life.' The follg. is the hymn as in the *English Hymnal*:

1
Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2
O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3
In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

4
No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

5
There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

6
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye may be!

7
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl;
Exceeding rich and rare;

8
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine;

9
Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there!

10
Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean,
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

11
Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

12
Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

13
We that are here in banishment,
Continually do mourn;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

14
Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

15
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

16
Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare;

17
Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

18
There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden under feet.

19
There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joys that there are found!

20
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

21
There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing;

22
There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir:
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

23
Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

24
Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.
TUNE. *Materna.*

25
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

26
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

502

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

'He hath prepared for them a city.' Heb. xi. 16.

1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

2 There dwells my LORD, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
All clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

6 Ah woe is me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way;
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face? Amen.

Dean Samuel Crossman, 1664.

In his *Young Man's Meditation*, 1664, where it had thirteen stanzas; vi. 1, 'Ah me! ah me! that I'; vi. 4, 'Thither, Lord, guide.' See Eng. Meth. and Cong. for some additl. verses.
Tune. *Christchurch.*

503

8.7.8.7.D.

'He left all, rose up, and followed Him.' St. Luke v. 28.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what SPIRIT dwells within thee;
What a FATHER'S smile is thine;
What a SAVIOUR died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
GOD's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1824.

Here as in his *Poems*, 1833. See *Bodine*, 124, for Henry Ward Beecher's history of this hymn. It was the first, as *Abide with me* was the last, by Lyte. See notes on Nos. 18 and 468. Suitable for St. Matthew's Day. TUNES. *St. Asaph*, and *Kawartha*.

504

11.11.11.11.

'He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.' 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole,
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, LORD, for me.

2 JESUS, I will trust Thee, Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

3 JESUS, I will trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days;
Sick men gathered round Thee, sinners sought Thine aid,
And on sick and sinful healing hands were laid.

4 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thy written Word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy SPIRIT teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy Blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my SAVIOUR GOD.
Amen.

MARY J. WALKER, 1864.

As in Edward Walker's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1864. iii. 3, 4:

Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

TUNE. *Fides.*

505

11.11.11.11.

'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.'
Rev. xxi. 7.

1 THOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the throne of GOD:
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight?
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber at the SPIRIT's voice,
Daring here to number things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden down at JESUS' Cross—
CHRIST's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters all on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs, says 'I will be crowned:'
He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in GOD's salvation to the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions past imagining!
Why with pipe and tabor waste the hours of light,
When He bids you labour, when He tells you, Fight?

5 JESU, LORD of glory, as we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story of the other side;
Where the saints are casting crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting, in Thyself complete. Amen.

Tr. (1862) from the Greek of St. John of Damascus, 8th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE.

Dr. Neale gave this as from a Greek hymn by St. John of Damascus, beginning *Τὰς ἁγίας τὰς αἰωνίας*, and as for All Saints Day. It ought therefore to be found in the Greek service-book called the Pentecostarion, on the Sunday after Whitsun Day; but nothing corresponding to the English can be discovered either there or in the works of St. John of Damascus. i as Neale; ii as H. C. '76; iii as Neale, exc. line 4, 'Clinging to the

nation of the blest above'; iv, Neale altd.; v as H. C., '76; Can. Pr., Sc., Ir., A. & M. '04, have Neale's orig.:

While I do my duty, struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty on the other side.
Tell who will the story of our now distress,
O the future glory, O the loveliness.

TUNES. *Fides*, and *St. John Damascene*.

506

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'Let my supplication come before Thee: deliver me according to Thy word.' Ps. cxix. 170.

1 JESUS, LORD of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD.

2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good LORD. Amen.

JAMES J. CUMMINS, 1839.

In his *Seals of the Covenant Opened*, 1839. v. 4 as in Am.; orig. 'When *the creature's* help'. Sc. and Can. Pr. have additl. verse. TUNES, *Rousseau's Dream* and *St. Austin*.

507

Eight 7's.

'A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.' Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

*3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. See notes on No. 6. i. 3, as in orig. and in most hyls.; 'While the waters nearer roll' in 2 C. H.; 'While the gathering waters roll' in A. & M. The line doubtless means 'While the waters nearer to me are rolling'. The imagery is taken from St. Matt. xiv. 28–30. As St. Peter walked on the Sea of Galilee the danger he felt was not from gathering waters at a distance, rising in a flood to overwhelm him; it was from the nearer waters already rolling round his feet. *Julian*, 590, says:

'The fact that in a wide expanse of waters a distant part may be lashed into fury by a passing storm whilst around a given ship there is perfect calm, and that these circumstances are often reversed, and the "nearer waters" are those affected, and the distant waters are sleeping in the silent air—seems to have escaped the notice of the two score or more editors, who have vainly striven to improve Wesley's text. In life, as in nature, storms are local. Our ship may be dashed hither and thither by the fury of "the nearer waters"; whilst another is sleeping in the far distance of a throbless sea. Men cry for help, not against dangers which are both distant and undefined, but out of the depths of their immediate troubles. Their life is amid "the *nearer* waters"—local surroundings and passions and temptations, and to these the *Lover* of souls is indispensable.'

'Lover of my soul' is suggested by Wisd. xi. 26; i. 6 as in most hyls.; 'be past' in others; iv. 2 as in orig. and in most hyls.; altd. to 'Grace to cleanse from every sin' in A. & M. There are several legends as to the origin of this hymn. One that a sea-bird flew to Wesley's breast for protection from the storm; another tells of a dove which flew into the open window to his breast to escape a hawk; another that it was written when Wesley, pursued by a furious mob in Ireland, sought refuge in a milk-house, and afterwards lay concealed in a hedge. *Breed* compares Wesley and Watts thus:

'Watts is so profoundly impressed with the majesty of God that he appears to shrink from familiarity in his expressions of divine fellowship. Wesley, on the other hand, seems so intimate with his Redeemer as to be incapable of expressing a sense of His awful majesty. Watts is more reverential; Wesley more loving. Watts is stronger; Wesley is sweeter. Watts appeals profoundly to the intellect; Wesley takes hold of the heart. Watts will continue to sing for the Pauls and Peters of the church; Wesley for the Thomases and the Johns. Where both are so great it would be idle to attempt to settle their priority.'

For incidents relating to the hymn see *Duffield*, 287, and for some incidents in the life of the Wesleys see p. 346. Charles Wesley had 'a fair escape' from wealth and title. The eighteenth child of his parents, he refused to be adopted by a rich namesake. The cousin taken in his stead changed his name of Colley to that of Wesley or Wellesley, became in 1746 Baron Mornington, and was grandfather of the first Duke of Wellington.

The following story has many times appeared in print:

'A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer, that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the petition, so dear to every loving heart, *Jesu, lover of my soul.*

'The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical tones had died away.

'Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, sir, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

'"Yes, sir," the man of song answered courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

'"Well," the first speaker continued, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think—indeed am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard-duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand. I crept near your post of duty, my weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart—and I had been selected by my commander for the work because I was a sure shot; then out upon the night floated the words:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you singing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

'The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear.

'"Then the thought of God's care came to me with peculiar force, and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. *Jesu, lover of my soul* has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."'

TUNES. *Hollingside*, *Refuge*, and *Martyn*.

508

6.5.6.5.

'Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.'
St. Matt. xi. 29.

1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, HOLY JESUS,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 JESU, meek and gentle,
SON of GOD most high,
Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

REV. G. R. PAYNE, 1856.

In his *Hymnal*, 1858. iv. 3, 4 as in orig. and as required by owner of copyright. Cong. has (as approved by author):

Through earth's passing darkness
To heaven's endless day.

Am. Meth. has:

Through this earthly darkness
To the heavenly day.

A. & M. '04 has:

Through this world of darkness
To the heavenly day.

TUNES. *St. Constantine*, and *St. Lambert*.

509

6.6.6.6.

'Lord, save me.' St. Matt. xiv. 30.

1 JESU, meek and lowly,
SAVIOUR, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

4 By Thy red wounds streaming,
With Thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

By that Fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

LORD, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

REV. H. COLLINS, 1854.

From *Hys. for Missions*, 1851. Here as in A. & M. '61. Orig. i. 4, '*Come I to Thee flying*'; iii. 3, '*Prostrate down* before'; iv. 1, 2, '*See the red wounds streaming*, With *bright crimson* gleaming'; v. 2, 3, '*Fountain rich in* blessing, *Christ's fond love*'; v. 3, '*Thou* my'; v. 4, '*Turnest* into.' The writer seceded to the Church of Rome in 1857. He wrote also *Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All* (510).
TUNE. *St. Martin.*

510

Six 8's.

'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.'
Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 JESU, my LORD, my GOD, my All,
Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 JESU, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 JESU, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 JESU, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.
Amen.

REV. H. COLLINS, 1854.

From *Hys. for Missions*, 1854. See No. 509. The refrain is adapted from the refrain of Faber's 'Corpus Christi' hymn:

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
O make us love Thee more and more.

TUNES. *St. Chrysostom*, and *Stella*.

511

Six 8's.

'The ransomed of the Lord shall... come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 Through Thee, Who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The Church of the First-born to join
We travel to the mount of GOD;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

In *Hys. for those that seek and those that have Redemption*, 1747. See notes on Nos. 6 and 507. Orig. has eight verses. See Eng. Meth. and Am. Meth. TUNES. *St. Chrysostom*, and *Stella*.

512 D.C.M.

'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. ... All things were made by Him.' St. John i. 1, 3.

1 JESUS is GOD: the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 JESUS is GOD: the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true GOD in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true GOD;
He Who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

3 JESUS is GOD: let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill,
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while to suffer life-long woe
To speak one little word,
If by that 'I believe' we own
The Godhead of our LORD. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

In *Oratory Hys.*, 1854. See notes on No. 86. iii. 5, orig. 'Worth while *a thousand years of life*'; A. & M. has 'Worth while *a thousand years of woe*'; A. & M. '04 has 'Worth while *a thousand years of earth*'. iii. 7 as in A. & M.; orig. 'If by *our Credo we might own*'. Sc. omits last half of iii and has from orig. (line 1 altd.):

But what to us the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was Man?

See Sc. for an additl. stanza. TUNE. *Knighton.*

513

Six 7's.

'For Thy Name's sake lead me, and guide me.'
Ps. xxxi. 3.

1 JESUS, SAVIOUR, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
JESUS, SAVIOUR, pilot me!

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou biddest them 'Be still!'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
JESUS, SAVIOUR, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not! I will pilot thee!' Amen.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, 1871.

In *Sailor's Magazine*, New York, 1871. Author was a Presbyterian minister of the Church of Sea and Land, N. Y. ii. 4, orig. 'say'st to them'. TUNE, *Pilot*.

514

D.C.M.

'Behold the angels of God ascending and descending.'
Gen. xxviii. 12.

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The words of peace they bring:—
O listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

Rev. E. H. Sears, 1849.

In the *Christian Register*, 1850. Here for the most part as in his *Sermons and Songs*, 1875. The author, an American Unitarian clergyman, wrote another famous hymn on the Nativity:

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

'Glory to God!' The lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
'Glory to God!' The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
'Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!'

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brightly on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,
'Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day.'

TUNES. *Noel*, and *Carol*, the latter a beautiful setting by R. S. Willis, a brother of the American poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis.

515

C.M.

'Whom having not seen, ye love.' 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 JESU, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest LORD, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art. Amen.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1858.

Contributed to the *Sabbath H. B.*, 1858. See notes on No. 558.

Most hyls. have:

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll;
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

As the saintly author breathed his last the watchers caught the words of the last verse, which he was repeating as he passed away. TUNES. *Seeley*, and *Flegal*.

516 C.M.

'The second man is the Lord from heaven.' 1 Cor. xv.47

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our GOD!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
GOD's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo,

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, 1866.

Written in 1865. Part of the *Dream of Gerontius*, 1866, a drama on the state of departed souls, in which is described the journey of a soul to Paradise. This is one of the hymns supposed to be sung by different choirs of Angelicals. Earl Nelson writes to the compiler of these notes: 'I was the first (in the *Sarum Hymnal*, 1868) to get Newman to allow me to take this from the *Dream of Gerontius*' (see notes on No. 194). During Gladstone's last illness Canon Scott Holland spoke of him as 'spending his life in benediction to those whom he leaves behind in this world, and in thanksgiving to God, to whom he rehearses over and over again, day after day, Newman's hymn

of austere and splendid adoration, *Praise to the Holiest in the height*. It was also the favourite hymn of General Gordon. See *Bodine*, 109. See notes on No. 531. Tunes. *Gerontius*, and *Sawley*.

517

L.M.

'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.' Rev. xi. 15.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

In his *Ps. of David*, 1719, as a version of Ps. lxxii: 'He shall have dominion also from sea to sea. . . . They shall fear Thee as long as the sun and moon endure. . . . Let the whole earth be filled with His glory.' This hymn has been translated into more languages and dialects than any other of the author's hymns. For additl. verses see Bapt. and Eng. Meth. i. 4, Eng. Meth. has 'Till *suns shall rise and set* no more'.; iii. 2 as in all hyls. exc. 3 C. H., which has '*loose* his'; iv. 3 as in many hyls.; 'the *long* Amen' in orig. See notes on Nos. 45 and 556. Tunes. *Galilee*, and *Duke Street*.

518

7.7.7 7.

'A Name which is above every name.' Phil. ii. 9.

1 JESUS, Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus, Name decreed of old;
To the maiden Mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 JESUS, Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
'JESUS shall His people save.

4 JESUS, Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 JESUS, only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.

6 JESUS, Name of wondrous love,
Human name of GOD above!
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our GOD, to Thee. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1854. See notes on No. 219.
TUNES. *Weber* and *Poses.*

519 L.M.

'He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.'
Isa. lxi. 10.

1 JESUS, Thy Blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
JESUS hath lived, hath died, for me.

4 JESUS, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
For me a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS, Thy Blood and righteousness. Amen.

Tr. (1740) from the German of N. L. von Zinzendorf
by REV. JOHN WESLEY.

From *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1840, in twenty-four verses; here are 1, 2, 12, 21, 24. The German, beginning 'Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit', was written in the West Indies in 1739, probably on March 29; and was printed the same year in the eighth appendix to the *Herrnhuter Gesangbuch*. Count von Zinzendorf wrote more than two thousand hymns, including *Jesu, still lead on*. He became a Moravian bishop. His religious life began with the impression made upon him by the *Ecce Homo* in the Düsseldorf Gallery, as he gazed on the thorn-crowned Christ, and read the words, 'All this I have done for thee; what dost thou for Me?' See notes on No. 564. For an interesting account of his life and of his founding among his school-fellows the 'Order of the Mustard-seed' see *Bodine*, 318. 'When he was only six years old a band of soldiers, who entered the house demanding money, found him preaching to a congregation of chairs, and were so amazed that they stayed to listen to his discourse' (*Duffield*, 276). TUNE. *Walton.*

520

7.8.7.8.4.

'I am He that liveth, and was dead.' Rev. i. 18.

1 JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

2 JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 JESUS lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
Alleluia!

4 JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 JESUS lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. (1841) from the German of C. F. Gellert by
FRANCES E. COX.

Miss Cox's translns. is in her *Sacred Hymns*, 1841, twice thereafter revised. Above is a combination of texts of 1841 and 1864. The German, beginning 'Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich', is in Gellert's *Geistliche Oden und Lieder*, 1757. Goethe and Lessing were two of Gellert's pupils. His wish was to die like Addison. See note on No. 661. See also interesting notes in *Duffield*, 285. TUNES. *St. Albinus*, and *Lindisfarne*.

521

6.5.6.5.

'Then . . . when the doors were shut, . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.' St. John xx. 19.

1 JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the HOLY SPIRIT
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day. Amen.

REV. WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, 1872.

As in his *Original Hymns*, 1876, exc. iii. 2, 'We'll.' Author was the founder of the Mildmay Conference in London. TUNES. *Evening*, and *Merrial*.

522

6.5.6.5.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him.' Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in GOD, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
GOD His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

3 GOD will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7 Jesu, holy Saviour,
Fill us with Thy love,
Crown us with Thy favour,
In the realms above. Amen.

Tr. (1841) from the German of H. S. Oswald by
Frances E. Cox.

The German, beginning 'Wem in Leidenstagen', was in his *Letzte Mittheilungen*, 1826, 'An Exhortation to Tranquillity, to the Suffering. Ps. l. 15.' vii is as altd. in A. & M.
Tune. *Closer.*

523 L.M.

'Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.' St. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 JESU, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, Thine own.
Amen.

William Cowper, 1769.

As in *Olney Hymns*, 1779, exc. v. 4, 'And make *a thousand hearts*'. See notes on No. 466. Tunes. *Warrington*, and *Hesperus*.

524

L.M.

'Continuing instant in prayer.' Rom. xii. 12.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have we no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.'

7 O Lord, increase our faith and love,
That we may all Thy goodness prove,
And gain from Thy exhaustless store
The fruits of prayer for evermore. Amen.

William Cowper, 1779.

As in *Olney Hymns*, 1779, exc. vii (from A. & M. '68) and i. 2, 'to *a*', and some minor differences.
Tunes. *Warrington*, and *Hesperus*.

525

C.M.

Part 1.

'Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.'
Song of Solomon i. 3.

1 JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than JESUS' Name,
The SAVIOUR of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 JESU, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

Nos. 525, 526, are taken from *The Joyful* (or *Jubilee*) *Rhythm on the Name of Jesus*, or as it is called in the MS. R (of the 14th cent., in the British Museum, Reg. 7 D. xvii), 'The Song of the Blessed Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, concerning the Most Sweet Jesus.' This is found in many MSS. and in a great variety of forms, but that in four two verses, in the MS. L (written in the north of England about 1200 and now in the Bodleian, Laud. Misc. 668) seems most likely to be the original. The translator made his version from the Roman Breviary. The Latin as here printed is taken from a MS. written in 1288 and now at Einsiedeln in Switzerland, exc. st. ii of 526, which is taken from the MS. C (written in the north of England about 1275 and now at Caius College, Cambridge, No. 2[illegible]), and the fifth stanza in both cases, added in the Roman Breviary of 1722.

1	2
Iesu dulcis memoria, Dans vera cordi gaudia, Sed super mel et omnia Dulcis eius praesentia.	Nil cantatur suavius, Nil auditur iucundius, Nil cogitatur dulcius, Quam Iesus Dei Filius.

3
Iesus, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius te petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus.

4
Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Iesum diligere.

5 (added 1722)
Sis, Iesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium;
Sit nostra in te gloria
Per cuncta semper saecula.

Stanzas i–iv are also in MS. L, which reads i. 1, 'Dulcis Iesu'; ii. 1, 'canitur' iv. 1, 'potest dicere'; iv. 3, 'novit tenere.' The transln. is as in A. & M. For another version see Can. Pr., Sc., and other hyls. Tunes. *St. Agnes*, and *Dalehurst*.

526

Part 2.

'That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.'
Eph. iii. 17.

1 O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

4 Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And seeking Thee, their hearts inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

Tr. (1849) from the Latin of St. Bernard of Clairvaux (12th cent.) by Rev. E. Caswall.

1
Iesu, Rex admirabilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Et triumphator nobilis,
Totus desiderabilis.

2
Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet caritas.

3
Iesu, dulcedo cordium,
Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
Excedit (Excedens) omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

4
Iesum Deum cognoscite,
Amorem verum poscite,
Iesum ardenter quærite,
Quærendo inardescite.

5 (added 1722)
Te nostra, Iesu, vox sonet,
Nostri te mores exprimant;
Te corda nostra diligant,
Et nunc, et in perpetuum.

Stanzas i, iii, iv are in the MS. L but st. iv 'there begins 'Iesum Christum recognoscite'. St. ii is in the MSS. C, and R, and also in a 13th cent. MS. written in Central France, and now at Paris (Arsenal Library, No. 369). In C and R st. iv. begins 'Ista sæpe revolvite'. C and L read iii. 2 Fons *veri*.

Transln. as in A. & M. For other versions and verses see Bapt., Cong., Can. Pr., &c. *Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts* (257) is a transln. from the same poem. While little is known of Bernard of Cluny, who wrote the poem from which *Jerusalem the golden* is taken, the details of the history of Bernard of Clairvaux are fully known. The latter was one of the giants of the Middle Ages, and was said by Luther to have been 'the best monk that ever lived'. Whole volumes have been written upon his life, and many stories with him as the central figure. *Via Crucis*, a tale of the Crusades, by F. Marion Crawford, is found in many Sunday School libraries. His eloquence was so great that 'mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends', lest they should fall under his fascinating influence, and enter his great monastery. How he decided between rival popes, how he, the most noted preacher of his time, overcame Abelard in a great controversy (see No. 595), how he preached the Crusades, how under him the Knights Templars became one of the most famous orders on the globe, how he became the dominant force of his generation, cannot be told here. See Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, 186.

Tunes. *St. Agnes*, and *Dalehurst*.

527

C.M.

'I bring you good tidings of great joy.' St. Luke ii. 10.

1 JOY to the world! The LORD is come:
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! The SAVIOUR reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

In his *Ps. of David*, 1719. See notes on Nos. 45, and 556. iii. 1 as in many hyls.; orig. 'sins and sorrows'.

TUNES. *Antioch*, and *Nativity*. The former is stated in almost every hymnal in which it has appeared since 1841 to be an adaptation of Lowell Mason from Handel's *Messiah*. But diligent search has not resulted in the discovery of any passage in Handel's works resembling any part of the tune but the first line. *Brown and Butterworth*, 166, say it is in a collection by Clark of Canterbury, but a search among his works has not resulted in finding it. In some English books as *Comfort* or *Jerusalem*; as *Antioch* in almost every American hymnal. Of it *Brown and Butterworth* write, p. 464, 'In spite of its fugue, the tune—apparently by some magic of its own—contrives to enlist the entire voice of a congregation, the bass falling in on the third beat as if by intuition. The truth is, the tune has become the habit of the hymn.' This survival of the fugue tune is the survival of the best example. Even *Geneva* has disappeared, though it is still retained in the *Amer. Presbyterian Hymnal*. A good story is told of Sir Frederick Bridge (see No. 251) when he was editing the *Methodist Hymn Book*. The Committee were urging a tune which shocked the musical sensibilities of the great organist. 'Why,' said he, 'Handel would turn in his grave if he heard it.' 'Well,' they replied, 'mark it pianissimo, and he will never hear it.' The Committee prevailed. See notes on No. 273.

528

8.8.8.6.

'Him that cometh to Me .. will in no wise cast out.'
St. John vi. 37.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,—
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,—
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

In the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1841 (not 1836); vii added in *Hours of Sorrow*, 4th edn., 1849. iii. 3, orig. 'Fightings within and fears without.' The saintly authoress of this precious hymn was an invalid for the greater part of her long life. In the B. C. P. are seven of her hymns, including *My God, my Father, while I stray* (560); *Christian, seek not yet repose* (421); *My God, is any hour so sweet* (559); *Let me be with Thee where Thou art* (674); *Jesus, my Saviour, look on me* (764); *O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend* (529); 'A little street waif once came to a New York City missionary and held up a torn and dirty piece of paper. "Please sir," said he, "father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it the missionary found it was a leaflet, *Just as I am*. He asked the boy where he got it. "We found it, sir, in sister's pocket after she died. She used to be always singing it while she was ill. Will you give us a clean one, sir? She wanted father to get a clean one and frame it." This has been said to be the greatest evangelistic hymn. There are several stories of the origin of this hymn, all too long to repeat here. See *Julian*, 1658; *Breed*, 188; *Brown and Butterworth*, 214; *F. A. Jones*, 215.

TUNES. *Misericordia*, and *Woodworth*.

529

8.8.8.6.

'Jesus, ... having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.' St. John xiii. 1.

1 O THOU the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend—
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, SAVIOUR, plead for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, SAVIOUR, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1835.

In her brother's (Rev. H. V. Elliott) *Ps. and Hys.*, 1835. See No. 528. Many hyls. have:

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say Thou plead'st for me.

v. 2 as in 3 C. H.; 'Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear' in orig. TUNE. *Caergybi.*

530 8.7.8.7.8.7.

'I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.' Isa. xlviii. 17.

1 LEAD us, heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.

2 SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821.

In his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1821. He wrote also *Saviour, breathe an evening blessing* (25). TUNES. *St. Peter*, and *Mannheim*.

531

10.4.10.4.10.10.

'In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire.' Ps. lxxviii. 14.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Amen.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, 1833.

Written at sea, June 16, 1833, when the ship was becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio on the journey to Marseilles. In the *British Magazine*, Feb., 1834, and *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836. He joined the Ch. of Rome in 1845. See notes on No. 516. *Julian*, 667, gives the history of this hymn at some length, and sums up the circumstances under which 'he wrote what must be regarded as one of the finest lyrics of the 19th cent. Angry at the state of disunion and supineness in the Church he still loved and in which he still believed; confident that he had "a mission", "a work to do in England"; passionately longing for home and the converse of friends; sick in body to prostration and, as some around him feared, even unto death; feeling that he should not die but live, and that he must work, but knowing

not what that work was to be, how it was to be done, or to what it might tend, he breathed forth the impassioned and pathetic prayer, one of the birth-pangs, it might be called, of the Oxford Movement of 1833.' For five different interpretations of iii. 5, 6, see *Julian*, 668. In 1879 the Cardinal said that after fifty years he was not bound to remember his own meaning, whatever it was. The hymn was written specially as an evening hymn. He wrote also the beautiful transln. of a Latin morning hymn (No. 19). Tunes. *Lux benigna*, *Lux beata*, and *Sweden*.

532

C.M.

'Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' Eph. iii. 15.

1 LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 JESU, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.

In *Funeral Hys.*, 1759; text greatly altd. as in *Hymnal for use in the English Church*, 1852, and A. & M. '61. Orig. had:

Come let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

See 3 C. H., Sc., Cam. Pr., Eng. Meth., for seven additl. verses. Tunes. *Dundee*, and *Winchester Old*.

533

C.M.

'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.' Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass;
Ye bars of iron, yield;
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 Ye armies of the living GOD,
Sworn warriors of CHRIST's host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands:
All must be His at length.

6 The spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
In His great judgment day.

7 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong.
To CHRIST shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph song.

8 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The Cross hath won the field. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843.

In the *Evangelical Magazine*, 1843, and in his *Original Hys.*, 1853, in which there are slight variations of text. Thrn. *Seward.*

534

C.M.

'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'
Phil. ii. 5.

1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our FATHER's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
FATHER, Thy will be done.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

CANON J. H. GURNEY, 1883.

In the Lutterworth *Ps. and Hys.*, 1838. Many hyls. have:

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then like Thine own, be all our aim,
To conquer them by love.

Other hymns by the author are *We saw Thee not when Thou didst come* (660), and *Fair waved the golden corn* (694).
TUNES. *St. Agnes*, and *St. Frances*.

535

8.8.

'Remember me, O Lord.' Ps. cvi. 4.

1 LORD JESUS, think on me
And purge away my sin:
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 LORD JESUS, think on me,
With many a care oppressed;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee
The songs of praise and love. Amen.

Tr. (1875) from the Greek of Synesius of Cyrene, 5th cent., by Rev. A. W. Chatfield.

The Greek begins Μόνος Χριστέ and is the last of the ten hymns of Synesius. In *Hypatia*, Charles Kingsley describes most strikingly this 'hunting philosopher-bishop' whose mind Hypatia, Alexandria's great teacher of philosophy, greatly influenced. With his muscular Christianity he mingled poetry and philosophy. The transln. is as altd. by A. & M., exc. v. 3, 4:

Praise to the Father and to Thee,
And to the Holy Dove.

See S C. H. for additl. stanza from Chatfield.
Tunes. *St. Andrew*, and *St. Paul's*.

536

8,7.8.7.8.7.

'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.' 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

1 LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

5 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

6 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

7 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

8 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE, and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

Tr. (1854) from Thomas à Kempis by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin is of the 15th cent., and begins 'Jerusalem luminosa'. Thomas à Kempis, the famous author of the *Imitation of Christ*, was sub-prior of a monastery at Zwolle in Holland in 15th cent. His wonderful manual of private devotion is still in common use. Transln. in *Hymnal Noted*, 1854. Here as altd. in A. & M. '61.

Rev. John Newton (see No. 18) was powerfully affected by the *Imitation of Christ*, which helped to turn him from a wicked life. TUNES. *Regent Square*, and *Triumph*.

537

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'While He blessed them, He was parted from them.'
St. Luke xxiv. 51.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through life's wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
SAVIOUR, from this world away,
Fear of death shall not appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day. Amen.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1778.

In the *Supplement to the Rhossbury H. B.*, 1778. It was probably written by Fawcett, who wrote *Blest be the tie that binds* (409). See notes on No. 409. iii. 1, 2, and 3, as in Am.; i. 6, orig. 'In this dry and barren place'; ii. 5, 6 as in Toplady, 1776; orig. 'Ever faithful to the truth may we be found'; 3 H. C. has as in 1778:

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

TUNE. *Rousseau's Dream.*

538

S.M.

'They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' Acts ii. 4.

1 LORD GOD the HOLY GHOST,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our LORD,
The SPIRIT of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe:

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

5 SPIRIT of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 SPIRIT of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O SPIRIT of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819; here as rev. in his own *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. See notes on No. 79. TUNE. *Boylston*.

539

L.M.

'Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' Phil. iii. 8.

1 LORD JESU, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast tro
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our GOD.

3 O HOLY LORD, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;—

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1854. See notes on No. 219. TUNES. *Zephyr*, and *Melcombe*.

540

L.M.

'My helpers in Christ Jesus.' Rom. xvi. 3.

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872.

In her *Under the Surface*, 1874. In the original MS. it is headed 'A Worker's Prayer.' "None of us liveth to himself" Rom. xiv. 7.' Tunes. *Zephyr*, and *Melcombe*.

541

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'Pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course.' 2 Thess. iii. 1.

1 LORD of all power and might,
FATHER of love and light,
Speed on Thy Word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
GOD speed His Word.

2 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
God shield His Word.

3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;
His Word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His Word. Amen.

CANON HUGH STOWELL, 1853.

Written for the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mar. 7, 1853; in his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1864. See notes on No. 462. TUNES. *Lebanon*, and *Moscow*.

542

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'
Gen. i. 3.

1 THOU Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giver from above,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and Blessèd THREE,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

REV. J. MARRIOTT, 1818.

In the *Friendly Visitor*, July, 1825. iii. 2 as in most hyls.; 'Life-giving Holy dove' in orig.; iv. 1, 'Blessed and Holy and' in orig.

'This hymn is founded on Gen. i. 3, but with a very fine and suggestive reference to the three persons of the Trinity. The Father uttered the original "Let there be light"; the Son declared Himself to be the "Light of the World"; the Spirit enlightens the soul. . . . Its metaphors are striking—the "chaos" and "darkness" of creation and of heathenism; the "sick in mind", the "lamp of grace", the "ocean's tide" of Wisdom, Love, and Might, and the like. The action is vigorous —"redeeming wing," "speed forth Thy light," "rolling in fullest pride." The survey and sweep are most comprehensive. Above all the hymn is a broad, beautiful, and blessed evangel' (*Bread*, 166).

TUNES. *Moscow*, and *Dorchester*.

543

11.11.11.5.

'Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy Name.' Ps. lxxix. 9.

1 LORD of our life, and GOD of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
LORD GOD Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling:
LORD, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 LORD, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
LORD, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
LORD, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, LORD.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

Based on the German of Matthäus von Löwenstern (1644) by PHILIP PUSEY, 1840.

Contributed to Reinagle's *Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, 1840. It was evidently founded on Löwenstern's *Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine* in his *Symbola*, 1644. But while Löwenstern had his mind on the state of things in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, Pusey himself says that he had in his mind the state of the Church of England in 1834, assailed and distracted, 'but on the eve of a great awakening,' i. e. the Oxford Movement. ii. 8, Cong. has orig. 'darts of *venom*', and iii. 2, 'when *she* *itself*'; iii. 8 as in many hyls.; '*Christ*, o'er Thy *Rock*' in orig.; iv. 1 as in hyls. which omit orig. stanza iv, which was:

4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging;
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging;
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging.

TUNE. *Christe.*

544 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

'My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.' Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my GOD.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still:
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat;
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee. Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

In his *Psalms of David*, 1719. For additl. verses see Eng. Meth., Cong., and Bapt. iv is a combination of orig. vi and vii. Tune. *Darwell.*

545

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens. ... Praise the Lord from the earth.' Ps. cxlviii. 1, 7.

1 YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in His sight
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!

Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise! Amen.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

In his *Poetical Fragments*, 1681. He was the famous Curate of Kidderminster, chaplain in Cromwell's army, afterwards to Charles II, author of *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and writer of hymn *Lord, it belongs not to my care* (677). After the Act of Uniformity he became a Nonconformist minister. When the infamous Judge Jeffreys said to Baxter, 'Richard, I see the rogue in thy face,' he replied, 'I had not known before that my face is a mirror.' Jeffreys sentenced him to prison on a charge of sedition founded upon his *Paraphrase of the New Testament*. See an interesting account of him in *Duffield*, 330. The above is as recast by J. H. Gurney, in 1838 and 1851.
TUNE. *Darwall.*

546 8.7.8.7.4.7.

'And on His head were many crowns.' Rev. xix. 12.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the SAVIOUR! Angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies JESUS brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the SAVIOUR King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
JESUS takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings and LORD of lords. Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

In his *Hymns*, 1809, varied somewhat in 1868. In the preface to 1868 he says:

'It will be perceived by those who read these hymns that though there is an interval between the first and last of nearly sixty years, both speak of the same great truths and in the same way. In the course of that long period the author has seen much and heard much, but nothing that he has seen or heard has made the least change in his mind, that he is conscious . . as to the grand truths of the Gospel.'

He wrote 767 hymns, including *Through the day Thy love has spared us* (35); *The head that once was crowned with thorns* (627); *We sing the praise of Him who died* (633); and five others in B. C. P. See notes on No. 35.

TUNES. *Look ye saints*, and *Messiah*, the latter by the writer of the words.

547

L.M.

'They worshipped Him, and returned . . . with great joy.' St. Luke xxiv. 52.

1 LORD, now we part in Thy blest Name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us through our remaining days
To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, LORD, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing Thy love. Amen.

REV. JOHN DRACUP, 1787.

In his *Hymns*, 1787, as altd. by Heber in his *Hymns*, 1827. i. 8 altd. by B. C. P. from 'Grant us *our fate*'. TUNE. *St. Crispin*.

548

C.M.

'Thou preparest their heart, and Thine ear hearkeneth thereto.' Ps. x. 19.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
LORD, meet us by the way.

3 GOD of all grace, we bring to Thee
A broken contrite heart;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part;

4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone;

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay;

6 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy SPIRIT and Thy SON,
Shall pray, and pray aright. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819. ill as in *Original Hymns*, 1853. See notes on No. 79. See Cong. and S. C. H. for two additl. verses. Montgomery wrote another famous hymn on Prayer: *Prayer is the soul's sincere desire* (606).

TUNES. *Northrepps*, *Bangor*, and *Windsor*.

549

C.M.

'A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' Ps. li. 17.

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies. Amen.

REV. J. D. CARLYLE, 1802.

In his *Poems*, 1805, where it has two more stanzas (see S. C. H., Ir., Bapt.), including:

Then on Thy glories while we dwell
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till Love divine transported tell
Our God 's our Father too.

The office of each of the three Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, in public worship is thus set forth. iv. 1 as in A. & M.; 'meek petition' as orig. in most hyls.
TUNES. *Northrepps*, *Bangor*, and *Windsor*.

550

6.6.6.6.

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' Ps. cxix. 105.

1 LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
LORD, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. Text remains unaltd. in all hyls. See notes on No. 12. TUNES. *Ravenshaw*, *St. Cyprian*, and *Forcier*.

551

Eight 7's.

'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' Col. i. 27.

1 LOVE of JESUS, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine;
Ever struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.

Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid;
Lift Thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine. Amen.

Rev. F. Borrows, 1872.

In his *Round Lake*, 1872. Here as in Am. An Englishman who spent most of his life in U. S. A. as a Methodist minister.

Tune. *Messiah*, sometimes set to *Child amidst the flowers at play*, by Mrs. Hemans.

552

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.' Isa. xl. 11.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
Hither Thy children bring
Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

3 Thou art our great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
None calls on Thee in vain,
Thee Who didst not disdain
Help in Thy mortal pain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesu, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King. Amen.

Tr. (1846) from the Greek of Clement of Alexandria (*c.* 200 A.D.) by H. M. Dexter.

The Greek begins Τρόμων πώλων ἄδαῶν and is added to Clement's work called *The Tutor*, the Tutor being Christ, the Word of God. Clement was one of the early Christian Fathers, and the great Origen was his pupil. Of this transln. by Rev. H. M. Dexter, an American Congregationalist, first published in the *Congregationalist* in 1849, *Brown and Butterworth*, 295, say:

'While these lines give us the sentiment and the religious tone of the old hymn, these verses, however, recognise the extreme difficulty of anything like verbal fidelity in translating a Greek hymn, and in this instance there are metaphors to avoid as being strange to modern taste. The first stanza, literally rendered and construed, is as follows:

Bridle of untaught foals,
Wing of unwandering birds,
Helm and Girdle of babes,
Shepherd of royal lambs!
Assemble Thy simple children
To praise holily,
To hymn guilelessly
With innocent mouths
Christ, the Guide of children.

'Figures like "catching the chaste fishes", "heavenly milk", are necessarily avoided in making good English of the lines, and the profusion of adoring epithets in the ancient poem (no less than twenty-one different titles of Christ) would embarrass a modern song.'

ill has no foundation in the orig. Lines 4–7 of Dexter's version were:

While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

The writer probably meant that our Lord would not disdain to *give* help, not that He would not disdain to *receive* help. Can. Pr. 562 is Rev. H. M. McGill's version, which makes it clearer that the orig. was written as a children's hymn:

Lead, Holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock we pray,
Thou King of little pilgrims
Safe lead us all the way.

The follg. stanza in McGill's transln. is fairly literal:

Thyself, Lord, be the Bridle,
These wayward wills to stay;
Be Thine the Wing unwand'ring,
To speed their upward way.

TUNE. *Kirby Bedon.*

553

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.' Ps. cxxiii. 2.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
SAVIOUR divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest SAVIOUR, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830.

In T. Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1832. Dr. Ray Palmer, an American Congregational minister, was perhaps the greatest of American hymn-writers, and this, his first hymn, written when he was twenty-two years old, is the best of the thirty-eight in common use. See notes on No. 515. For nearly sixty years of the author's life it was a popular hymn, and was sung to the same tune all that time, Lowell Mason's *Olivet*, a record unique indeed. Of it the author said, 'I wrote the stanzas with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears.' *Duffield*, 361, says: 'The MS. was placed in a pocket-book, where it remained for some time. Its true discoverer was Lowell Mason, who asked young Palmer if he had not some hymn to contribute to his new book. The pocket-book was produced and the hymn brought to light. Dr. Mason was attracted by it. They stepped together into a store and a copy was made. On rereading the hymn at home Dr. Mason was so much interested that he wrote for it the tune *Olivet*. Two or three days later he again met the author on the street and said, 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of *My faith looks up to Thee*.' It has been translated into many languages, including Arabic, Chinese, Tamil, Tahitian, and Mahratta. Tunes, *Olivet*, and *St. Petig*.

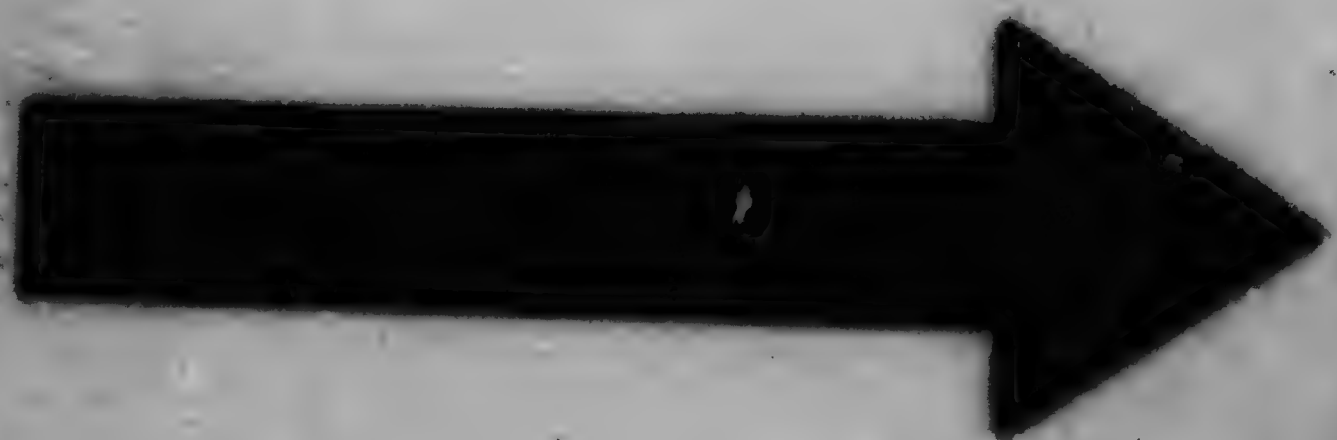
554

Six 8's.

'The Lord is in this place.' Gen. xxviii. 16.

1 LO, GOD is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place:
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face:
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo, GOD is here: Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
Disdain not, LORD, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.



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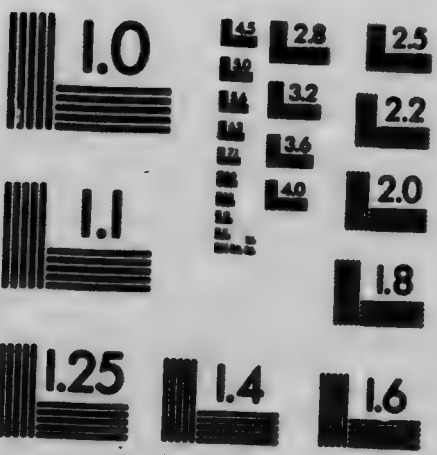

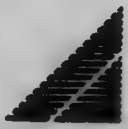

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3 Almighty LORD, may this our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice. Amen.

Tr. (1789) from G. Tersteegen by REV. J. WESLEY.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1789. See notes on No. 474. iii. 1, orig. '*Being of beings*, may our praise'. Some hyls. have:

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh we give,
O take, O seal them for Thine own:
Thou art the God; Thou art the Lord;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

TUNE. *St. Finbar.*

555

L.M.

'Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.' Rev. vii. 15.

1 LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to GOD,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In GOD's eternal glory blest.

3 They see their SAVIOUR face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

4 'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
And made us kings and priests to GOD.'

5 O may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life. Amen.

REV. ROWLAND HILL, 1783.

In his *Collection of Ps. and Hys.*, 1783. i–iv as altd. by A. & M. from altd. form in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1810. v is from the *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836. iii in H. C. is not by Hill.

TUNES. *Angels*, *Wareham*, and *Ely*.

556

L.M.

When I wake up I am present with Thee.' Ps. cxxxix. 18.

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my slumbering powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

In *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1709. ii. 4 as in H. C.; orig. 'drowsy powers'; iii. 1 as in orig.; '*my life*' in 8 H. C. See notes on No. 45. Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, classed Watts among the leading English poets. When Watts was a babe at his mother's breast, she used to take him with her while she sat on a stone near the jail door, and sang to his father, who was imprisoned for nonconformity. He was the eldest of nine children, and perhaps his earliest childish effort at verse was a couplet written for the prize of a farthing:

I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing authors can outvie.

When some one, commenting on Watts's stature, said, 'What! is that the great Dr. Watts?' for reply the following stanza was recited from Watts's *Horae Lyricae*:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind 's the standard of the man.

Tunes. *Angels*, *Wareham*, and *Ely*. *Wareham* is remarkable in that 'the melody proceeds on a descending or ascending scale with only one "skip", which is in the first line'.

557

C.M.

'If any man will come after Me, let him . . . take up his cross daily, and follow Me.' St. Luke ix. 23.

1 MUST Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me

2 How happy now the saints of GOD,
Who once went sorrowing here;
They rest in joy, life's crown is theirs,
They know no pain nor tear.

3 They trod the path the SAVIOUR trod,
They bore the cross He bore;
And none may look to wear the crown
Without the cross before.

4 Then help me, LORD, my cross to bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And so at last obtain my crown,
For there's a crown for me. Amen.

v. 1. REV. T. SHEPHERD, 1692.
vv. 2–4. BISHOP DAVID WILLIAMS, 1908.

1 by Rev. Thos. Shepherd in his *Penitential Cries*, 1692, reads:

Shall Simon bear Thy cross alone,
And other saints be free?
Each saint of Thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me.

1 above is as in Henry Ward Beecher's *Plymouth Coll.*, 1855, where it is signed 'G. N. Allen', who wrote the tune *Maitland*, to which it is sung in U. S. A. Stanzas ii, iii, iv, v in the Amer. Presb. *Hyl.* are as follows:

2

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

ANON., c. 1810.

3

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

ANON., 1849.

4

Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

REV. CHAS. BEECHER, 1855.

5

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

REV. CHAS. BEECHER, 1855.

This hymn, hitherto the combined work of several writers, has now been recast by Right Rev. David Williams, Bishop of Huron, Vice-Chairman of the Compilation Committee of the B. C. P., whose mastery of the English language is all the more remarkable because he spoke only Welsh until he was twenty-one years of age. He took a most active part in the compilation of this hymnal, and was present during the whole of every meeting of the Committee.

TUNES. *Cross and Crown*, and *Faith*.

558

C.M.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.' Deut. vi. 5.

1 MY GOD, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting LORD!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

4 O how I fear Thee, living GOD,
With deepest, tenderest fears!
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O LORD,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

7 FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee! Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1849.

In his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849. Here as in A. & M. and other hyls. iii. 1, 'How *beautiful*, how'; vi. 2, '*Half* so' in orig. See notes on No. 36. TUNE, *Westminster*.

559

8.8.8.4.

'The hour of prayer.' Acts iii. 1.

1 MY GOD, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls us to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then is our strength by Thée renewed;
Then are our sins by Thée forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer our sólitude
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what swéet relief
There for our every wánt we find;
What strength for warfare, bálm for grief;
What peace of mind.

4 Hushed is each doubt; gone évery fear,
Our spirits seem in héaven to stay;
And even the peniténtial tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till we reach yon blíssful shore,
No privilege so déar shall be,
As thus our inmost sóuls to pour
In prayer to Thee. Amen.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

In her brother's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1835. Here, as in her own *Morning and Evening Hys.*, 1836. Several hyls. have:

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a Day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee,
Than earth can know.

See notes on No. 528. Tunes. *Troyte's Chant*, No. 1, and *St. Remigius*.

560

8.8.8.4.

'Thy will be done.' St. Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my héart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path and sád my lot,
Let me be still and múrmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divínely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no lónger nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done.

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

In *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1836, and in her brother's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1835. i. 1 and 2 as in latter; 'My God *and* Father,' and '*his* life's' in former. iv. 3 as in most hyls.; orig. '*was* Thine'. Variations in this hymn occur, as there is a third form printed by the authoress in *Hours of Sorrow*, 1836. See Bapt. and Sc. for a'l. verse. See notes on No. 528. The author was a saintly sufferer, who during a long life 'took up her cross daily'.

TUNE. *Herbert.*

561

11.11.11.11.

'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.' St. Matt. v. 6.

1 MORE holiness give me, more strivings within;
More patience in suffering, more sorrow for sin;
More faith in my SAVIOUR, more sense of His care;
More joy in His service, more purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me, more trust in the LORD;
More zeal for His glory, more hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows, more pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial, more praise for relief.

3 More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains, more longings for home;
More meet for Thy kingdom, O LORD, would I be,
More fruitful, more holy; more, SAVIOUR, like Thee.
Amen.

P. P. BLISS, 1873.

In *Sunshine*, 1873. Text as in 3 H. C. iii. 3, 4, in orig.:
More *fit* for *the* Kingdom, *more used* would I be,
More *blessed and* holy; more, Saviour, like Thee.

The author was the well-known American evangelist, who wrote *Ho! my comrades*; *Almost persuaded*; *Light in the darkness, sailor*; *Only an armour-bearer*; *Standing by a purpose true*; *Sing them over again*, &c. TUNES. *Montgomery*, and *More Holiness*.

562

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.'
Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH ADAMS, 1841.

In W. J. Fox's *Hymns and Anthems*, 1841. The authoress, a Unitarian, was in early life a friend of Robert Browning. She was author of *Vivia Perpetua*, 1841, a drama on the martyrs of early Christianity. *Part in peace* (Bapt. 640, Can. Pr. 600) is taken from *Vivia Perpetua*. In Morrell and How's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1854, in 2 C. H., and in *In Excelsis*, 1905, appeared *Nearer, O God, to Thee*, by Bp. W. W. How, a 'paraphrase of Mrs. Adams's hymn, expressing more definitely Christian faith, and better adapted for Christian worship.' It omits every reference to Jacob, and substitutes the history of Jesus during His passion. Critics have objected to Mrs. Adams's hymn on the ground that it makes no reference to Christ. But the 'cross that raiseth' suggests the Crucified Redeemer, and the 'steps unto heaven' remind one of our Saviour's application of Jacob's ladder to Himself (see St. John i. 51). As the Book of Esther, though not mentioning the name of God, yet reveals the finger of God; so this hymn, though not naming Christ, yet surely reveals the Spirit of Christ. This hymn should be studied with the Bible open at Gen. xxviii. 10–22. From the *Baptist Hymnal*, 1900, was omitted a manufactured added verse, which had been in the 1857 edition, just as Bp. Bickersteth, in last edition of *Hyl. Comp.*, omitted the added verse to *Lead kindly Light*. The first verse of the author's other famous hymn in *Fox*, 1841, is:

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

In Bapt. and others it begins 'God sendeth sun'.
TUNES. *Horbury*, *Excelsior*, and *Propior Deo*. In U. S. A. and Canada the hymn is almost universally sung to Lowell Mason's *Excelsior* (*Bethany*).

563

6.6.6.6.6.6.

'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' Isa. lxiv. 6.

1 NOT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, LORD, we sue;
Let fall Thy pitying glance
On our devotions too,
What we have done for Thee,
And what we think to do.

2 The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou searcher of all hearts,
Forgiveness pour on these.

3 And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for Thy dear sake,
Into Thy pardoning thought,
O GOD of mercy, take.

4 And most, when we, Thy flock,
Before Thine altar bend,
And strange bewildering thoughts
With those sweet moments blend,
By Him Whose death we plead,
Good LORD, Thy help extend.

5 Bow down Thine ear and hear!
Open Thine eyes and see!
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to Thee
To make it of Thy grace
What Thou would'st have it be.
Amen.

CANON TWELLS, 1889.

In A. & M. '80. See No. 21. TUNES. *Waltham*, and *Baca*.

564

6.6.6.6.6.6.

'What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?' Ps. cxvi. 11.

1 THY life was given for me,
Thy Blood, O LORD, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy FATHER'S home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone,
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1858.

Here as in A. & M. '75 and *Ch. Hys.* '71. The orig. form in *Good Words*, Feb., 1860, was 'I gave My life for thee', and so on throughout the hymn. The authoress wrote to Bp. Bickersteth: 'I am so glad you prefer the original version, a direct appeal by the Lord to His servant. I permitted, but do not like the altered form.' This was her first hymn, and was written in 1858. See notes on No. 519. After writing the lines, she threw them into the fire; but on a sudden impulse withdrew them, crumpled and singed. Her father, a distinguished musician, wrote the tune *Baca* for them.

TUNES. *Baca, Thy life was given*, and *Gift*.

565

C.M.

'And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.'
St. Luke xvii. 5.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod:
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 LORD, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.

REV. WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1831. He wrote also *How sweet the hour of closing day* (431), and *O Saviour, may we never rest* (577). v. 3 as in most hyls.; some have '*I'll* taste e'en *here*'. See Am. Meth. for additl. verse. TUNES. *St. Leonard*, *St. Saviour*, and *St. Anne*.

566

C.M.

'Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.' Ps. xc. 1.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home! Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

In his *Ps. of David*, 1719. See notes on Nos. 45, 556. This is a paraphrase of Ps. xc. i. 1, '*Our* God'; ii. 1, '*Under* the'; vi. 1,

'*Our* God' in orig. vi. 8 as in orig. | Mercer, Morrell and How, French, Bickersteth, and many modern hyls. write '*while life shall last*', on the ground that 'it seems more worthily to sustain the great dignity of thought for which this hymn is so remarkable'. TUNE. *St. Anne.*

567

C.M.

'A new heart also will I give you.' Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my GOD,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that 's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
And where He reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious LORD, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

In Hyt. and Sacred Poems, 1742. See notes on Nos. 6, 507. i. 3, 4 as in many hyls.; orig. 'A heart that always feels Thy Blood So freely *spilt*'; ii. 2 as in 1782; '*My dear*' in 1742. TUNES. *Holy Cross*, and *Eagley*.

568

C.M.

'My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'
St. Luke i. 47.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my GOD and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 JESUS—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks—and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my GOD,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1740, entitled 'For the anniversary day of one's conversion'. Orig. had eighteen stanzas, reduced by Wesley to eleven. For additl. stanzas see A. & M. '04, S. C. H., Eng. Meth. See notes on Nos. 6, 507. For the history of this hymn, the first in the *Methodist Hymn Book*, and founded on the saying of Peter Böhler, a pious Moravian, 'Had I a thousand tongues, I would praise Him with them all,' see *Duffield*, 408.

TUNES. *Holy Cross*, and *Eagley*.

569

D.L.M.

'And His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' Isa. ix. 6.

1 O GOD of GOD! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,
To Thee, where angels know no night,
The hymn of praise for ever rings:—
To Him Who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Laud, honour, might, to Him alone,
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

2 Nations beheld their coming LORD,
Slowly in type from age to age,
Grand in the poet's winged word,
Deep in the prophet's sacred page;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song, 'Good-will to men!'
Hymned by the firstborn sons of light,
Re-echoed now;—'Good-will!' Amen.

3 His life of truth, His deeds of love,
His death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn,
These are all past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.

'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;'
So sang His hosts unheard by men;
'Lift up your hearts, for you He waits;'
'We lift them up.' Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, 'Send forth Thy light,
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free.' Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong.
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;
From angels praise, and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power, Amen, Amen! Amen.

Canon Julian, 1888.

Written, to the tune *Peterborough*, for a Sheffield Festival in 1888. Text as in *Ch. Hys.*, 1908. The author is the editor of the monumental work, *A Dictionary of Hymnology*, which has secured him lasting fame. He wrote also *Great God, to Thee our hearts we raise* (361). Tunes. *Peterborough*, and *Cantate Domino*.

570

C.M.

'Then shall the Lord be my God.' Gen. xxviii. 21.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our FATHER'S loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace. Amen.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, 1736.

Written 1736 by Doddridge. See notes on No. 237. J. Logan recast hymn for Scottish *Translns. and Paraphrases*, 1781, and his recast is adopted by all hyls., most of which include Logan's verse:

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

TUNES. *Martyrdom*, and *Ortonville*.

571 C.M.

'Thou requirest truth in the inward parts.' Ps. li. 6.

1 O GOD of truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, LORD,
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, LORD, that they
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy ransomed earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white?

4 Then, GOD of truth, for Whom we long—
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

5 Yea, come! then tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee. Amen.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1859.

From *Lays of the Sanctuary*, 1859. Thomas Hughes, Q. C., was the writer of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, 1856, and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, 1861. Cong. has two additl. verses:

4
We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin;
He who would fight for Thee on earth,
Must first be true within.

6
Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

ii. 4 as in many hyls; orig. 'Thy *groaning*'.
TUNE. *Nox Praecessit.*

572

7.6.7.6.

'The fellowship of His sufferings.' Phil. iii. 10.

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With JESUS as your fellow
To JESUS as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
As JESUS did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As JESUS hungered then!

3 The Cross that JESUS carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that JESUS weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn—

5 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure—

7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862.

Dr. Neale gave this as by St. Joseph of the Studium (i. e. the Hymnographer), and as a cento from the Canon on SS. Chrysanthus and Daria. This Canon is given for March 19, in the Greek service-book called the Menea, and begins, Ἀνεῴξω ὑπὲρ χρυσὸν ἐκλάμπουσι. Some of the phrases are used as suggestions, but the English is in no sense a transln. from the Greek. See note on No. 408. v. 1, 'What are they but vaunt couriers' in orig.; 'but His heralds', 'but the couriers,' 'but the heralds', 'but forerunners', in various hyls.; v. 3, 'What are they *but the fore gleams*' in A. & M. '04; vii. 3, '*a* ladder' in 3 H. C.; viii. 4, as in A. & M. and other hyls.; 'win *you such*' in many hyls. as in orig. In Am. one of above stanzas is omitted, and a doxology is added, perhaps to make the hymn fit a double metre tune. Instead of the present st. v a correspondent suggests:

What are they but the pillars
Of cloud and fire so bright,
To lead us on our journey
To the eternal Light.

He adds: 'Following the lead of our Faith, Hope, and Love, is not that the end?' Tunes. *Knecht*, and *St. Anselm*.

573

7.6.7.6.D.

'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' Rev. xxi. 23.

1 O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.
Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

2 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.
Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

3 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.
To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To FATHER, and to SPIRIT
All things created bow. Amen.

Tr. (1839) from the Latin by REV. I. WILLIAMS.

The Latin, beginning 'Coelestis, O Ierusalem', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1822, as a hymn for All Saints Day. iii. 1, 2, 3 as in most hyls.; orig.:

Calm Hope from thence is leaning,
To her our longings bend;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us.

TUNES. *Savoy Chapel*, and *Ogbas*.

574

C.M.

'Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.' St. Matt. xv. 25.

1 O HELP us, LORD; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, LORD, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, JESU, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

DEAN MILMAN, 1827.

For Second Sunday in Lent in Heber's *Hymns*, 1827. For additl. verses see So., Eng. Meth., and Bapt. See notes on No. 133.

TUNES. *Bedford*, *St. Barnabas*, and *Brockville*; the first is in triple time as originally.

575

C.M.

'Lord, remember me.' St. Luke xxiii. 42.

1 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear LORD, remember me.

2 When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart;
Dear LORD, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Dear LORD, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Dear LORD, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath;
Dear LORD, remember me. Amen.

REV. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

In his *Carmina Christo*, 1792. There are various versions of this hymn, but most hymnologists follow Cotterill's text of 1819. Hardly any two hyls. are the same. See *Julian*, 850. For interesting incidents see *Duffield*, 433, 575, 603.
TUNES. *Bedford*, *St Barnabas*, and *Brockville*.

576

C.M.

'The communion of the Holy Ghost.' 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of grace,
Eternal Fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.

2 As Thou in bond of love dost join
The FATHER and the SON,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.

3 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Tr. (1837) from C. Coffin by REV. J. CHANDLER.

The Latin, beginning 'O fons amoris, Spiritus', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, as the Weekday Hymn at Terce (the third hour). The transln. is altd. as in A. & M. '61; for orig. see *English Hymnal*.

TUNES. *Arlington*, *Cheshire*, and *Tallis*. The first-named, sometimes called *Artaxerxes*, is adapted from the Larghetto of the overture to Dr. Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes*, 1762. He wrote the music for *Rule Britannia*, and a setting of Milton's *Comus*.

577

C.M.

'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' Col. i. 27.

1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within,
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

2 O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light:

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze, may we become
United, LORD, to Thee,
And, in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

REV. WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1831. See note on No. 431.
TUNES. *Arlington*, *Cheshire*, and *Tallis*.

578

C.M.

'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.'
Song of Solomon iv. 16.

1 O HOLY GHOST, Thy people bless
Who long to feel Thy might,
And fain would grow in holiness
As children of the light.

2 To Thee we bring, Who art the LORD,
Ourselves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

3 Life-giving SPIRIT, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

4 Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

5 True Wind of heaven, from south or north,
For joy or chastening, blow;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

6 O HOLY GHOST, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright
ONE GOD in Persons THREE. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1874.

In *Hys. for the London Mission*, 1874. See notes on No. 12.
TUNE. *Green Hill.*

579

7.6.7.6.D.

'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.' St. John xii. 26.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

*3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;

O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

*4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end!
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy footmarks
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

Rev. J. E. Bode, 1866.

Printed as a leaflet by the S.P.C.K., a 'Hymn for the Newly Confirmed', 1866. A. & M. '04 has:

4 O let me see Thy features,
That look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake;
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy Name denied;
The look that draws Thy loved ones
Close to Thy pierced side.

Tunes. *Day of Rest*, and *Paradise*.

580

7.6.7.6.D.

'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' Rev. iii. 20.

1 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there.

2 O JESU, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O JESU, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
O LORD, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear SAVIOUR, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1867.

In his *Pr. and Hys.*, 1867. See notes on No. 219. i. 6, Bapt. has 'His *sacred* Name who bear'.

'There is a wonderful picture by Holman Hunt, called "The Light of the World", which represents the Saviour knocking at the door, in illustration of the passage in the Song of Solomon (chap. v. 2). He stands with bowed head, listening. Across the door vines have grown: it has been long since it was unclosed. He holds in His hand a lantern from which the rays fall on some fruit which has dropped ungathered. His back is towards the light of the rising moon' (*Duffield*, 419). The original is in Keble College Chapel, Oxford, and a replica is in St. Paul's Cathedral.

TUNES. *Ottawa*, *St. Catherine*, and *Lux Mundi*.

581

8.8.6.D.

'Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.'
1 Pet. v. 7.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms.

3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our GOD,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the FATHER, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 LORD, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a FATHER'S will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

J. ANSTICE, 1836.

In his *Hymns*, 1836. TUNES. *Innsbruck*, and *Bridehead*.

582

8.8.6.D.

'The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'
Rom. viii. 39.

1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 GOD only knows the love of GOD;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1749. See notes on Nos. 6, 507.
lv. 1, in orig. 'O that I could for ever sit, Like'.
TUNES. *King's College*, *Penleigh*, and *Hull*.

583

L.M.

'Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity.' Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of GOD,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 LORD, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

Tr. (1887) from C. Coffin by REV. J. CHANDLER.

The Latin, beginning 'O quam iuvat fratres, Deus', is in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736, appointed for Tuesday Evening.
TUNES. *St. Anthony*, and *Eden*.

584

L.M.

'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' Eph. iii. 19.

1 O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That GOD, the SON of GOD, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

7 To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis by CANON BENJAMIN WEBB.

The Latin is a poem of twenty-three verses, beginning 'Apparuit benignitas'. The verses here translated are 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 23. Tranain. in *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, as altd. by A. & M. '61. See notes on No. 526.

TUNES. *St. Anthony*, and *Eden*.

585

'God is Love.' 1 John iv. 8. Six 8's.

1 O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who ere life's earliest morn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, &c.

3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe!
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, &c.

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, &c.

5 O Love, Whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, &c. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. J. Scheffler by Catherine Winkworth.

The German, beginning 'Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde', is in Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657. Scheffler wrote also the German of *Thee will I love, my strength, my tower* (638). The transln. is in *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. Text as in A. & M.
Tunes. *Vox Domini*, and *In Tenebris*.

586

10.10.11.11.

'Praise ye the Lord.' Ps. cxlv. 1.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His Word, ye angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him by Whom ye were made,
And worship before Him, in brightness arrayed.

2 O praise ye the Lord! praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord, ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him Who hath brought you his grace from above,
Praise Him Who hath taught you to sing of His love.

3 O praise ye the Lord, all things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord, re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story of what He hath done.

4 O praise ye the Lord! thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured all ages along:
For love in creation, for heaven restored,
For grace of salvation O praise ye the Lord! Amen.

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1875.

In A. & M. '75. It is a paraphrase of Ps. ci. See notes on No. 12. Tunes. *Worship*, and *Laudate Dominum*.

587

10.10.11.11.

'Praise the Lord, ye servants: O praise the Name of the Lord.' Ps. cxiii. 1.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name:
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right;
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love. Amen.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

In *Hys. for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 1744. The allusions to Ps. xciii are obvious. iii. 8, orig. 'Our Jesus's praises', which keeps the double rhyme, but *faces* is not a very happy rhyme in any case. iv. 2 as in most hyls.; orig. '*and* wisdom.' See Nos. 6, and 507.

Tunes. *Worship*, and *Laudate Dominum*.

588

7.7.7.7.

'Quit you like man, be strong.' 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE, 1812, and FRANCES S. COLQUHOUN, 1827.

This was originally a fragment written by White on the back of a mathematical paper. It was first published by W. B. Collyer in his *Hymns*, 1812, No. 867, who added six lines (not here given) to complete it. There it began 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe'. Here lines 1–6 are by White; the rest were added by Miss Frances Sara Fuller-Maitland (born 1809) in her mother's *Hymns*, 1827. White's father was a butcher, his mother conducted a school for girls. Although he died in his 22nd year he achieved a permanent place in literature. Lord Byron wrote some beautiful lines upon his untimely end. Southey published his *Remains*. He had been a sceptic, but afterwards was preparing to enter the ministry. This is the best known of his ten hymns. Another is *When marshalled on the nightly plain* (*Breed*, 184, *Brown and Butterworth*, 865). St. 1 in orig.:

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Sleep with tears the bread of life.

TUNES. *Ever Faithful*, and *University College*.

589

S.M.

'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' Rom. viii. 18.

1 O WHAT, if we are CHRIST's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
CHRIST's sufferings shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their GOD,
They rest in perfect love.

4 LORD, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here;

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1852.

In Murray's *Hymnal*, 1852; here as in A. & M. '61. See notes on No. 12. TUNES, *Swabia*, and *Aberystwyth* (*Ouseley*).

590

S.M.

'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.' Ps. cxxx. 1.

1 OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O LORD, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall;
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 LORD, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1868.

A paraphrase by the former chairman of *Hymns A. & M.* of Ps. cxxx in A. & M. '68. See notes on No. 12. iii. 3 is altd. in A. & M. '04 to 'All night till morning watch is near'. But this alteration is not justified by any expression in the psalm. The R. V. of Ps. cxxx. 6 is 'My soul looketh for the Lord, more than watchmen look for the morning'.

TUNES. *Aldersgate*, *Aston*, and *Aristoxenus*.

591

8.7.8.8.7.

'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves.' 2 Cor. v. 15.

1 OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the SAVIOUR's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
'All of self, and none of Thee.'

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray: 'Forgive them, FATHER;'
And my wistful heart said faintly:
'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered:
'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
LORD, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication:
'None of self, and all of Thee.' Amen.

THEODORE MONOD, 1874.

Pastor Theodore Monod, of the French Reformed Church, was born in 1836; retired from the ministry in 1906.

In the month of July, 1874, at the close of a series of private meetings in the beautiful grounds of Broadlands (Hants), M. Monod, then the guest of Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, wrote the stanzas which he entitled *The Altered Motto*, and which he copied into the *Liber Amicorum*. A few weeks later they were printed, without his knowledge, on the back of an invitation to the public 'consecration meetings' (the first of the kind in England) to be held at Oxford, towards the end of August, chiefly under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith, from Philadelphia.

The Altered Motto found its way into the churches, and eventually into a number of hymn-books, although it had not been intended for a hymn. The author made a few slight alterations in order to facilitate the singing. The text given in the B. C. P. has been revised by him.

For the information here furnished the compiler of these notes is indebted to M. Monod himself. He has also sent a personal letter from which we make free to publish the following passage:

'... I have given you the only text which I endorse. I very specially object to the repetition of the last line of every or any

stanza. . . . May I add that I am far from appreciating the publicity given to the name of the writer of a hymn? Nothing is more appropriate, nothing more beautiful, more blessed, than that a hymn should go up to God in praise or prayer, *not* supplemented by the *signature of the author*. Who cares? Can you imagine the anthems of the redeemed singing before the throne, concluded by the intimation given by some angel: "The words are by so and so, a patriarch. The tune by so and so, an apostle."

'Having said this much, I am bound to confess that the sample sheets you kindly send me, concerning the history of your hymns and of their authors, have, in spite of myself, interested me. Presuming therefore, that the information for which you ask may likewise have some interest for some readers, I have made up my mind to let you have it.'

TUNE. *St. Jude*, and *O the bitter*.

592

8.7.8.8.

'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'
Ps. xvii. 15.

1 ON the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST'S own likeness,
Satisfied.

6 O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, JESU CHRIST, at last;
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, 1864.

Contributed to the *Church Times*, July 23, 1864. Here as in Bp. How's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1867. The orig. readings were: i. 3, 'No more sorrow, no more *tears*'; ii. 2, 'and *a widowed* Sabbath'; iii. 4, 'Fast asleep'; iii. 1, '*As achille* the'; iv. 1, '*As* the soul'; vi. 3, 'Which shall *never, never, never*'; viii. 2, 'Bring us, *Jesus* Christ.' See notes on No. 383. TUNES. *Melton*, and *Mansfield*.

593

8.7.8.8.

'There shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light.' Rev. xxii. 5.

1 WHERE the Light for ever shineth,
Where no storm ariseth more,
There the SAVIOUR meets His loved ones
On the shore.

2 They nor thirst, nor suffer hunger,
All their tears are wiped away,
Night has past, and they have entered
Endless day.

3 Surely He, the mighty Worker,
He Who slumbers not, nor sleeps,
Leaveth not in useless silence
Those He keeps.

4 They who bravely toiled amongst us
We believe are working still,
Where no disappointment hinders,
No self-will.

5 Lo! from earth's imperfect labour
He hath called them to His feet,
There to work where, free from failure,
Work is sweet.

6 We can spare them, loving SAVIOUR,
For we know Thou guardest well
Those who now with all the ransomed
Sinless dwell.

7 Grant that we with them Thy loved ones,
Whom by faith we still can see,
May when life's great morning dawneth
Follow Thee. Amen.

ANON.

Canon James Simpson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: 'I found this hymn some fifteen years ago in a parish magazine—I think the *Pulpit of the Cross*—published in U. S. A. and now defunct. Ten years ago, when one of our Church workers died, I had some copies struck off, and we have since sung it frequently on such occasions.'

TUNES. *Melton*, and *Mansfield*.

594

8.6.8.4.

'If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.' St. John xvi. 7

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His is that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

In her *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. ii. 1, 'He *comes*' in Eng. Meth. and Am. Meth.; iii. 3, 'each *thought*' in 2 H. C., Ir., Can. Pr.; iv. 2, '*conquest* won' in A. & M., Ir., Can. Pr.; v. 4, '*meet for* Thee' in A. & M. '04, H. C.; '*worthy* Thee' in 3 C. H.

In H. C., Cong., Can. Pr., Bapt.:

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

In Eng. H., Am. Meth., Eng. Meth., Cong., Can. Pr., Bapt., Sc.:

3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue,
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

Sc., Can. Pr., Eng. Meth., Ir. add a st., not by Miss Auber:

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

In *Hyl. Comp.*, 1890. Bp. Bickersteth wrote:

'Some have, as the editor thinks, needlessly, criticised the second verse ("He came in semblance," &c.). The authoress evidently did not contemplate the Pentecostal Mission of the Comforter alone, but His unction of the Church, which began with His anointing of the Christ in the river Jordan. The precious ointment poured upon the head of our Great High Priest went down to the skirts of His garments (Ps. cxxxiii. 2). The verse appears to the editor as theologically true as it is poetically beautiful.'

This hymn is remarkable as having been first written on a window pane in the house of the authoress at Heddesdon, England. TUNE. *St. Cuthbert.*

595

10.10.10.10.

'There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God.' Heb. iv. 9.

1 O WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see;
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
GOD shall be All and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

*5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

*6 Now in the meantime, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the FATHER; and in Whom, the SON;
Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with Them ever One.
Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin *of* Peter Abelard, 12th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin begins 'O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata'. It is the best known of the set of hymns which Abelard wrote about 1130 for the use of the Abbess Héloise, and the nuns of the Convent of the Paraclete at Nogent-sur-Seine in the Champagne country, sixty-nine miles from Paris. In this hymnary it is for Saturday Evening, Sabbato ad Vesperas. To the memory of Abelard and Héloise is erected a striking monument in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris. It is impossible to give here in detail the romance of their lives, which has never ceased to interest the world. How Abelard, the great teacher and opponent in controversy of St. Bernard (see No. 525), enticed her from the home of her uncle, how they were separated, each to a convent, the touching correspondence between them, must be read elsewhere (see Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, and *Bodine*, 284). Dr. Neale's transln. in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854, begins more grammatically, 'O what *their* joy and *their* glory must be.' Here as in A. & M. '68, exc. vi. 1, 'meanwhile.'

TUNE. *Regnator orbis.*

596

7.6.7.6.D.

'Ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life.' Phil. ii. 15, 16.

1 O WORD of GOD Incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of CHRIST the living WORD.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O CHRIST, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear SAVIOUR,
A lamp of burnished gold
To bear before the nations
Thy sure light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1866.

In his *Ps. & Hys.*, 1867. See notes on No. 219. iii. 8, 'Still *guides*' in many hyls. TUNES. *Chemies*, and *Lancashire*.

597

7.6.7.6.D.

'At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.' St. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh;
Up, pray and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel choir.

The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand:
Up, up! ye heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O JESUS, now appear:
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O LORD, to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto Thee. Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the German of Laurentius Laurenti by SARAH FINDLATER.

The German, beginning 'Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen', is in Laurenti's *Evangelia Melodica*, 1700. The transln. is in *Hys. from the Land of Luther*, 1854. TUNES. *Chemies*, and *Lancashire*.

598

7.7.7.7.

'Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'
Rev. vii. 9.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His Cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and LORD of lords.'

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the SAVIOUR'S righteousness
And His Blood that made them so.

5 They were mortal too like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1829.

In his *Poet's Portfolio*, 1835. See notes on Nos. 79, 187. 3 C. H. has another verse. See *Julian*, 878.

TUNES. *Palms of Glory*, and *Colbeck*.

599

7.7.7.7.

'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.' Ps. cxlv. 10.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When GOD spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
GOD will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise,
JESU, glory unto Thee,
With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819. See notes on Nos. 79, 187. i. 3, 4 as in A. & M. The orig. was 'When *Jehovah's work* begun, When *He* spake'; vi added by A. & M. Many hyls. have:

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

TUNES. *Palms of Glory*, and *Oulback*.

600

10.10.

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.' Isa. xxvi. 3.

1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of JESUS whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of JESUS, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1875.

One of five hymns, *Songs in the House of Pilgrimage*, 1875. *Julian*, 1636, contains the follg. by the author's son, Rev. S. Bickersteth:

'This hymn was written by Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., while he was spending his summer holiday in Harrogate in the year 1875.

'On a Sunday morning in August, the Vicar of Harrogate, Canon Gibbon, happened to preach from the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," and alluded to the fact that in the Hebrew the words are "Peace, peace", twice repeated, and happily translated in the 1611 translation by the phrase, "Perfect peace." This sermon set my father's mind working on the subject. He always found it easiest to express in verse whatever subject was uppermost in his mind, so that when on the afternoon of that Sunday he visited an aged and dying relative, Arnhdeacon Hill, of Liverpool, and found him somewhat troubled in mind, it was natural to him to express in verse the spiritual comfort which he desired to convey. Taking up a sheet of paper he then and there wrote down the hymn just exactly as it stands, and read it to this dying Christian.

'I was with my father at the time, being home from school for the summer holidays, and I well recollect his coming in to tea, a meal which we always had with him on Sunday afternoons, and saying, "Children, I have written you a hymn," and reading us, *Peace, perfect peace*, in which, from the moment that he wrote it, he never made any alteration.

'I may add that it was his invariable custom to expect each one of us on Sundays at tea to repeat a hymn, and he did the same, unless, as frequently happened, he wrote us a special hymn himself, in which way many of his hymns were first given to the Church.

'It is not always noticed that the first line in each verse of *Peace, perfect peace*, is in the form of a question referring to some one or other of the disturbing experiences of life, and the second line in each verse endeavours to give the answer.

'The hymn has been translated into many tongues; and for years I doubt if my father went many days without receiving from different people assurances of the comfort which the words had been allowed to bring to them. The most touching occasion on which, personally, I ever heard it sung was round the grave of my eldest brother, Bishop Edward Bickersteth (of South Tokyo), at Chiselden, in 1897, when my father was chief mourner.'

Bishop Bickersteth's hymns are mostly in his *From Year to Year*. His most ambitious poetical effort was his *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*. He will be best known to posterity no doubt as the compiler of *The Hymnal Companion*, which, next to *Hys. A. & M.*, has been most in use in the Church of England. Where the compilers of A. & M. freely altered the text of hymns whenever they thought right, Bickersteth adhered strictly to the original. *Julian* says, 348, 'In Anglican representativeness Bishop Bickersteth's work is at the head of all hymnals of the Church of England; and in keeping with this unique position it has also the purest texts, being in this respect almost as faultless as Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*.'

In *From Year to Year* this hymn is for Evening Prayer (see 'Collect for Peace'). For an interesting account of this great evangelical leader, see *Bodine*, 354. The B. C. P. contains fourteen hymns by him, including, *O Christ, Thou hast ascended* (183); *Till He come* (235); *Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs* (246); *Hush! blessed are the dead* (281); *For My sake and the Gospel's, go* (300); *O brothers, lift your voices* (310); *O God, the Rock of ages* (437); *My God, my Father, dost Thou call* (767).

TUNE. *Pax Tecum* is usually attributed to G. T. Caldbeck. He wrote a sort of air which Charles Vincent, musical editor of *Hyl. Comp.*, so varied and improved that the tune, with its added harmonies, should be credited to Dr. Vincent.

601

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'Praise the Lord. O my soul: and all that is within me praise His holy Name.' Ps. ciii. 1.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise with us the GOD of grace. Amen.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

In his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. See notes on Nos. 18, and 468. i. 4 as in A. & M. and Am.; orig. 'Who like me His praise should sing'; 'Who like *thee*' in some hyls.; '*shall* sing', in some hyls. i. 5 as in A. & M. and Ir.; orig. 'Praise Him, praise Him'. ii. 3 as in orig.; '*as* ever' in some hyls.; iv. 1 as in orig.; 'Angels in the height adore Him' in A. & M. and Am.; iv. 3, 4 as in orig.; A. & M. and Am. have 'Saints triumphant, bow before Him, Gathered in from every race'. Can. Pr. and Sc. have:

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
Blows the wind and it is gone,
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on;
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One.

TUNES. *Praise, my soul, Hallelujah, Kensington New*, and *Regent Square*. The first by Sir J. Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, of whom Dr. E. J. Hopkins related that 'he asked the Canon whether certain useful stops might be added to the organ. "What a strange set of creatures you organists are," said Sydney Smith, solemnly; "first you want the *bull* stop, then you want the *tom-tit* stop; in fact you are like a jaded old cab-horse, always longing for another stop"' (*Musical Times*, 1901, p. 230).

602

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Now . . . are we all here present before God.' Acts x. 33.

1 IN Thy Name, O LORD, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and hear Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, LORD, to Thee,
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.
Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

* In his *Hymns*, 1815. Here as in 1838 and 1853. Lord Plunket, one of his schoolmates, meeting him one day when they had grown old, said: 'You will live to a great age.' 'Yes,' Kelly replied, 'I am confident I shall, as I expect never to die.'

TUNES. Same as for No. 601.

603

C.M.

'Lord, teach us to pray.' St. Luke xi. 1.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but GOD is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

6 O Thou by Whom we come to GOD,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
LORD, teach us how to pray. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, as text. The last verse was added by the author to give the poem more of the structure of

a hymn and to adapt it for public worship. See *Julian*, 907. See notes on Nos. 79, and 137. In many hyls. are the following:

6

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

TUNES. *Prayer*, and *St. Columba*.

604

C.M.

'Ye are sanctified ... by the Spirit of our God.' 1 Cor. vi. 11.

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great SPIRIT, come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great SPIRIT, come. Amen.

REV. A. REED, 1829.

In *Evangelical Magazine*, June, 1829 and in his *The Hymn Book*, 1842, the above being a combination. Some hyls have:

Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

Come as the dove,—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

TUNES. *Bredon*, and *Lambeth*.

605

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.' Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your LORD and King adore;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 JESUS, the SAVIOUR, reigns,
The GOD of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at GOD's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

In *Hys. for our Lord's Resurrection*, 1746. See notes on Nos. 6, 507. i. 3, orig. '*Mortals*, give'. See Eng. Meth. for two additl. stanzas.

TUNES. *Gopsal*, *Darwall*, and *Nevin*, the first written specially by Handel for this hymn. See frontispiece.

606

5.4.5.4.5.4.5.4.

'I have called you friends' St. John xv. 15.

1 REST of the weary, Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger, SAVIOUR and Friend.

2 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, SAVIOUR and Friend.

3 Thee still confessing, ever I'll raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise:—
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, SAVIOUR and Friend. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1861.

In his *Prayers and Litanies*, 1861. iii. 1, 2, orig. 'Ever confessing Thee, I will raise'. 2 H. C. and Eng. H. have:

2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

TUNES. *Rest*, and *St. Leonard*.

607

S. M.

'O Lord, revive Thy work.' Hab. iii. 2.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O LORD,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of life,
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the HOLY GHOST sent down,
Our love for Thee inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O LORD,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, LORD, be ours. Amen.

A. MIDLANE, 1860.

In the *Evangelist's Hymn Book*, 1860; not in *British Messenger*, Oct., 1858. See notes on No. 718. The text (omitting refrain) here as in author's *Bright Blue Sky Hymn Book*, 1909 (exc. iv. 3, 4, 'And by the Holy Ghost our love For Thee *and Thine* inflame').

TUNES. *Venice*, and *St. Michael*.

608

Six 7's.

'That Rock was Christ.' 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the Blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1775.

i. 4, 'From Thy side, a healing flood' in Am.; i. 6, 'Save from wrath and keep me pure' in Am. and Am. Meth.; iv. 2 as in most hyls.; 'When my eyes are closed in death' in 3 C. H., Eng. H.; 'When my eyes shall close' in Cong., Am. Meth.; 'When my eyestrings break in death' in orig.; iv. 4, 'soar *to worlds*' in 3 C. H., Eng. Meth.; 'When I *pass*' in Bapt.; 'When I *rise to worlds*' in Am., Am. Meth. But surely it is a mistake to alter the poet's word 'tracts', and thus lose the thought of the unknown path traversed, and substitute the idea of going to many worlds. In the plebiscite taken in 1887 by *The Sunday at Home*, this hymn was first with 8,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes; *Abide with me*; *Jesu, Lover of my soul*; and *Just as I am*. Toplady was a writer whose controversial works are happily forgotten, but his hymn, written to combat Wesley's doctrine of entire sanctification (see No. 617, v. 4, 'And stand *entire* at last,' as in orig.) (and entitled 'A

Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World'), is beloved by all bodies of Christians, including the Methodists.

'Toplady at the age of sixteen strolled into a barn at Codymain, Ireland, where a lay man was preaching a homely sermon. "Strange that I," Toplady afterwards wrote, "who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought right unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, midst a handful of people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name." No small encouragement to humble workers! A hymn which has been an inexpressible blessing to mankind can be traced back to a poor, stumbling, illiterate speaker in a barn in a remote Irish hamlet' (*Welsh*, 181).

Albert, Prince Consort, repeated this hymn constantly on his death-bed; 'For,' said he, 'if in this hour I had only my worldly honours and dignities to depend on, I should be poor indeed.' Rev. John Hudson, in *The National Review*, Aug., 1888, wrote of this hymn:

'It seems a medley of confused images, and accumulated, if not misapplied, metaphors—"cleft rock," "riven side", "to Thy cross I cling", "to the fountain fly". What is the precise meaning of "*double* cure"? Is the curative agent or the thing cured *double*? i. e. does it refer to "water and blood", or "guilt and power" of sin? And surely to cleanse from power is an odd expression! The hymn does not make clear to the reader whence the writer took his idea. "Rock of ages" is generally supposed to be taken from the marginal reading of Isa. xxvi. 4, rendered by the Revisers, "In the Lord Jehovah is an Everlasting Rock," the idea being stability. But the second line "Let me hide myself in Thee", would seem to be suggested by some such verse as Isa. xxxii. 2, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land", or by the incident in Moses' life recorded in Exod. xxxii. 22, "I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand." Whereas, again, the heading of the hymn, "That Rock was Christ", would seem to imply an allusion to the history of the Israelites described in Exod. xvii. 5, 6; Num. xx. 11, and referred to in 1 Cor. x. 4.'

See also Ps. lxxviii. 15; Exod. xxxiii. 22; Ps. xxvii. 5; Isa. ii. 10; St. John xix. 34; 1 John v. 6. Of this hymn *Julian* says: 'No other hymn has laid so broad and firm a grasp upon the English-speaking world.' Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Harriet Beecher Stowe:

'I recognise its wonderful power and solemnity. If you asked me what is the secret of it, I should say that of all the Protestant hymns I remember, it is the richest in material imagery. Some think that in getting free from Romanism we have lost our love of image-worship, but I do not think so myself. . . . The imagination wants help, and if it cannot get it in pictures, statues, crucifixes, &c., it will find it in words. That, I believe, is the reason why *Rock of ages* impresses us more than any other hymn. It is the Protestant *Dies Iræ!* "Quid sum miser tunc dicturus", "Could my tears for ever flow"—the utter helplessness of the soul and its passionate appeal are common to both. Our hymn has more of hope and less of terror, but it is perfectly solid with material imagery, and that is what most of us must have to kindle our spiritual exaltation to its highest point.'

Canon Twells, after stating that this hymn came first in three plebiscites, writes:

'The poetic merits of this hymn are not high. If we could suppose it to come for the first time before a hymnal committee of the present day, without its grand history and its traditional acceptance, it would stand no chance of inclusion. The bad rhymes alone, "blood" and "flowed", "cure" and "power" "dress" and "grace", would keep it out. . . . I believe its leading feature to be this: That it does express the absolute dependence of the soul upon its Saviour in a way that has commended it to countless thousands. . . . It is among hymns what the 51st Psalm, "Have mercy, O Lord, after Thy great goodness", is among psalms. It puts into simple words the yearning for pardon.'

The hymn is said to have been written when the author was sheltering himself from a thunderstorm under a cliff. For further information see *Julian*, 970, 1182, 1693.

TUNES. *Redhead* No. 76, *Toplady*, and *Gethsemane* (Dykes).

609

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'
Ps. cvii. 30.

1 SAFE home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears:
What matters now grief's darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away.
Amen.

Based on St. Joseph the Hymnographer, 9th cent., by Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862.

Dr. Neale gave this as by St. Joseph, and as a Cento from the Canon of St. John Climacus. The Canon is given for March 30, in the Greek service-book called the Menea, beginning Πάτερ Ἰωάννην δότε; but there is nothing corresponding to the English there, or in the works of St. Joseph. See notes on No. 403. The abbey at Constantinople was called the Studium, and the author is sometimes called St. Joseph of the Studium. His early manhood was adventurous. He was a great traveller. See notes on No. 226. iii. 5, 'he had'; v. 5, 'What matter now, when (so men say),' in orig. Tune. *Safe Home.*

610

C.M.

'And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.'
Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let Thee go.'

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thine open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1749, vol. ii, p. 87. See notes on Nos. 6 and 507. iii. 1 as in A. & M. '04, Cong.; orig. 'The spirit of interceding grace,' of which the meaning probably is: 'Give us faith to claim from Thee the power of prevailing prayer, that, like Jacob, we may wrestle,' &c. The preceding hymn in 1749 contains the line, 'The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart.' TUNE. *St. Ethelreda.*

611

C.M.

'The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.' Rom. i. 20.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of GOD above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How GOD Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

*5 The SAVIOUR lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

*6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

*7 One Name, above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

*8 The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy SPIRIT's viewless way.

9 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within
Plain as the sea and sky.

10 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

For Septuagesima Sunday in the *Christian Year*, 1827. See notes on Nos. 4, 20. A. & M. '04, and Eng. H. have two other verses.

Of the *Christian Year*, Archbp. Whately wrote: 'I know no body of uninspired poetry, where purity and power, where knowledge of Holy Scripture and knowledge of the human heart, where the love of nature and the love of Christ are so wonderfully combined'. Its 96th edn. was revised by the author himself. TUNES. *St. Flavian*, *Dalehurst*, and *Flensoury*.

612

6.5.6.5.D.

'Every day will I give thanks unto Thee: and praise Thy Name for ever and ever.' Ps. cxlv. 2.

1 SAVIOUR, blessèd SAVIOUR, listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
All we have we offer; all we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer, CHRIST, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow, toil nor care is known,
Where the angel legions circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

5 Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessèd SAVIOUR, find a rest at last.

6 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to GOD;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

7 Higher then and higher bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten, SAVIOUR, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1862.

Written 1862, was first published in his *Hymns*, 1866, p. 36, in eight verses. Text here as in his *Ch. of England H. B.*, 1882, the author especially desiring the last verse as here, and not as in A. & M. See notes on No. 38. Many hyls. have also:

2 Farther, ever farther, from Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered, wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to Thy fold.

5 Darker, ever darker, was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness o'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth, every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned, love that never dies.

TUNES. *Princethorpe*, *Kirkbraddan*, and *Edina*.

613

Eight 7's.

'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.' St. Luke xvii. 13.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of whelming fear;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord;
Listen, listen to the cry,
Of our solemn litany. Amen.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

In the *Christian Observer*, Nov., 1815, p. 735, and in his *Sacred Poems*, 1839. Text partly from each.
Tunes. *Ramoth*, and *Miserere*.

614

10.10.7.

'And again they said, Alleluia.' Rev. xix. 3.

1 SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven: O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia!

2 Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

5 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

6 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

7 Almighty CHRIST, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Tr. (1865) from the Latin by REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

This hymn, beginning 'Alleluia piis edite laudibus', was apparently written in Spain, perhaps as early as the 8th cent. By the 11th cent. it had also come into use in England, France, Germany, and Italy. In Spain it was the farewell until Easter to Alleluia used in the beginning of Lent, in England at Septuagesima.

Translns. in the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, April, 1865. Here as in A. & M. '75? TUNE, *Alleluia perenne.*

615

7.7.7.7.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' Rev. ii. 10.

1 SOLDIERS, who are CHRIST'S below,
Strong in faith resist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the LORD.

2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
GOD Himself is thy reward.

5 FATHER, Who the crown dost give,
SAVIOUR, by Whose death we live,
SPIRIT, Who our hearts dost raise,
THREE in ONE, Thy Name we praise. Amen.

Tr. (1866) from the Latin by REV. J. H. CLARK.

The Latin, beginning 'Pugnate, Christi milites', is in the

Chalons-sur-Marne Breviary, 1736, as a hymn for Saturday. Translu. written 1865; here as in A. & M. '68.

TUNE. *Orientis partibus*, which was adapted from an old melody that used to be sung in some parts of France in the Middle Ages during a festival known as the Feast of the Ass, in which a young girl with a doll in her arms (representing the Virgin and the child Jesus) was placed on the back of a donkey, and the animal was then led into the church while the priests chanted the hymn *Orientis partibus* (*Lightwood*, 341).

616

D.L.M.

'O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.' Ps. xcvi. 1.

1 SING to the LORD a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the LORD, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.
For He is LORD, &c.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our GOD, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
For He is LORD, &c.

4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our GOD, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.
For He is LORD, &c.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;
Sing to the LORD of heaven and earth
Whom angels, &c. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

In his *Hys. of Love and Praise*, 1863. Text as in his *Parish Hymnal*, 1873. See notes on No. 117.

TUNES. *Cantate Deo*, and *Cantate Domino*.

617

8.M.

'Put on the whole armour of God.' Eph. vi. 11.

1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies,
Through His Eternal SON;

2 Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through CHRIST alone,
A crown of joy at last.

6 JESU, Eternal SON,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE,
And SPIRIT evermore. AMEN.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

In his *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1749. See notes on Nos. 6, 507. Orig. had thirty-two stanzas, vi is from A. & M. '61. For additl. verses see Eng. Meth. and Cong. v as in A. & M.; orig. as in H. C. and other hyls.:

Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

'stand *complete*' in Am., Ir., Can. Pr., Bapt., Sc.; 'And victor stand at last' in 8 C. H. See note on 608.

TUNES. *St. Ethelwold, Silver Street, Amerton*, and *Buckland*.

618

8.M.

'Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.' Neh. ix. 5.

1 STAND up, and bless the LORD,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the LORD your GOD,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1825.

Written for a Sunday School anniversary (1824), as were many hymns by Montgomery. See No. 79. Text here as in his *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. Based on Neh. ix. 5. For additl. verse see Bapt. Tunes. Same as for No. 617.

619

7.6.7.6.D.

'Quit you like men, be strong.' 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 STAND up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

Rev. George Duffield, 1858.

The author, an American Presbyterian, was the father of Rev. S. W. Duffield, the author of *English Hymns*, and *Latin Hymns*, books frequently referred to in these notes. The author wrote: 'I caught its inspiration from the dying words of that noble young clergyman, Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Phila. His last words were "Tell them to stand up for Jesus. Now let us sing a hymn." As he had been much persecuted in those pro-slavery days for his persistent course in pleading the cause of the oppressed, it was thought that these words had a peculiar significance in his mind; as if he had said, "Stand up for Jesus in the person of the down-trodden slave"? (St. Luke v. 18)' (*Julian*, 315). Mr. Tyng met a tragic death from being drawn into a threshing machine just after a most remarkable mission where, at the final meeting after his sermon on Exodus x. 11, at least one thousand persons joined the church. His dying message, and Eph. vi. 14, suggested this hymn to the author, who preached the funeral sermon to an immense concourse of people, and repeated the hymn at the close (*Bodine*, 170). The above version is as preferred by the author, exc. iii. 6, 'Each piece put on with prayer.'

A. & M. '04, Eng. H., Cong. have:

2

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
The solemn watchword hear,
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

Cong. has:

5

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host.
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain;
And prove to all around you,
That death itself is gain.

Tunes. *Morning Light*, and *Mission*.

620

6.5.6.5.D.

'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.' Eccles. xi. 7.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy lovingkindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1871.

Written for *Church Hymns*, 1871. See notes on No. 219. Tunes. *Ruth*, and *Erling*.

621

7.7.7.7.

'Present your bodies a living sacrifice.' Rom. xii. 1.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my LORD, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1874.

In her *Loyal Responses*, 1878, and in Snepp's *Songs of Grace and Glory*, Appendix, 1874 (dated 1873). See *Julian*, 1114. The author wrote:

'I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed-for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, Lord, give me all in this house! And He just *did*. Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with "Ever, only, all, for Thee."'

Archbp. Davidson quoted from this hymn with great effect in his sermon at the remarkable Thank-offering Service at St. Paul's Cathedral at the close of the Pan-Anglican Congress, June 24, 1908. TUNES. *Mozart*, *Weber*, *Nessington*, and *Last Hope*.

622

7.7.7.7.

'My sheep . . . shall never perish.' St. John x. 27, 28.

1 THINE for ever:—GOD of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
SAVIOUR, GUARDIAN, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever:—Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. Amen.

Mary F. Maude, 1847.

Written in 1847, for her class in the Girls' Sunday School of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, and published 1848 in *Twelve Letters on Confirmation*. The 'proof' of above hymn has been read and approved by the writer, who specially desires iv. 1 as she wrote it, and not '*Saviour*, keep', as this spoils the figure, and the word 'Saviour' occurs in the previous stanza. In a delightful letter to the compiler of these notes, the author, now ninety years of age, tells how she still conducts a large bible class for young men every Sunday.

Tune. Same as for No. 621.

623

L.M.

'If any man will come after Me, let him . . . take up his cross daily and follow Me.' St. Luke ix. 23.

1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow CHRIST,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

6 To THEE, great LORD, the ONE in THREE,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.
Amen.

REV. C. W. EVERETT, 1858.

From his *Visions of Death and other Poems*, 1858. *Hymns*, 398, gives orig. Here as in *Salisbury H. B.*, 1857, exc. v. 1, 'follow Me' (A. & M. '61 'follow *Christ*'). vi is not by Everest. Orig. was: i. 3, 'Take up thy cross, with willing heart'; ii. 2, 'Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm,' iii. 2, 3, 4:

And let thy foolish pride be still;
The Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.

iv. 2, 'And calmly sin's wild deluge brave'; iv. 4, 'It points to glory o'er the grave'; v. 1, 'follow on.'

TUNES. *Breslau*, *Nicomachus Gerasenus*, and *Hamburg*.

624

7.6.7.6.D.

'He is the head of the body, the church.' Col. i. 18.

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distress:

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1866.

In *Lyra Fidelium*, 1866. A series of twelve hymns upon the Apostles' Creed. This was upon 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' Here as rev. for A. & M. '68. See *Julian*, 1146, for complete hymn. This hymn received the highest number of votes in the plebiscite taken before compilation of the B. C. P. See p. ix. See note on No. 120. TUNE. *Aurelia*.

625 PART 1. 6.6.8.4.D.

'Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God.'
Heb. xi. 16.

1 THE GOD of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And GOD of love:
JEHOVAH, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

2 The GOD of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

5 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

6 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns. Amen.

626 PART 2. 6.6.8.4.D.

'Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God.' Heb. xi. 16.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;

JEHOVAH, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

2 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garment white and pure
His spotless Bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
Beneath serener skies,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

3 Before the great THREE-ONE
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

4 The GOD Who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
JEHOVAH, FATHER, great I AM,
We worship Thee.'

5 Before the SAVIOUR'S face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace
For ever new;
He shows His prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above
'Worthy the Lamb.'

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to GOD on high;
'Hail! FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,'
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's GOD and mine;
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise! Amen.

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1770.

The author, an unlettered man, was an associate of John Wesley, and was buried in the same grave. Rodo, it is said, over 100,000 miles in twenty-five years; an itinerant preacher. In his youth a hardened sinner, his course in life was changed by a sermon of Whitefield on 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire.'—Zech. iii. 2. The story of the origin of this hymn is that the author showed it at a conference at the City Road Chapel, in London, saying, 'Look at this; I have rendered it from the Hebrew, giving it, as far as I could, a Christian character; and have called on Lecni, the Jew, who has given me a Synagogue melody to suit it.'

See *Julian*, 1148, for the Hebrew, a literal translation, and the full text of Olivers'. See also *Duffield*, 590.

TUNES. *Lecni*, and *Crossmead*.

627

C.M.

'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.' Rev. iii. 21.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and LORD of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their LORD below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

In his *Hymns*, 1820, based on Heb. ii. 10. See notes on No. 26.

TUNES. *St. Magnus*, *St. Filbert*, and *St. James*, the first by Jeremiah Clark, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, called after the church which used to stand on London Bridge.

628

C.M.

'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' St. John xiv. 6.

1 THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the FATHER seek
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE, 1824.

In his *Songs by the Way*, 1824. See notes on No. 19. l. 1, A. & M. has 'by Thee'. TUNES. Same as for No. 627.

629

7.6.7.6.D.

Paraphrase of Psalm xix.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour:
Night unto night, replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O LORD, with voice undying
The wonders of Thy hand.

2 The sun with royal splendour
Goes forth to chant Thy praise
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise:

O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is poured;
The song of all creation
To Thee, creation's Lord.

*3 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven;
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day.

*4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart:
Thy Word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.

*5 O who can make confession
Of every secret sin;
Or keep from all transgression
His spirit pure within?
But let me never boldly
From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
The service of my heart.

6 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still:
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee. Amen.

Canon Thomas R. Birks, 1874.

In his *Companion Psalter*, 1874. ii. 3, orig. 'Stars, moonbeams.' Tunes. *Cecil observant*, and *Munich*.

630

8.7.8.7.

Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii.

1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1868.

In A. & M. '82. See notes on No. 12. The third verse of this, perhaps the most beautiful of the many versions of the twenty-third Psalm, was the last audible sentence, on Feb. 12, 1877, of the author, who was the chief editor of *Hymns A. & M.* This, 'the Shepherd Psalm,' has brought comfort to countless souls.

At a great missionary gathering held recently in the city hall at Glasgow, Bishop Montgomery told this simple, suggestive and pathetic story of our own North-West:

'One of our priests was out on the track. He saw on the roadside a little boy herding sheep, and in the distance a little farmsteading. Having asked the boy's name, he then said: "Would you mind me asking if you ever said a prayer in your life?" "Never, gut'nor," was the reply. "Have you ever read your Bible?" "Never seen one, guv'nor." "Has your father or mother got one?" "None in the house at all, sir." "Then," said the man, "I shall be back here next year. Will you do me a favour, and learn five words for me: 'The Lord is my Shepherd'?" The boy agreed, and went over the words on his fingers, and the man said: "One thing more, when you come to the last finger but one, which reads 'my', crook that finger.

Now, go over it on your hand in that way, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'" Next year came, and the man in passing that road remembered the boy, and going up to the farm, inquired of him from a woman standing outside. "Are you," she said, "the man who taught him some words?" "Yes," he replied; "how is he?" "Dead, sir," she said, "ay, dead. The little chap was fond of going about with his hand over his head, sticking out the fingers with one finger down, and seemed very happy going over the words you taught him. It was a very bad winter, with dreadful blizzards, and one night he was out after his sheep, and we missed him. We could not find him till morning. There he lay dead, and, I believe, sir, the words you taught him were the last words he ever spoke, for he had his hand over his head with his fingers just held as you taught him."' 'Some day,' said the Bishop, 'there will be a happy meeting between that boy and priest.'

TUNE. *Dominus regit me.*

631

7.7.7.5.

'Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name.' Ps. xcvi. 2.

1 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine
Lift on us Thy Light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4 THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

REV. G. ROBINSON, 1849.

In his *Hys. and Anthems*, 1851. Orig. had iii. 2, '*stek* on'; iii. 4, '*vesper* calm'; iv. 2, '*Darkling* here'. Dr. Robinson called this an 'imitation and combination' of two Latin hymns for Trinity Sunday. The imitation is certainly very free.

1 Iam sol recedit igneus:
Tu lux perennis Unitas,
Nostris, beata Trinitas,
Infunde amorem cordibus.

2 Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere;
Dignaris ut te supplices
Laudemus inter coelites.

3 Te Trinitatis Unitas,
Orbem potenter quae regis,
Attende laudis canticum,
Quod excubantes psallimus.

4 Ortus refulget lucifer,
Praecitque solem nuntius,
Cedunt tenebrae noctium,
Lux Sancta nos illuminet.

The stanzas are given as altd. and combined in the *Roman Breviary* of 1632. St. i, ii are altd. from the ancient hymn *O lux, beata Trinitas*; iii from the ancient hymn *Te Trinitatis Unitas*; iv from the ancient hymn *Æterna cœli gloria*.
TUNE. *Capetown.*

632

L.M.

'The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof; yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof.' Ps. xcvii. 1.

1 THE LORD is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world one song shall ring
The LORD omnipotent is King.

2 The LORD is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The LORD is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your GOD is King, your FATHER reigns;
And He is at the FATHER'S side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

6 The LORD is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world one song shall ring;
The LORD omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

From his *Star in the East*, 1824. See notes on No. 282. He wrote also *Day by day the manna fell* (Can. Pr. 18).
TUNES. *Waltham*, *Breslau*, and *St. Crispin*.

633

L.M.

'God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Gal. vi. 14.

1 WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride:
For this we count the world but loss

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is Love:
He bears our sins upon the Tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1815.

From his *Hymns*, 1815. Text as in edns. of 1868, and 1878. See notes on No. 85. Tune. Same as for No. 632.

634

C.M.

Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be. Amen.

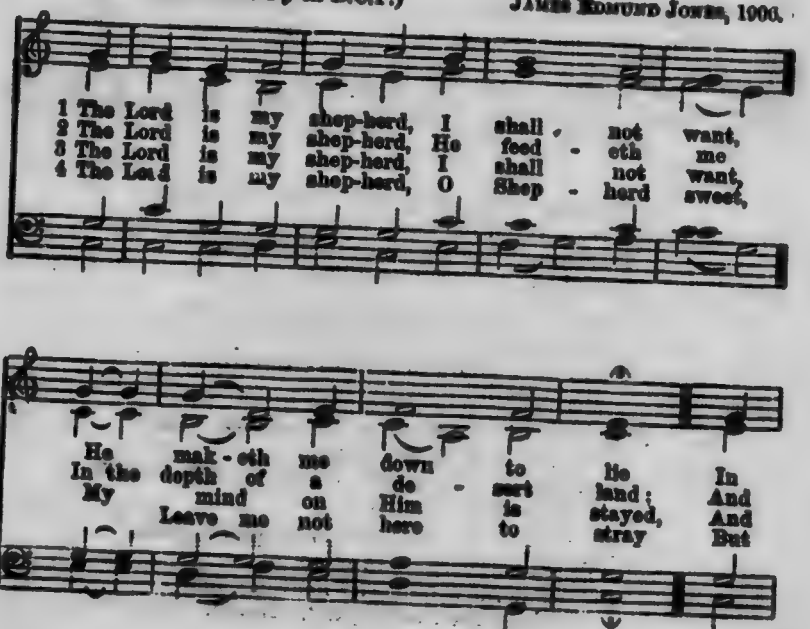
Francis Rous, 1650.

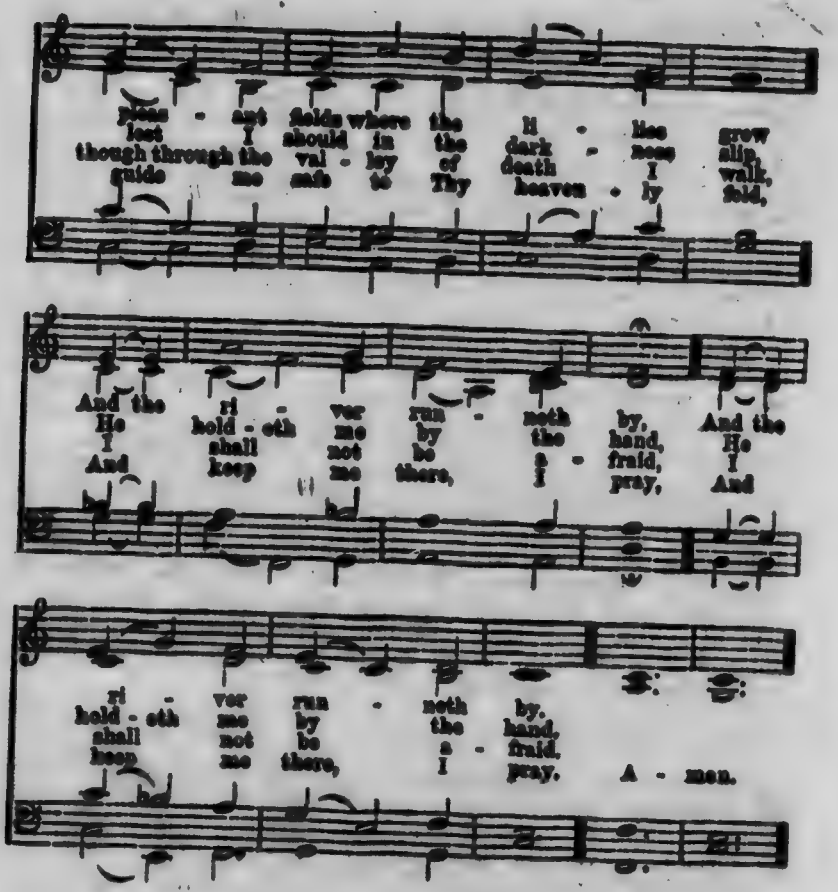
Very little of this is really by Francis Rous. It is a combination made by the Committee who compiled the Scottish Psalter of 1650; mainly from Whittingham, Rous, Boyd, and Mure. See the different forms in *Julian*, 1154. See No. 107.

Rous was a member of the Upper House in 1657, was one of the Privy Council of Oliver Cromwell, who appointed him one of the 'triers of clerical candidates', and although a layman he was a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. Parliament adopted his version of the Psalms. In 1647 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a Committee to revise it, and after they had practically rewritten it by the help of other versions, it was adopted by the Assembly in 1650, and has been in use ever since. The great drawback to this version is the monotony caused by the use of common metre throughout, only varied by occasional alternative versions in long metre or short metre, and one or two earlier alternative versions in P. M., such as Ps. cxxiv and cxlviii.

TUNES. *Ewan*, and *Walden*. The latter, by James Edmund Jones, first appeared in the *Song and Hymn Book of Awra Lee Club*, 1906, published for an athletic club composed of members of the Bible class for young men carried on for many years by the compiler of these notes. See No. 676. The name *Walden* is from the story *God's Good Man*, by Marie Corelli, the hero of which is the Rev. John Walden. Miss Corelli has kindly consented to the tune being set to her beautiful paraphrase which appears in that book.

WALDEN. (Also set in D♭ in B.C.P.) JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1906.





1 The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
He maketh me down to lie
In pleasant fields where the lilies grow
And the river runneth by.

2 The Lord is my shepherd, He feedeth me
In the depth of a desert land;
And lest I should in the darkness slip,
He holdeth me by the hand.

3 The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
My mind on Him is stayed,
And though through the valley of death I walk,
I shall not be afraid.

4 The Lord is my shepherd, O Shepherd sweet,
Leave me not here to stray
But guide me safe to Thy heavenly fold,
And keep me there I pray. Amen.

635

D.C.M.

'The things which are not seen are eternal.' 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor,
O for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, LORD,
O by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

Contributed to *Hys. for Public Worship*, 1852. See notes on No. 113. TUNES. *Castle Rising*, and *The Roseate Hues*.

636

D.C.M.

'Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.' 1 Pet. ii. 21.

1 THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the SPIRIT came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

As in his *Hymns*, 1827. See notes on Nos. 1, 297. The MS. has 'The Son of God *is gone* to war'. Written for St. Stephen's Day. One of the most affecting incidents ever introduced in any story in connexion with a hymn occurs in Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing's *Story of a Short Life*, where the dying little cripple here asks the soldiers to sing this hymn to the 'tug of war' tune. And as the men sang under his window 'They climbed the steep ascent of heaven', 'the V. C. stopped, as if he had been shot. For a man's hand had come to the Barrack Master's window, and pulled the white blind down.' Mrs. Ewing was the wife of the composer of the well-known tune for *Jerusalem the golden*. TUNES. *All Saints* (*New*), *Crusaders*, and *St. Anne*.

637 P.M.

'All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.' Ps. cxlv. 10.

1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Let the ransomed people sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 And the choirs that dwell on high
Swell the chorus in the sky, Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Ye, through the fields of Paradise that roam,
Ye blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 Ye planets glittering on your heavenly way,
Ye shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Alleluia!

6 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing
Alleluia!

7 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia! Alleluia!

8 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia! Alleluia!

9 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia!

10 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia!

11 To GOD, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD of all things loves:
Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST Himself approves:
Alleluia!

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia!

14 Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the LORD;
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore

15 Praise be done to the THREE in ONE,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the Latin of Notker, 10th cent., by REV. J. M. NEALE.

The Latin, beginning 'Cantemus cuncti melodum nunc alleluia', was evidently suggested by Psalm cxlviii, was written for use at Epiphany, and is found in the early manuscripts of Notker's *Liber Sequentiarum* now at St. Gall in Switzerland. The transln. is in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1854. Dr. Neale says:

'It is well known that the origin of sequences themselves is to be looked for in the *Alleluia* of the Gradual, sung between the Epistle and Gospel. During this melody it was necessary that the deacon should have time to ascend from his place at the altar to the rood-loft, that he might thence sing the Gospel. Hence the prolongation of the last syllable in the Alleluia of the Gradual, in thirty, forty, fifty, or even a hundred notes; the neumes of which ritualistic writers speak so much.'

Notker (born 840, died at St. Gall 912) tells us in his *Liber Sequentiarum* that in his youth he found great difficulty in remembering the cadences of the neuma. But about 862 one of the monks of the Abbey of Jumièges near Rouen, recently destroyed by the Normans, came to St. Gall and brought his *Antiphonary* with him. There Notker found words set to these troublesome neumes, but the words seem to have been strung together for mnemonic purposes. Notker resolved to combine sound with sense, and composed his first sequence, *Laudes Deo concinat*, to the melody of one of these sets of neumes.

See further *Julian*, 812, and Duffield's *Latin Hymns*, 182. In the latter is a most interesting account of Notker. The 'sequence' in the Burial Service: 'Media vita in morte sumus: quem quærimus adiutorem, nisi te, Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris iuste irasceris?'; 'In the midst of life we are in death: Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, Who for our sins art justly displeased?'—is said to have been the antiphon written by Notker as he beheld his fellow-creatures poised between life and death, building a bridge over a gorge of the river Goldach between St. Gall and Lake Constanz; but modern research finds no evidence of this.

TUNE. *Troyte's Chant*, No. 2.

638

Six 8's.

'I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.' Ps. xviii. 1.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone,
Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind:
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my LORD, my GOD;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

Tr. (1789) from the German of REV. J. Scheffler by REV. JOHN WESLEY.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1789. The German, beginning 'Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke', is in Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657. iii. 5, 6 are given in 1789 in quotation marks as being from Bp. Ken (see Hymn No. 3, iii. 3, 4). Above text as in most hyls.; orig. i. 5, '*the pure* fire'; i. 6, '*chaste* desire.' See Eng. Meth. and Cong. for additl. verses.
TUNES. *Pater Omnium*, and *Surrey*.

639

Eight 6's.

'In My Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you.' St. John xiv. 2.

1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;

Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER One,
And SPIRIT, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
For ever there enthroned,
For ever glorified;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of GOD,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your SAVIOUR trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

In A. & M. '61. See notes on No. 12. iii. 3, 4 as in S. H. C., which changed it, by permission, from 'And count each sacred wound, In hands and feet and side'.

TUNES. *Thurs fumanius*, *The Blessed Home*, and *Plutarch*.

640

C.M.

'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Rom. v. 8.

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

In her *Hys. for Little Children*, 1848. See notes on No. 118. l. 2 as in A. & M. '04; orig. '*Without* a.' See *F. A. Jones*, p. 290, for a facsimile of the MS. of the writer, which has '*Outside* a'. Tunes. *Hershey*, *Sowley*, and *Berthier*.

641

C.M.

'They desire a better country.' Heb. xi. 16.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

In his *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. See notes on Nos. 45, 517, and 556. Local tradition connects this hymn with the neighbourhood of Southampton, and says that there the idea suggested itself to Dr. Watts of 'a land of pure delight', and of sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, dressed in living green, as an image of the heavenly "Canaan".' To one standing on the

West Quay at Southampton it is only three-quarters of a mile across to the New Forest by the ferry, and the *swelling food* answers to the river. Black's *Guide Book* says: 'Few cities can boast a fairer landscape than that which greets the tourist when, standing on Southampton Pier, he looks out over the broad water of the estuary, and the swelling uplands, and ample meadows which stretch beyond, as far even as the waving masses of the New Forest.' Certainly the 'sweet fields' seen from Southampton are not those of the Isle of Wight, but those of Hampshire, stretching back to the New Forest proper. From Southampton to Lyndhurst—which is right in the Forest—is eight miles as the crow flies. From Southampton to the Isle of Wight is at least sixteen miles. TUNES. Same as for No. 640.

642

C.M.

'I will alway give thanks unto the Lord: His praise shall ever be in my mouth.' Ps. xxxiv. 1.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

6 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

TATE and BRADY, 1696.

From the *New Version of the Psalms*. See notes on Nos. 75, 111. Lines 1–6, 10–12, 15–18, 21–24, are 1696, the rest 1698. Eighteen stanzas in orig. See Eng. Meth. and Can. Pr. for two additl. verses. TUNES. *Bexley*, and *Wiltshire*.

643

7.7.7.7.

'Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.'
1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

1 THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

2 We, by enemies distrest—
They in Paradise at rest;
We the captives—they the freed—
We and they are one indeed.

3 One in all we seek or shun,
One—because our LORD is one;
One in heart and one in love—
We below, and they above.

4 Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part,
Fellowship of heart with heart?

5 Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak;—

6 Yet in sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and fast and litany.

7 Saints departed even thus
Hold communion still with us;
Still with us, beyond the veil
Praising, pleading without fail.

8 With them still our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise,
Rendering worship, thanks, and love
To the TRINITY above. Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1843.

In his *Hys. for the Young*, 1843; rev. in the edn. of 1843, and again rev. for his *Original Hys.*, 1866. The text here taken from all three versions. vii was added by A. & M. '89.

Dr. Neale in the preface to his *Hymns Chiefly Mediæval*, 1865, says:

'I feel that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought the moment it is published to become the common property of Christen-

dom. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into that treasury of the Church, into which the "many that were rich"—Ambrose and Hildebert, and Adam and Bernard of Cluny, and St. Bernard; yea, and Santeuil and Coffin—"cast in much". But having so cast it in, is not the claiming a vested interest in it something like "keeping back part of the price of the land"?'

If this were the opinion of the owners of hymn-tunes the publication of hymnals would not be so difficult and costly. For the use of copyright tunes the B. C. P. has paid nearly $6000.

TUNES. *Warnborough*, *St. Albans*, No. 231, and *Redhead* No. 47.

644

7.7.7.7.

'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.' Isa. liii. 4.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
JESU, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

DEAN MILMAN, 1827.

In Bp. Heber's *Hymns*, 1827, for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity (Gospel: Raising the son of the widow of Nain). Last line of each verse as in A. & M., S. H. C., and Am., &c.; orig. 'Gracious Son of Mary.' Other hyls. have 'Jesus, Son of David,' 'Jesus, Man of Sorrows.' iii. 1 as in A. & M. and Am.; orig. 'the sullen' as in S. C. H. See notes on No. 132.

TUNES. Same as for No. 643.

645

7.7.7.7.

This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Gen. xxviii. 17.

1 TO Thy temple I repair,
LORD, I love to worship there,
Abba, FATHER, give me grace,
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the LORD, my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
GOD of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy SPIRIT pleads;
Hear, for JESUS intercedes.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with GOD to-day. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812.

In W. B. Collyer's *Hymns*, 1812. See notes on No. 79. Most hyls. have i. 3, 4:

When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

ii. 1, 2:

Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him become Thy child,
Abba, Father, &c.

TUNE. *German Hymn*, from the slow movement of quartet No. 4, op. 7, by Pleyel.

646

P.M.

'He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' Rev. xxii. 20.

1 THOU art coming, O my SAVIOUR,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;

Coming:—in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming:—O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

*4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved LORD!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,—
Thee, my Master, and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1873.

From *Under the Surface*, 1874. See notes on Nos. 382, and 386. See *Julian*, 1166. ii. 7, 8, A. & M. '04, Am., read as H. C.:

Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to thee.

3 H. C. says 'the change received her hearty sanction and consent, as her original violated the law of alternate rhymes observed in the other stanzas'. TUNE, *Beverley*.

647

S.M.

'Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.' St. Mark xiii. 33.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER'S dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

5 To sober earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;

6 The solemn midnight cry,
'Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!'

7 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our LORD.

8 O may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

In *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1749. See notes on Nos. 6, 179, 507. Here as in 3 C. H. and A. & M. '64.

TUNES. *Southwell*, and *Leominster*.

648

7.6.7.6.D.

'One body, and one Spirit . . . one Lord, one faith.'
Eph. iv. 4, 5.

1 THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;
Our fathers owned Thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

*3 When shadows thick were falling,
And all seemed sunk in night,
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy servants,
Thy chosen sons of light.
On them and on Thy people
Thy plenteous grace was poured,
And this was still their message,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

*4 Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely,
To guard the nation's life.
Their gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

5 And we, shall we be faithless?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Shall we evade the conflict,
And cast away our crown?
Not so: in God's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored;
We will maintain, unflinching,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

6 Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
With Thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and angels,
Thy Name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

Amen.

DEAN E. H. PLUMPTRE, 1839.

In A. & M. '80. See notes on No. 385. TUNE. *Crûgw.*

649

7.6.7.6.D.

'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God.' Rev. iii. 12.

1 TO him that overcometh on earthly battle-fields,
We give the crown of valour, we scorn the man who yields;
Loud rings the shout of triumph, fair shines the laurel wreath,
We bring the robe of victory, we lay the sword in sheath.

2 There is a sterner battle against a fiercer foe;
Our Leader fought it for us, and laid the rebels low,
More glorious than laurels the crown of thorns He wore,
He captive led captivity, He lives to die no more.

3 To him that overcometh, a crown of life is given,
The glory of GOD's children, the perfect rest of heaven,
The morning star for jewel, a robe of purest white,
And CHRIST our LORD will own him His follower in the fight.

4 'To him that overcometh,' earth's battle-cry shall be,
Our song of fullest triumph, our shout of victory;
To Him Who for us conquered, by Whom we overcame,
Be endless praise and blessing, all wisdom, power and fame, Amen.

LUCY MASSEY, 1864.

In her *Thoughts from a Girl's Life*, 1864. This hymn is the special hymn of Havergal Ladies' College, Toronto. TUNE. *Eden Grove.*

650

8.7.8.7.D.

'One hope of your calling.' Eph. iv. 4.

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

Tr. (1867) from the Danish of B. S. Ingemann by
REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

The Danish dates from 1825 and begins 'Igjennem Nat og Trængsel'. The transln. is in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867. Here also in A. & M. '75. See notes on No. 383.

TUNES. *St. Oswald*, and *St. Asaph*.

651

P.M.

'Is it well with thee? . . . It is well.' 2 Kings iv. 26.

1 THROUGH the love of GOD our SAVIOUR,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the Blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in GOD confiding;
Fruitful, if in CHRIST abiding;
Holy, through the SPIRIT'S guiding;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our FATHER'S love relying,
JESUS every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well. Amen.

MARY PETERS, 1847.

In her *Hymns*, 1847.

TUNE. *Southgate*, originally written for *God that madest earth and heaven* (24).

652

6.6.6.6.

'Thy kingdom come.' St. Luke xi. 2.

1 THY kingdom come, O GOD,
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set. Amen.

Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867.

In his *Hymns for the Minor Sundays*, 1867. iii. 3 as in A. & M., H. C., &c.; orig. 'Oppression, lust, and crime', specially suitable for Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tunes. *St. Cecilia*, and *Quem dilexit*.

653

6.6.6.6.

'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.'
Ps. xxvi. 8.

1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the sacred font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord;
O what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

Dean Bullock, 1854, vv. 1–4. Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, 1859, vv. 5–7.

In his *Songs of the Church*, 1854. Here as rewritten in A. & M. '59 and '61. Orig. i. 1, '*O Lord*'; i. 3, '*Thy*'; i. 4, '*all other*'; ii. 1, '*We love the*'; ii. 3, '*For Thou*'; ii. 4, '*chosen ones*'; iii. 2, '*Wherein the*'; iii. 3, '*Pours out as He is* wont'; iii. 4, '*The* effluence from above'; iv. 1, 2:

We love our Father's board,
Its altar steps are dear;

iii omitted in Sc., Can. Pr., 2 H. C.; v omitted in Sc., Can. Pr.; Am. omits v, vi, vii. The orig. ended thus:

5 We love Thy saints who come
Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
And magnify Thy Name.

6 Our first and latest love
To Zion shall be given—
The House of God above,
On earth the Gate of Heaven.

See an interesting sketch of Dean Bullock of Halifax, N. S., in Mahon's *Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers*, 1906. This hymn was written in 1837 for the dedication of a church. Seventy years afterwards it was sung at the consecration of a church on the same site, and the sermon was read that had been preached by the Dean seventy years before. See Am. for three different verses. Tune. *St. Cecilia*, and *Quem dilexit*.

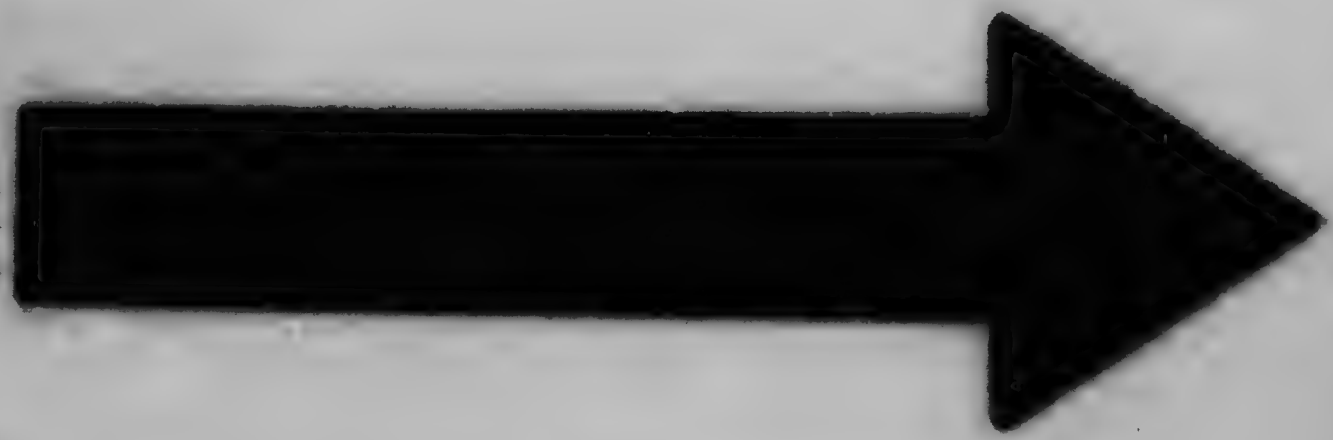
654

6.6.6.6.

'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' St. Matt. xxvi. 39.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.



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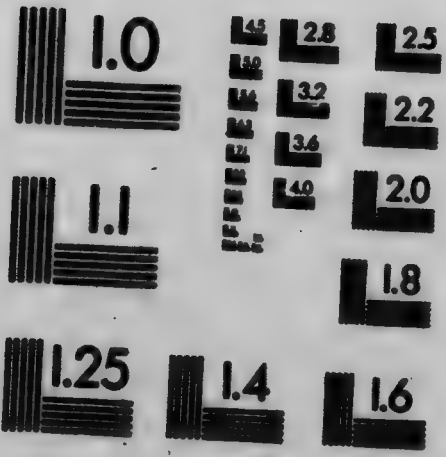

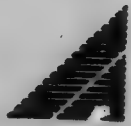

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3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

Rev. H. Bonar, 1857.

In *Hys. of Faith and Hope*, 1857; ll as in 1878 edn. See notes on No. 390.

'A very quaint story is told in the Talmud about Rabbi Akiba. He was once journeying, and had with him a rooster, an ass, and a lamp. At nightfall he sought shelter in a village, but was inhospitably refused. "All that God does is well," he said, and proceeded to the forest. There he lit his lamp, but the wind would not suffer it to burn. "All that God does is well," he repeated. The ass then escaped, and was quickly devoured by wild beasts, and even to this he made the same pious response. Then the fowl flew away without eliciting so much as a murmur from his lips. But in the morning he perceived that the enemy's troops had passed that way; the village was destroyed, and he owed his own safety to the darkness and the silence. If the lamp had burned, or if the ass had brayed, or if the cock had crowed, he would have been noticed, and might have been instantly killed. So that as he set out upon his journey once more, it was with a repetition of his old saying, "All that God does is well"' (*Duffield*, 211).

Tunes. *Ibstone*, and *Barkworth*.

655

8.8.6.

'The Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance.' Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 TO Thee, O Comforter divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In GOD's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by JESUS CHRIST sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, Who art with GOD the SON,
And GOD the FATHER ever ONE,
Sing we Alleluia!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872.

In *Under the Surface*, 1874. See notes on Nos. 396, and 382. TUNES. *Salve*, and *St. Botolf*.

656

P.M.

Paraphrase of Psalm cxxi.

1 UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes,
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From GOD the LORD doth come my certain aid,
From GOD the LORD, Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold our GOD, the LORD, He slumbereth no'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

3 JEHOVAH is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
JEHOVAH thy defence on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
JEHOVAH shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He Whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.
Amen.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, 1877.

61

In his *Book of Psalms*, 1877; here as specially revised by the author for the B. C. P., two changes being made in order to make the words fit the music better. ii. 5, 'Behold *He sleepeth not*, He';

3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true;
Thy changeless shade
Jehovah *evermore* on thy right hand
Himself hath made.

The writer, the ninth Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne), was Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883. After the hundredth Psalm this is perhaps the favourite 'psalm selection' among Canadian Presbyterians. It has become wedded to the tune *Sandon*, often set to *Lead, kindly Light*.

The follg. is the Authorized Scottish Version of 1650 of Psalm cxxi:

1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the LORD,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The LORD thee keeps, the LORD thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The LORD shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

657

8.7.8.7.8.7.

'There is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' Acts iv. 12.

1 TO the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there. Amen.

Tr. (1851) from the Latin by Rev. J. M. Neale.

The Latin was probably written in Germany in the 15th cent., and begins 'Gloriosi Salvatoris.' Translns. in Neale's *Mediæval*

Hymns, 1851. Here as altd. in A. & M. '61. Many different versions. See Sc. 37, Ir. 99, A. & M. '04, 338, Am. 321, 3 H. C. 581, 3 C. H. 580, Eng. H. 507, 2 H. C. 528. TUNE. *Oriel.*

658

12.9.12.9.

'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.' 2 Tim. ii. 3.

1 WE are soldiers of CHRIST, Who is mighty to save,
And His banner the Cross is unfurled;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
And we think of the Cross on which JESUS has died,
When we bear the reproach of His Name.

3 At the font we were marked with the cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the sign:
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
For the armour we wear is divine.

4 We will watch ready armed if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile:
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

5 We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure SPIRIT of GOD in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

6 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our FATHER on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.

7 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where CHRIST leads the way;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

8 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our GOD we will stand;
O what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own fatherland. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1889.

In A. & M. '80. He wrote most of the best known metrical litanies. See No. 659. TUNE. *Birmingham.*

659

Six 8's.

'I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost: O seek Thy servant.' Ps. cxix. 176.

1 WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
LORD, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that GOD was nigh.
LORD, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
LORD, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought,
Alas! the duties left undone—
The work with little fervour wrought—
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
LORD, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we out of trial brought
Be perfect in the land of light!
LORD, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.
Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1875.

In the *Gospeller*, Oct. 1875 (in the singular). Here as in A. & M. '89. See No. 658. TUNE. *St. Chrysostom.*

660

Six 8's.

'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' St. John xx. 29.

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do;'
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful Word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord. Amen.

Anne Richter, 1834, and Canon J. H. Gurney, 1838 and 1851.

This hymn appeared in *Songs from the Valley*, 1834, but has been often recast. Here as in A. & M. See *Julian*, 1242.
Tunes. *Credo*, and *St. Silas*.

661

C.M.

'The multitude of Thy tender mercies.' Ps. lxix. 16.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

In the *Spectator*, Aug. 9, 1712, written in grateful commemoration of his delivery from shipwreck. Orig. had thirteen verses, for some of which see A. & M., Sc., Eng. Meth., Eng. H.

In the essay to which it was appended he wrote: 'If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from His hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.' Addison wrote a drama, *Cato*, which contains a well-known passage on the immortality of the soul. 'It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well, Else whence,' &c. Addison wrote *The spacious firmament on high* (Bapt. 47, Can. Pr. 18); *The Lord my pasture shall prepare* (2 H. C. 331). His dying remark to the Earl of Warwick was, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.' He edited the *Spectator* with Sir Richard Steele. One of his literary children is the immortal Sir Roger de Coverley. TUNE. *St. Stephen.*

662

L.M.

'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.' Phil. iii. 7.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST, my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

In *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. See notes on Nos. 45, 517, and 556. As in orig., exc. i. 2, '*Where the young* Prince of glory died'; and iv. 2, '*were a present.*' Some hyls. have ii. 2, '*the cross*'; iii. 2, '*mingling*'; iv. 2, '*were a tribute.*' Eng. H. has:

His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

This verse was probably inspired by Gal. vi. 14, and the hymn was for Holy Communion. A. & M. added a last verse which has not been adopted in other hyls. Matthew Arnold, who declared this to be 'the greatest hymn in the English language', heard it sung at Sefton Park Presbyterian Church the day he died, and repeated the opening lines to himself over and over again. Dinah Morris, in *Adam Bede*, repeated this hymn in her dying moments. Dr. John Hall, of New York, tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously 'Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small', and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the plate! The story is told sometimes of Father Ignatius, sometimes of others, that after a fervent singing by the congregation of the last verse, he announced that the collection was only 17*s.* 1*d.*, and that to make his hearers happy another collection would be taken up at the end of the service. TUNE, *Rockingham*.

663

7.7.7.7.

'They see Jesus walking on the sea . . . and they were afraid. But He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid.'
St. John vi. 19, 20.

1 WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, LORD, to the trembling soul,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
May we hear, amidst the storm,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear,—
'It is I; be not afraid.'

5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,—
'It is I; be not afraid.' Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM How, 1863.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1863; text as in the edn. of 1867. See notes on No. 219. TUNE, *Woodman*.

664

Six 6's.

'In everything give thanks.' 1 Thess. v. 18.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

6 To GOD, the WORD, on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

7 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

Amen.

Tr. (1854) from the German by REV. E. CASWALL.

The German, which begins 'Beim frühen Morgenlicht', was probably written about 1800. The transln. is in Formby's *Catholic Hymns*, 1854, and in fuller form in Caswall's *Masque of Mary*, 1858. Here i, ii, vi, and vii are 1854, rest 1858. A. & M. has two more verses. See *Julian*, 182. TUNE. *Laudes Domini*.

665

6.6.6.6.

'He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'
Heb. xiii. 5.

1 WHEN the world is brightest,
And our hearts are lightest,
Blessèd JESU, hear us!
Let Thy hand be near us!

2 When life's scene is shaded,
All its bright hopes faded,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

3 When with blessings sated,
Or by praise elated,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy Cross be near us!

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

5 When our foes surround us,
While our sins have bound us,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

6 When our hearts are grieving,
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but heaven remaining,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of all, be near us! Amen.

Rev. L. Tuttiett, 1866.

Text as in his *Through the Clouds*, 1866. See notes on No. 88. Tunes. *St. Cyprian*, and *St. Alban's*, No. 330.

666

L.M.

'We have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens.' Heb. iv. 14.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He, Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

MICHAEL BRUCE, 1764.

Here as in Scottish *Translations and Paraphrases*, 1781. For an interesting account of how John Logan managed for many years to take the credit of this young author's poems, see *Duffield*, 607. TUNE. *Canonbury*.

667

8.8.8.

'The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.' Ps. cxviii. 6.

1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
JESUS vouchsafes to be my tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since JESUS is my mighty shield?

3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But JESUS knows, and will provide.

4 Though sin should fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For JESUS is my righteousness.

5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While JESUS intercedes above.

6 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
JESUS is all, and He is mine. Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1771.

In the *Gospel Magazine*, June, 1771. See Nos. 18, 401, 403, and 484. His well-known hymn, *Begone, unbelief*, contains the line, 'With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm,' a metaphor doubtless inspired by his early seafaring life. TUNE. *St. Aidan.*

668

8.7.8.7.D.

'The Word was God . . . the Word was made flesh.'
St. John i. 1, 14.

1 WHO is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the LORD of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is GOD from everlasting,
And to everlasting GOD.

2 Who is this—a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our GOD, our glorious SAVIOUR,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our GOD, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment
All His foes beneath His throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the GOD Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW, 1867.

In his *Ps. and Hys.*, 1867, and *Ch. Hys.*, 1871. Here as in C. H.
8 H. C. has last revision by author. See notes on No. 219.
TUNES. *Cross and Crown*, and *Whither*, *Pilgrims.*

669

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

Paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the LORD,
And praise His holy Name,
By Whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shewn
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends. Amen.

TATE and BRADY, 1696.

In the *New Version*, 1696; here as rev. 1698. 3 C.H. has a doxology. See notes on Nos. 85, and 111. TUNE. *Jubilee.*

670

S.M.

'Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.' St. Luke xii. 37.

1 YE servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch; 'tis your LORD's command,
And while we speak, He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 CHRIST shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, 1755.

In his *Hymns*, 1755. See notes on Nos. 66, 237, and 570. TUNES. *Narenza*, and *Festal Song*.

CHIEFLY FOR PERSONAL USE

671

6.6.10.

'The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him.' 2 Chron. xv. 2.

1 FATHER, to Thee I come,
Owning how weak I am,
Grant Thy sustaining arm; lead me, I pray.

2 More of Thy love I'd have;
Nearer to Thee would live;
Earnest heart service give, day after day.

3 In the straight narrow path,
Thou bidd'st me walk by faith;
O grant the grace that hath aided alway.

4 When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds can see,
Strengthen my trust in Thee; let me not stray.

5 When comes that final night,
Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be Thou the perfect light, leading to day. Amen.

ANON.

In *Hys. and Spiritual Songs for Prayer Meetings and Evangelistic Services*, ed. by Rev. Jas. Gall, 1876. TUNE. *Father to Thee I come.*

672

D.C.M.

'God is Love.' 1 John iv. 8.

1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!
No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

2 I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

3 I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.
I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

4 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care. Amen.

J. G. Whittier, 1867.

i. 1–4 from *Our Master*; rest from *The Eternal Goodness*; both in his *Tent on the Beach*, 1867. See notes on Nos. 445 and 684.
The hymn usually begins:

I bow my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

Other verses selected for use in hymns are:

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And Thou, O Lord, by Whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

The poem, *Our Master*, from which the first verse is taken, has supplied several hymns for modern hyls. The follg. are some of the verses selected:

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps;
For Him no depths can drown.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us, Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving Name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

TUNE. *St. Leonard.*

673

7.6.7.6.

'Present your bodies a living sacrifice.' Rom. xii. 1.

1 IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God, Who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own!

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King. Amen.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

As in *Hyt. of Consecration and Faith*, 1876. i, ii are in *Under the Surface*, 1874, and are part of the full form of *From glory unto glory* (91). See notes on Nos. 379, 386, and 564.
Tune. *Sacrifice.*

674

L.M.

'Father, I will that they . . . whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.' St. John xvii. 24.

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

In her *Morn. and Even. Hys. for a Week*, 1836. See notes on Nos. 528, and 560. iv. 3 in 1836 began '*There* neither'.

TUNES. *Mozart*, and *Josephine*, the latter by Lansing Lewis, Esq., a prominent member of the Montreal and of the General Synod.

675 D.C.M.

'God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' Ps. lxxiii. 26.

1 MY heart is resting, O my GOD,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set:—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my GOD,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away. Amen.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1852.

From her *Hymns and Meditations*, 1852. TUNE. *Swiss Melody.*

676

8.4.8.4.

'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.'
St. Matt. vi. 34.

1 LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my GOD, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

2 Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5 Let me in season, LORD, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

6 LORD, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, LORD,
Just for to-day. Amen.

ANON., 1880.

In the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 1880. Full form in *In Hymnis et Canticis; Verses Sacred and Profane, by a sister of Notre Dame* (S. M. X.), 1908. The hymn has been frequently wrongly attributed to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce and to others. The writer informs the compiler of these notes that she prefers to remain anonymous.

The following verses are in the original:

6

Let me with Thee, my own true Life,
In spirit stay;
Stay Thou with me, my only Strength,
Just for to-day.

7

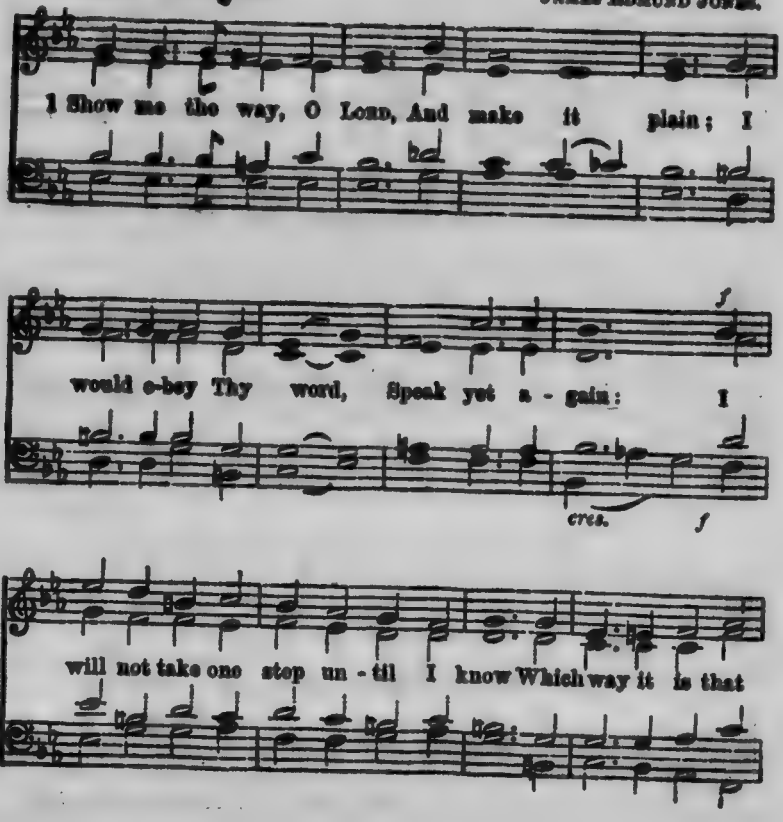
And if to-day my tide of life
Shall ebb away,
Let me Thy Sacraments receive,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

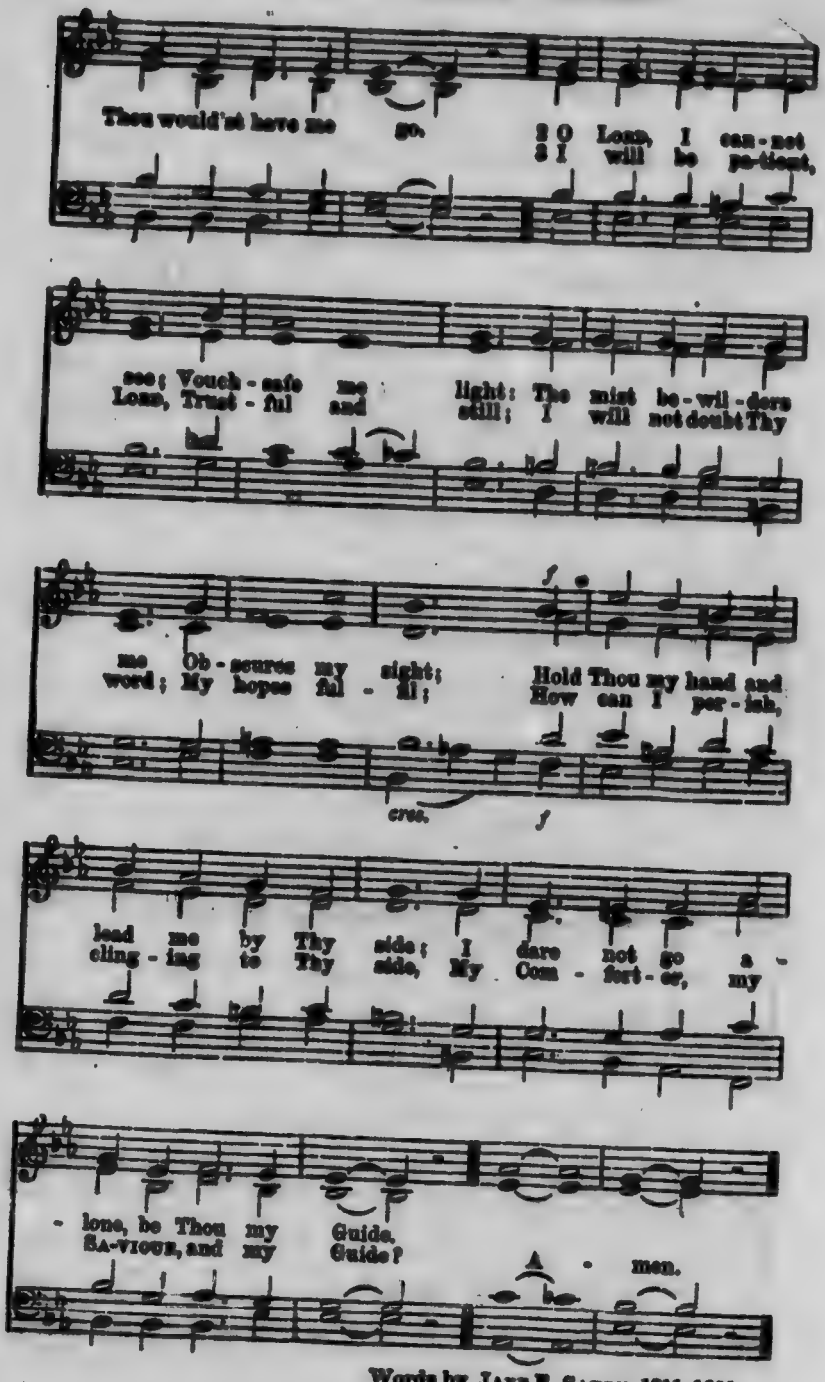
8

Let me in purgatorial fires
Brief space delay;
O let me, if to-day I die,
Go Home to-day.

TUNE. *Belleville*, so called from the birthplace of James Edmund Jones, the composer. See notes on No. 624. He was the chairman of the Compilation Committee of the *University of Toronto Song Book*, 1887, and the author of *Camping and Canoeing*. This tune is in the *Song and Hymn Book of Aura Lee Club*, 1906, together with the follg.:

VIA VERA. 6.4.6.4.10.10. JAMES EDMUND JONES.





Words by JANE E. SAKEY, 1811-1893.

677

C.M.

'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Phil. i. 21.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto GOD's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, LORD, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my SAVIOUR's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that CHRIST knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

In his *Poetical Fragments*, 1681. i. 1, '*Note* it' (in continuance of preceding verses of a poem beginning, 'My whole though broken heart, O Lord'). See notes on No. 545. TUNE. *Dalehurst.*

678

P.M.

'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' Ps. xxiii. 6.

1 MY GOD, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858.

In her *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858. See notes on No. 89. l. 1, orig. 'I thank Thee, O my God, Who made'.

Tune. *Wentworth.*

679

8.8.8.8.6.

'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.'
2 Cor. v. 17.

1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That, in Thy sunshine-blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

Rev. George Matheson, 1881.

In *Life and Work*, Jan., 1882. This hymn derives a pathetic interest from the fact that the cross of the gifted author, an eminent Scottish Presbyterian minister, was his blindness, which he did not ask to fly from. He passed to the sunshine-blaze of his Master in 1906, after a long life of wide usefulness. The last verse refers to the practice of bending the stems of carnations and other plants in the autumn, and covering them with earth, so that from the ground they may spring again to renewed life and glory. An interesting biography of the author has recently been published which contains incidents relating to this and his other hymns. See Bapt., Nos. 266, 337, 369.

Tune. *St. Margaret.*

680

P.M.

'Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'
Rom. xiii. 11.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesu, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the grasp of my faith:
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death;

6 Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think. Amen.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852.

In her *Poems and Parodies*, 1854. Bapt. alters so as to make hymn 'short metre'. Sc., Can. Pr., Am., Am. Meth., 2 H. C., all have different versions. First tune: *Ambrose*, adapted from music written in 1876 by R. S. Ambrose of Hamilton, Ont. This has become one of the best known sacred songs (also set as an anthem) on the American continent. The hymn tune is taken from part of the song. Second tune: *Chant*, by Jacobs.

681

P.M.

'The paradise of God.' Rev. ii. 7.

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

*4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

*5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 LORD JESU, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, &c. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

In *Oratory Hymns*, 1854. See notes on No. 36. vi is from A. & M. '68, which has another stanza:

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest LORD
In love prepares for me.

orig. 'Is destining for me.'

Bishop Bickersteth says in H. C. '90:

'This hymn has been criticised by many as expressing an unreal desire for death, but the editor thinks that the lines selected only echo the Apostle's words: "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. i. 23). They are doubtless especially suitable for the meditations of the sick and dying saint, but the eagerness with which they are sung by others also tells how deeply the whole Church Militant realizes we seek a Heavenly Fatherland.'

The omission of this hymn from the 1904 edition of A. & M. was, as far as one can judge, one of the changes which caused many to refuse to adopt that edition. It was among the first 200 favourites in the plebiscite taken previous to the compilation of this Book of Common Praise.

TUNES. *Paradise*, and *O Paradise*.

682

P.M.

'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' Isa. xliii. 2.

1 SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

2 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

3 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

4 For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar. Amen.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, 1889.

In his *Demeter*, 1889. His son wrote: '*Crossing the Bar* was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October, 1889. Before reaching Farringford he had the moaning of the bay in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, "That is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" as "that Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us". A few days before my father's death (1892) he said to me, "Mind you put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all editions of my poems."'

TUNES by Sir Frederick Bridge (as sung at funeral service of the laureate at Westminster Abbey), Dr. Albert Ham, and Thomas Langton, K. C.; the two latter of Toronto.

683

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.'
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2 O CHRIST He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 I'll fall asleep in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness like
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
The King of kings in Zion
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Lord, grant Thy weary traveller
To lean on Thee as guide,
And 'mid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
To hail the glory dawning
In Emmanuel's land. Amen.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1857.

From a poem in the *Christian Treasury*, Dec., 1857, afterwards published separately as *Last Words of Rev. Samuel Rutherford*. Rutherford was a famous divine of the Scottish Covenant, sometime minister of Anwoth in Galloway, afterwards (1639) Professor of Divinity and Principal of the University of St. Andrews. One of his biographers relates: 'His sayings on his deathbed corresponded to those of his life; and with the words "glory, glory," upon his lips, he expired on March 20, 1661, in the sixty-first year of his age.' Upon the Restoration he was attainted for treason, and when the officers came for him he said: 'I am summoned before a higher Judge and Judicatory, and I am behoved to attend them.' He died very soon afterwards. The whole poem has nineteen stanzas, many of which contain references to 'The Song of Solomon'. iv. 1, orig. 'I shall sleep sound in Jesus'; v. 3, 4, 5:

Now like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his Guide,
Amid the shades of evening.

v. 7, '*I* hail'; v. 8, '*From* Immanuel's.' See 2 H. C., Eng. Meth., Bapt., Sc., and Can. Pr., for additl. stanzas.

Tunes. *Rutherford*, *Glory*, and *Dayspring*.

684

11.10.11.6.

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'
Isa. xxvi. 3.

1 WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown—

2 Thou, Who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my FATHER! let Thy SPIRIT
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER, 1882.

In his *Bay of the Seven Islands*, 1883. See notes on Nos. 672 and 445.

The Quaker Poet of America, J. G. Whittier, received his earliest inspirations from the songs of Burns, recited to him by a wandering Scotchman. This Scotch packman with his rich voice threw young Whittier into raptures by his singing of *Bonnie Doon*, *Highland Mary*, and *Auld Lang Syne*. His schoolmaster lent him his *Burns*. 'This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student), and they had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself.' After a time he sent a piece to a neighbouring paper, the *Free Press*, of which William Lloyd Garrison was the editor.

He was at work in the fields of his father's farm when he learned the fate of his first MS. He was assisting in repairing fences, when 'the news-carrier stopped his horses, and, opening his bag, drew out a paper and threw it across to the lad, who eagerly opening it saw to his delight his own production in print in the "Poet's Corner".

'Some time after, in the summer, a visitor arrived in a carriage, and inquired for Whittier. He was hoeing in his father's cornfield, and immediately leaving his work he hurried in by the back door, and hastily making himself presentable by putting on shoes, waistcoat and coat, he appeared before Mr. Garrison. The young editor had come over to speak a few generous words to the young poet.'

His father was next interviewed, and pressed earnestly to provide education for a boy with such gifts. It seemed to the farmer that the editor was 'putting notions' into the lad's head. But Garrison's words awoke ambition in both father and son, and ere long it was decided that the young poet should go to school.

But there was no spare money for education. The way opened, however. 'A friendly labourer on his father's farm, who used to spend his winter time in making ladies' shoes offered to teach the youth his craft, which offer was eagerly accepted, and the following season Whittier earned money enough at the shoemaking to pay for a suit of clothes and his board and tuition for six months.' So began his training for a literary life.

His home and surroundings were Puritan. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared in the *Era*, an anti-slavery journal, to which he also became a frequent contributor. Here were published many of his ringing appeals on behalf of emancipation. Every one knows, or ought to know, his ode of triumph, his 'Laus Deo', on hearing the bells ring out upon the abolition of slavery:

'It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town.'

On his reaching threescore years and ten, in 1877, a banquet attended by America's greatest citizens was given to him by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, were present, and Mark Twain, Mrs. Stowe, and others joined in the celebration (*Welsh*, 256).

TUNES. *Flemming*, and *Diadema*.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN

685

7.7.7.7.

'Of these things put them in remembrance.'
2 Tim. ii. 14.

1 ADVENT tells us CHRIST is near;
Christmas tells us CHRIST is here;
In Epiphany we trace
All the glory of His grace.

2 Those three Sundays before Lent
Will prepare us to repent,
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

3 Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell Who died and rose again:
O that happy Easter Day!
'CHRIST is risen indeed,' we say.

4 Yes, and CHRIST ascended, too,
To prepare a place for you;
So we give Him special praise
After those great Forty Days.

5 Then He sent the HOLY GHOST,
On the Day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide:
Well may we keep Whitsuntide.

6 Last of all, we humbly sing
Glory to our GOD and King,
Glory to the ONE in THREE
On the Feast of TRINITY. Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1868.

Written for use in the Sunday School of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, by the author of *Tell me the old, old story*. See notes on No. 776. TUNE. *Pilgrimage*.

686

7.6.7.6.

'He hath made every thing beautiful.' Eccles. iii. 11.

1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The LORD GOD made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one.

5 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is GOD Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

In her *Hys. for Little Children*, 1848. See notes on No. 113. A. & M. and several hyls. have:

3
The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
GOD made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

6
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

TUNES. *All things bright*, by W. H. Monk, and *All things bright*, by J. P. Hullah.

687

P.M.

'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.' Rev. vii. 14.

1 AROUND the throne of GOD in heaven
Shall countless children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to GOD on high!

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
Shall each one be arrayed;
Shall dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, &c.

3 How shall they reach that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, &c.

4 Because the SAVIOUR shed His Blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, &c.

5 On earth they sought their SAVIOUR's grace
On earth they loved His Name!
At last they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to GOD on high! Amen.

ANNE SHEPHERD, 1886.

In her *Hymns*, 1886; here with some variations as in most hyls. The refrain, 'Glory be to God on high,' is not in 1886.
TUNE. *Glory.*

688

6.5.6.5.D.

'And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.' St. Mark x. 16.

1 CHRIST, Who once amongst us as a child did dwell,
Is the children's SAVIOUR, and He loves us well;
If we keep our promise made Him at the font,
He will be our Shepherd, and we shall not want.

2 There it was they laid us in those tender arms,
Where the lambs are carried safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise, He will let us rest
In His arms for ever, leaning on His breast.

3 Though we may not see Him for a little while,
We shall know He holds us, often feel His smile;
Death will be to slumber in that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken to behold His face.

4 He will be our Shepherd after as before,
By still heavenly waters lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger, and no tears are seen.

5 JESUS, our good Shepherd, laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish in the cruel strife,
Help us to remember all Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee always, everywhere.
Amen.

REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE, 1875.

Written 1868. In A. & M. '75. See No. 351. TUNE. *Pastor Bonus.*

689

8.7.8.7.

'I have set the Lord always before me.' Ps. xvi. 8.

1 CHRISTIAN children, Advent bids you
Meet your LORD upon His way;
Watch, for now the night is waning,
Soon will dawn the endless day.

2 Christian children, JESUS bids you
Daily pray 'Thy kingdom come';
Watch, and wait for His appearing
Till He come to take you home.

3 Christian children, He anoints you
With His SPIRIT from above;
See then that your lamps be burning
With the fire of faith and love.

4 Christian children, when we think not
We shall hear the awful cry,
'Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom;
Haste, for JESUS draweth nigh!'

5 Christian children, they shall meet Him,
Faithful children of the light;
They whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
And their garments pure and white.

6 O how blest to fall before Him!
O how blest His praise to sing!
Love Him, serve Him, and adore Him,
In the city of our King! Amen.

ESTHER WICLESWORTH, 1881.

In Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. i. 1, '*Little children.*' TUNES. *Melbourne Hall*, and *Advent*.

690

7.6.7.6.D.

'Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the Name of the Lord.' Ps. cxlviii. 12, 13.

1 COME, praise your LORD and SAVIOUR,
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
He loved the little children
And called them to His side,
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

Boys only.

2 O JESU, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in GOD's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

Girls only.

3 O Jesu, we too praise Thee,
The lowly Maiden's Son,
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

All.

4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the Light and Pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesu,
In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1873.

In S. P. C. K. *Children's Hys.*, 1873. See notes on No. 219. Tunes. *Eden Grove*, and *Ellacombe*.

691

7.6.7.6.D.

'My song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord.' Ps. lxxxix. 1.

1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King:
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in JESUS,
To toil for Him is gain,
And JESUS wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for JESUS,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;
O CHRIST, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song. Amen.

REV. J. J. DANIELL, 1868.

In A. & M. '68. TUNES. *Eden Grove*, and *Ellacombe*.

692

7.7.8.7.8.7.

'And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.' St. Luke xiii. 29.

1 COMING, coming—yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar—
From the wild and scorching desert,
Afric's sons of colour deep;
JESUS' love has drawn and won them,
At His Cross they bow and weep.

2 Coming, coming—yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar—
From the fields and crowded cities
China gathers to His feet;
In His love Shem's gentle children
Now have found a safe retreat.

3 Coming, coming—yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar—
From the Indus and the Ganges
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wondering theme.

4 Coming, coming—yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar—
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their souls' long winter
For the summer of His smile.

5 Coming, coming—yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar—
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet,
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete. Amen.

J. W. MacGill, 1895.

In his *Consecrated Melodies*, 1897. Tunes. *Coming*, and *Knocking*.

693

7.5.7.5.7.7.

'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.' Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848.

In her *Hys. for Little Children*, 1848. See notes on No. 118.
Tunes. *St. Faith*, and *Eternity*.

694

S.M.

'Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures.'
St. James i. 18.

1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To GOD so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, LORD, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

CANON J. H. GURNEY, 1851.

In the *Marylebone Ps.* and *Hys.*, 1851. This hymn is suitable for harvest. See No. 534. TUNE. *Holyrood.*

695

6.5.6.5.

'The Lord is my shepherd.' Ps. xxiii. 1.

1 FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

2 Hold me fast and guide me
In the narrow way,
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

3 Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May Thy love grow dearer,
May I love Thee more.

4 Hallow every pleasure,
Sanctify my pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

6 Day by day prepare me,
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1868.

In *Gospeller*, Dec., 1868. See No. 658. TUNES. *St. Wystan*, and *Jesus, tender Saviour.*

696

'Our Father which art in heaven.' St. Luke xi. 2.

Recommended by F Plumptre

[*Land of our birth, we pledge to thee*
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.] L.M.

1 FATHER in heaven, Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun. Amen.

[*Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,*
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.]

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1906.

In his *Puck of Pook's Hill*, 1906, p. 305. See notes on No. 358.
TUNE. *Mainzer.*

697

8.7.8.7.D.

'Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.'
Eph. v. 1.

1 HEAVENLY FATHER, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy SAVIOUR, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
HOLY SPIRIT, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, HOLY SPIRIT,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

In the *Holy Year*, 3rd edn., 1863, which has iii. 2, 'Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove'; iii. 5, 'Temples of the Holy Spirit.'
TUNES. *Iona, Carmel,* and *Tyrolese Air.*

698 *Suitable for Flower Service* 11.10.11.10.

'Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly ... to the Lord.' 1 Chron. xxix. 9.

1 HERE, LORD, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

2 Speak, LORD, by these to the sick and the dying;
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, LORD, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

4 We, LORD, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, LORD, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky. Amen.

REV. A. G. W. BLUNT, 1879.

As in St. Luke's, Chelsea, *Hymns for the Children's Flower Service on Hospital Sunday, June* 15, 1884.

TUNES. *Clare Market*, and *Verulam*.

699 C.M.

'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet: and a light unto my paths.' Ps. cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp shall guide our steps aright
And cheer us on our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word
And view my SAVIOUR there. Amen.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782, vv. 1–3.
ANNE STEELE, 1760, v. 4.

i, ii, iii in Fawcett's *Hymns*, 1782; iv in Miss Steele's *Poems*, 1760 (see No. 896, st. v). TUNE. *Lambeth*.

700

6.6.6.6.8.8.

'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.' 1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The LORD to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O LORD,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

REV. J. D. BURNS, 1856.

In his *Evening Hymns*, 1857. TUNE. *Samuel*.

701

7.6.7.6.D. with Refrain.

'The love of Christ.' 2 Cor. v. 14.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The LORD came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my blessèd SAVIOUR
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c. Amen.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, 1867.

In a magazine she edited, the *Little Corporal*, Nov., 1867, at Chicago. TUNE, *Bowdler*, No. 178.

702

P.M.

'Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.' St. Luke xviii. 16.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When JESUS was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that JESUS has bid them to come.

6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

i–iv in *Sunday School Teacher's Magazine*, 1841, p. 911; v, vi in *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, June, 1846, p. 182. Text here as revised by present owners of copyright. The first four stanzas were written in a stage-coach; the last two were added in order to make it a missionary hymn. For a full account see *F. A. Jones*, 261. TUNES. *Salamis*, and *High Stone*.

703

6.5.6.5.D.

'The Lord is my shepherd.' Ps. xxiii. 1.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.

2 JESUS is our Shepherd, well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice;
Even when He chideth, tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us; we are His alone.

3 JESUS is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the Blood He shed.
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign:
'They that have My SPIRIT, these,' saith He, 'are Mine'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd; with His goodness now
And His tender mercy He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.
Amen.

CANON HUGH STOWELL, 1849.

i–iii in Stowell's *Selection of Hymns*, 1864; iv in H. C. '76.
TUNE. *Kirkbraddan.*

704

7.6.7.6.

'Looking unto Jesus.' Heb. xii. 2.

1 LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

2 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

3 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

4 LORD, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City. Amen.

MARY BUTLER, 1881.

As in Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881.
TUNE. *Wimbledon.*

705

8.8.8.6.

'Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.'
St. Luke ix. 57.

1 JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O JESUS CHRIST, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
LORD of my life, I come.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, LORD, I come. Amen.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, 1887.

In the *Voices of Praise*, 1887 (S. S. Union of London).
TUNE. *Elmhurst.*

706 *Suitable for Lent.* C.M.

'I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned.' St. Luke xv. 18.

1 LORD, Who hast made me Thy dear child,
And loved me tenderly,
O hear me when I come to own
My many faults to Thee.

2 How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind and true
And pleasing unto Thee.

3 And yet I have not conquered sin,
Nor striven as I should;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

4 Yet turn not from me, dearest LORD,
But all my faults forgive;
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live. Amen.

E. C. W., 1872.

In *Simple Hymns for Little Children*, by E. C. W., 1872.
TUNE. *St. Gildas.*

707

7.7.7.7.

'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life.' St. John x. 27, 28.

1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep us all, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving SAVIOUR, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
Bought with Blood, and bought for Thee,
Thine, and only Thine, we'd be.

3 We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach us all Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our FATHER'S throne
We shall know as we are known. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

In her *Hys. and Scenes of Childhood*, 1842. In orig. i. 2, and iv. 2, '*Thy lamb*,' and in singular throughout.

TUNES. *Buckland*, and *Haven*.

708

7.6.7.6.D.

'Be thou faithful unto death.' Rev. ii. 10.

1 MY LORD, in glory reigning,
Upon the glassy sea,
By angel hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still of me.
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp I trim and clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
If I but persevere.

2 My LORD a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banished,
And all is love and light.

What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

3 My LORD a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of pearl and gold all burnished,
Of jewels costly, rare;
A home where nothing lacketh,
Away with doubt and fear!
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that mansion,
If I but persevere.

4 My LORD a song is teaching
The angel choirs on high;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery;
A song to greet the wanderer,
To heaven's gate drawing near,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, the welcome,
If I but persevere. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, 1881.

In Mrs. Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. See notes on No. 388.
TUNE. *Waltham Abbey.*

709

7.6.7.6.D.

'And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?' St. Matt. xxi. 16.

1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion JESUS came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the LORD retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great REDEEMER'S praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the LORD'S. Amen.

REV. JOHN KING, 1890.

In Henry Gwyther's *Psalmist*, 1890. Probably first in *Ps. and Hys.*, published at Wellington, Salop, in 1817, when he was curate there. See *Julian*, 1595. TUNE, *Tours*.

710

6.5.6.5.

'When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.' Prov. iii. 24.

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 JESU, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

3 Glory to the FATHER,
Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, blest SPIRIT,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.

In *Church Times*, Feb. 16, 1867; and in A. & M. '68. ii. 2, 'Stars their watches keep' in 2 H. C. See notes on No. 383.

TUNES. *Evening, Lyndhurst*, and *Ewhurst*.

711

7.7.7.7.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.' Ps. cxxvii. 2.

1 NOW the light has gone away,
SAVIOUR, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

2 JESU, SAVIOUR, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give:
Thou didst die that I might live;
Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1860.

In Snepp's *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1872, where it begins, 'Now the daylight goes away.' See *Julian*, 497. In the orig. the follg. are lines 3 and 4 of iv, and 3 and 4 of v:

All my blessings come from Thee:
O how good Thou art to me!
Let me love Thee more and more
Always better than before.

TUNE. *German Evening Hymn.*

712

8.7.8.7.7.7.

'The child Jesus.' St. Luke ii. 43.

1 ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is GOD and LORD of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our SAVIOUR holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

*4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our LORD in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at GOD's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

In her *Hys. for Little Children*, 1846. See notes on No. 118.
TUNE. *Irby.*

713

P.M.

'There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how He loves!

* Verse marked with an asterisk may be omitted when the hymn is sung by adults.

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him,
O how He loves!
With His precious Blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
O how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in JESUS,
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
O how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him:
Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him,
O how He loves!

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
O how He loves. Amen.

MARIANNE NUNN, 1817.

i and iv are Miss Nunn's, in her brother's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1817; ii and iii in Jonathan Whittemore's *Supplement to all Hymn Books*, 1850, where the hymn is in six stanzas, beginning '*There's a Friend* above all others'. St. iii here as in Bp. Bickersteth's *Ps. and Hys.*, 1858. TUNE. *Caritas*.

714

7.7.7.7.

'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.' St. John xiv. 15.

1 SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson, to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

In her *Hys. and Scenes of Childhood*, 1842. TUNE: *St. Benedict.*

715

7.6.7.6.D.

'And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?' 1 Chron. xxix. 5.

1 THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King.
We have no wealth nor wisdom;
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties,
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring. Amen.

ANON., 1881.

In the *Bk. of Praise for Children*, 1881. Orig. i. 2, 'their *wealth*'; i. 4, 'And some bring strength and health'; i. 7, '*or learning*'; ii. 7, '*that ever*' (i.e. always). TUNE. *Trichinopoly.*

716

P.M.

'A little child shall lead them.' Isa. xi. 6.

1 THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of GOD proclaimed His birth,—
High and low.
Out in the night so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was CHRIST the LORD.

2 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white,—
In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On that still night.

3 They sing how the LORD of that world so fair
A Child was born;
And, that they might His crown of glory share,
Wore a crown of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might in glory reign
With Him on high.

4 He has put on His kingly apparel now
In that goodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of waters flow
That chosen band.
And for evermore, in their robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a Child. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1856.

In *Matty's Missionary Box*, 1856; rev. in her *Chimes for Daily Service*, 1880.

TUNES. *Children's Song*, and *Holy Child*; the first by Herbert Walton, private organist for Lord Aberdeen before he became Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Walton writes to the compiler of these notes: 'My simple little *Children's Song* was expressly written for the Earl of Aberdeen, for his children to sing on Christmas morning, 1890.'

717

P.M.

'Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.'
1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 THERE'S a fight to be fought, there's a work to be done,
And a foe to be met ere the set of the sun,
And the call is gone out o'er the land far and wide,—
Who'll follow the banner? Who's on the LORD'S side?
O hark! the call to battle resounds far and wide,—
Who'll follow the banner? Who's on the LORD'S side?

2 O'er the waters it soundeth from lands far away,
Where the rebel usurper holds fair realms in sway;
There are chains to be severed, and souls to be freed;
Our Captain is calling; Himself takes the lead.
O hark! &c.

3 O! true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong, to the war,
And the fame of their exploits has echoed afar;
And though brave ones have fallen, yet rich their reward,—
Who dies is crowned victor by JESUS our LORD.
O hark! &c.

4 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all, though our strength may be slight;
And the weakest and poorest some succour may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.
O hark! &c.

5 When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the Name of our Master all nations adore,
Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide,—
O joy to the victor who's on the LORD'S side!
O hark! the shout of triumph resounds far and wide,—
O joy to the victor who's on the LORD'S side! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK, 1868.

Written for the C.M.S. Gleaners' Union Annual Meeting, Nov. 1, 1868. Issued as a leaflet. Here as in her *Life Abundant*, 1892. TUNE. *Pauline.*

718

7.6.7.6.D.

'Jesus .... took a child, and set him by Him.'
St. Luke ix. 47.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd SAVIOUR,
And to the FATHER cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where JESUS reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for JESUS
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour
And loved His Name below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not CHRIST as SAVIOUR,
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in CHRIST alone;
LORD, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1859.

In *Good News for the Little Ones*, Dec., 1859. Text as in the author's *Bright Blue Sky H. B.*, 1909, published on the jubilee of this hymn, exc. i. 4, 'love *one*'; i. 5, 'Unlike our friends by nature, Who'; i. 8, '*The precious* Name'; ii. 4, 'And "Abba, Father", cry'; ii. 5, '*turmoil*'; ii. 6, '*danger* free'; iii. 6, '*Or*'; iv. 7, '*On all who've*'; vi. 7, 8, 'O come, dear little children, That all may be your own.' The writer, born 1825, died Feb. 27, 1909, resided in the Isle of Wight, and was a Plymouth Brother. On Feb. 7, 1909, this hymn was sung all over the world on its fiftieth anniversary. In his *Bright Blue Sky H. B.* appear 328 of his hymns, including *Revive Thy work* (607), and:

There's a Friend for aged pilgrims
Beyond the star-lit sky,
Round whom life's shades are falling,
And evening zephyrs fly;
A Friend known, loved, and trusted,
From Whom all blessings flow,
The Friend,—how sweet the prospect!
Full soon, in life, to know.

The late Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London, once met the author of *There's a Friend for little children*, and with a loving grasp of the hand exclaimed, 'I would rather have written that hymn than have preached the most eloquent sermon, for your audience is the whole world.' TUER. *In Memoriam.*

719

P.M.

'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good.' Num. x. 29.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our SAVIOUR King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye. Amen.

A. Young, 1848.

In C. H. Bateman's *Sacred Song Bk.*, 1848. See *Julian*, 1161. Translated into many languages. Tune. *Happy Land.*

720

L. M.

'He that is faithful in that which is ... is faithful also in much.' St. Luke xv ... 0.

1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great?

*2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

*3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

4 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our LORD.

7 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for JESUS' sake.

8 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for JESUS' sake. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1850.

Contributed to Dr. Hook's *Church School H. B.*, 1850. Here as in A. & M. '68, as revised by author. See notes on No. 118.
TUNE, *Alstone*.

721

P.M.

'I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.' Rev. vi. 2.

1 WE are marching on with shield and banner bright,
We will work for GOD and battle for the right,
We will praise His Name, rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till JESUS calls.
Then awake, then awake, happy song, happy song,
Shout for joy, shout for joy,
As we gladly march along.
We are marching on, &c.

2 In the battle-field we'll bravely do and dare
As we rally round our blessèd standard there,
And the SAVIOUR'S Cross we'll gladly learn to bear,
While we work till JESUS calls.
Then awake, &c.

3 We are marching on, our Captain ever near
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till JESUS calls.
Then awake, &c.

4 We are marching on and pressing towards the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till JESUS calls.
Then awake, &c.

5 We are marching onward singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come join our ranks as soldiers here below,
Come and work till JESUS calls.
Then awake, &c. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1867.

In Bradbury's *Fresh Laurels*, 1867. In orig. ii. 1, 'In the Sunday School our army we prepare'; ii. 3, '*we early*': v. 3, '*as pilgrims.*' See notes on No. 772. TUNE. *We are marching on.*

722

18.18.16.11.

'He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.' St. Mark x. 16.

1 WHEN mothers of Salem their children brought to JESUS,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart:
But JESUS saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

2 'For I will receive them and fold them to My bosom:
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs, O drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give, they shall with Me in glory live:
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

3 How kind was our SAVIOUR to bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard His Name;
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the SAVIOUR said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

4 O soon may the heathen of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessed Word and cast their idols all away!
O shine upon them from above, and show Thyself a GOD of love,
Teach the little children to come unto Thee!
Amen.

W. M. HUTCHINGS, 1850.

In the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, June, 1850, dated Wigan, April, 1850. TUNE. *Salem.*

723

7.7. with Refrain.

'Manifest in the flesh.' 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 WHO is He in yonder stall,
At Whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the LORD: O wondrous story!
'Tis the LORD, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall:
Crown Him, crown Him, LORD of all.

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

3 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Praying in Gethsemane?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes
Asking blessings on His foes?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?
'Tis the LORD: &c.

8 Who is He that from His throne
Rules the world of light alone?
'Tis the LORD: &c. Amen.

REV. B. R. HANBY, 1866.

In the *Dove*, Chicago, 1866. Ir. has several additl. stanzas not by Hanby. TUNE, *Adoration*.

724

7.6.7.5.D.

'The night cometh, when no man can work.'
St. John ix. 4.

1 WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

ANNA L. COUSILL, 1864.

In Lowell Mason's *Song Garden*, 1864, and in *Oak and Maple*, 1890. First appeared in *Leaves from the Backwoods*, 1861, published by John Lovell, Montreal. See an interesting account of this Canadian hymn-writer in Mr. Mahon's *Canadian Hymns and Hymn-writers*, 1906. See *Julian*, 1632.

TUNE. *Diligence.*

725

11.11.11.12.

'God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.' 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to JESUS—He will carry you through.
Ask the SAVIOUR to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's Name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to JESUS—He will carry you through.
Ask the SAVIOUR to help you, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh GOD giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He Who is our SAVIOUR our strength will renew;
Look ever to JESUS—He will carry you through.
Ask the SAVIOUR to help you, &c. Amen.

HORATIO R. PALMER, 1868.

In *National Sunday School Teachers' Magazine*, 1868. Here as in *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1877. Ira D. Sankey in *My Life and Sacred Songs*, 1906, gives the following:

'Some twenty-four years ago,' writes James A. Watson, of Blackburn, 'the Presbyterian Church of England was preparing a new book of praise, *Church Praise*. I was asked to send in a suitable list of hymns for the young. Among the number I sent *Yield not to temptation*, but to my regret, when I got a draft copy of the proposed hymn-book, that hymn was not in it. Three or four Sundays afterwards I was requested by the teacher of the infant class in the St. George's School, where I have been superintendent for over forty years, to visit a dying boy. I found him unconscious. All that his widowed mother could tell me about him was that he had kept saying, "He'll carry me through." When I asked her if she knew what he meant, she told me that she did not. She did not attend church or school. I told her that it was the chorus of a hymn, and pointed out how the Good Shepherd was carrying her little boy through the valley; how He was gathering her lamb in His loving arms. I also told her that the Saviour would carry her through her trouble, would comfort, strengthen, and keep her, and at last bring her to the happy land where death-divided ones will meet to part no more. I was so much impressed by the incident that I wrote to the convener of the hymn-book committee, and pleaded for the insertion of the hymn in the new book. The committee put it in, and for twenty-three years the young people of our Presbyterian Church have been able to sing it when wanted, all through the comfort it had been to a little dying boy, the only son of a widow, in a back street at Blackburn.'

TUNE. *Yield not to Temptation.*

726

6.5.6.5.

'Cease to do evil; learn to do well.' Isa. i. 16, 17.

1 DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to JESUS,
Children of the LORD.

2 CHRIST is kind and gentle,
CHRIST is pure and true;
And His little children
Must be holy too.

3 There 's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

5 For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

7 CHRIST is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

In her *Hys. for Little Children*, 1848. See notes on No. 118. Tunes. *Warfare*, and *Newland*.

727

7.7.7.7.

'Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.' St. Matt. xviii. 2.

1 GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest LORD, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, LORD, Thy blessing, give;
Plead for me and I shall live.

4 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child;
Lamb of GOD, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

In his *Hys. and Sacred Poems*, 1742. See notes on Nos. 6, and 507.

Mr. John B. Gough used to tell the following pathetic story regarding this hymn:

'A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had

crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"'Boy, what are you doing here?'

"'Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir.'

"'What are you doing here?'

"'Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir. I'm a-hiding.'

"'What are you hiding from?'

"'Don't tell anybody, please, sir.'

"'Where 's your mother?'

"'Please, sir, mother 's dead.'

"'Where 's your father?'

"'Hush! don't tell him! Don't tell him! Look here!'

"He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"'Why, my boy, who beat you like that?'

"'Father did, sir.'

"'What did he beat you like that for?'

"'Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal.'

"'Did you ever steal?'

"'Yes, sir, I was a street thief once.'

"'And why won't you steal any more?'

"'Please, sir, I went to the Mission School; and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal';—and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But, please, don't tell him!'

"'My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this.'

"'Thank you, sir; but, please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?'

'Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"'Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn.' He raised himself on his elbow, and then sang:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

"'That 's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye.'

'The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips; and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.

"'Oh, I thank God that He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' did not say 'respectable children', or 'well-educated children'. No! He sends His angels into the homes of poverty and sin, and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out His redeemed ones; and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness in the Mission School, in the Ragged School, or in the Bands of Hope."'

TUNE. *Simplicity.*

728

C.M.

'Behold the fowls of the air . . . your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?' St. Matt. vi. 26.

1 GOD sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets His tender view;
If God so loves the little birds,
I know He loves me too.
He loves me too, He loves me too,
I know He loves me too;
Because He loves the little things,
I know He loves me too.

2 He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If He so loves the little flowers,
I know He loves me well.
He loves me too, &c.

3 God made the little birds and flowers,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget His little ones,
I know He loves them all.
He loves me too, &c. Amen.

MARIA STRAUB.

In the *Crown of Glory*, Chicago, 1874. TUNE. *Providence.*

729

7.7.7.7.

'I will trust, and not be afraid.' Isa. xii. 2.

1 JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me—
Yes, Jesus loves me—
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He Who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Gentle Jesus, with me stay
Close beside me all the way;
When at last I come to die
Take me home with Thee on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c. Amen.

ANNA WARNER, 1859.

In her novel, *Say and Seal*, 1859, chapter xlviii, without the chorus. She was the sister of the author of *Queechy*, and joint author with her of *The Wide, Wide World* (pen-name, Amy Lothrop). See H.C. for additl. stanza.

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, who for many years has been working among the Hindus, writes as follows regarding this hymn, one of the most popular children's songs in the world:

'Many years ago I translated into Telugu the children's hymn, *Jesus loves me*, and taught it to the children of our day-school. Scarcely a week later, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural, down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where unobserved I could look down the street and see and hear. And there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice:

Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so!

'As he completed the verse some one asked the question: "Sonny, where did you learn that song?" "Over at the missionary school," was the answer. "Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?" "Oh, the Bible is the book from God, they say, to teach us how to get to heaven; and Jesus is the name of the Divine Redeemer that came into the world to save us from our sins: that is what the missionaries say." "Well, the song is a nice one. Come, sing us some more." And so the little boy went on—a heathen himself, and singing to the heathen—about Jesus and His love. That is preaching the Gospel by proxy, I said to myself, as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell his interested audience all he himself knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation.'

TUNE. *Jesus loves me.*

730

6.5.6.5.

'Hear my crying, O God: give ear unto my prayer.'
Ps. lxi. 1.

1 JESU, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's eternal King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are only children,
Weak and apt to stray;
SAVIOUR, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, LORD, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

5 Then when JESUS calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
'SAVIOUR, LORD, we come.' Amen.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER, 1857.

In her *Twilight Musings*, 1857.
TUNES. *North Coates*, and *Rotherwood*.

731

6.5.6.5.

'Who hath despised the day of small things?'
Zech. iv. 10.

1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

4 So our little errors
Lead the soul astray
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

6 Little ones in glory
Swell the angels' song:
Make us meet, dear SAVIOUR,
For their holy throng. Amen.

JULIA A. CARNEY, 1845.

Written in 1845 for use in a primary school at Boston, U. S. A. The last stanza was added by Bp. E. H. Bickersteth in H. C. '76. See *Julian*, 1665. TUNE. *Rathwood*, by Geo. E. Hague, a banker, of Kingston, Ontario.

732

8.7.8.7.

'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.' Isa. xl. 11.

1 JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

MARY DUNCAN, 1839.

Written in 1839 for her own children. Published in her *Memoir*, 1841. This is used as a little child's evening prayer perhaps more frequently than any other hymn. Women have excelled men in the writing of children's hymns. In the B. C. P. more than one half of the hymns for children are written by women, whereas only 114 hymns in the whole collection are by women. Charles Wesley tried to write for children, but failed, as he attempted to lift children up to the level of adults, merely adapting his compositions to them by simplicity of diction. Only his *Gentle Jesus, meek and mild* survives.

TUNES. *Evening Prayer*, *Dijon*, *Brocklesby*, and *St. Mabyn*.

733

7.7.7.7.

'Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.'
Song of Solomon i. 3.

1 ONCE again, dear LORD, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Name of JESUS, sweetest word.

2 Little lips that Thou hast made,
'Neath the far off temple's shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all Thine own.

3 Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

4 Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy SON, Who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love. Amen.

M. J. WILLCOX, 1886.

TUNES. *Manus*, and *Poem*.

734

P.M.

'He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.' Rev. xxii. 1.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing from the throne of GOD?
Yes, we will gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of GOD.

2 On the margin of the river,
Guided by our Shepherd King,
We will walk and worship ever,
His dear footsteps following.
Yes, we will gather, &c.

3 There beside the tranquil river,
Mirror of the SAVIOUR'S face,
Happy hearts, no more to sever,
Sing of glory and of grace.
Yes, we will gather, &c.

4 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
JESU, here from sin deliver
Those whom there Thy grace will crown.
Yes, we will gather, &c. Amen.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

In *Happy Voices*, 1865. Here nearly as H. C. '76. See 8a. and 1r. for other versions.

'On a very hot summer day in 1864, a pastor (American Baptist) was seated in his parlour in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was a time when an epidemic was sweeping through the city. All around friends and acquaintances were passing away to the spirit land in large numbers. The question began to arise in the heart, with unusual emphasis, "Shall we meet again? We are parting at the river of death; shall we meet at the river of life?" "Seating myself at the organ," says he, "simply to give vent to the pent up emotions of the heart, the words and music of the hymn began to flow out, as if by inspiration"' (E. W. Long's *Illustrated History of Hymns and their Authors*, Phila., 1876).

Dr. Lowry was the editor of several popular collections, and wrote many tunes, including those for *Saviour, Thy dying love* (774); *I need Thee every hour* (760). See notes on No. 774. TUNE. *Boston.*

735

8.6.8.6.

'They shall be Mine . . . in that day when I make up My jewels.' Mal. iii. 17.

1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning, &c.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning, &c.

Amen.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING, 1866.

In the *Red Bird*, Chicago, 1866. In America this hymn for little children rivals in popularity:

1

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night;
In a world of darkness
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

8

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound;
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine. Amen.

SUSAN WARNER.

TUNE. *Jewels*, by Geo. F. Root, one of the best-known American song-writers, composer of *Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom*; *Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching*; *There's music in the air*; besides his many hymn-tunes.

CAROLS

736

8.8.8.6.D.

'To-morrow the Lord shall do this thing.' Exod. ix. 5.

1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'CHRIST is born,' their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all that grieves you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear LORD, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;

But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

Tr. (1858) from the German of Rev. P. Gerhardt by
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The German, beginning 'Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen', is in Crüger's *Praxis*, 1658. Transln. in Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. See notes on No. 159. TUNE. *Benn.*

737

P.M.

'O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands . . . and come before His presence with a song.' Ps. c. 1.

1 CAROL, sweetly carol,
A SAVIOUR born to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
O, bear them far away:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
O, bear them far away.

2 Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng
O'er the vales of Judah
Awoke the heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill and peace and love,
Glory in the highest
To GOD Who reigns above.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

3 Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
O sing redeeming love.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

In T. E. Perkins's *Songs for To-day*, 1872. See notes on No. 772. TUNE. *Carol, sweetly carol.*

738

P.M.

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.' St. Luke ii. 15.

1 COME to the manger in Bethlehem,
A sweet Child lies therein,
A Holy Child come down to earth
To save the world from sin;
A little Child with a heart so large
It takes the whole world in.

2 But the heart of the world is far too small
To take in that little Child;
It sends Him away; there is no room
For His face so sweet and mild;
They would turn Him out, if they only could,
To the storm so rude and wild.

3 Come to the manger in Bethlehem,
Never mind the frost and snow,
We will think of the Child, and the thought of Him
Shall warm us as we go;
We will kiss His holy hands and feet,
And tell Him we love Him so.

4 And the more the cold world turns Him out,
The more we will take Him in;
When our hearts are full of the Holy Child
They will have no room for sin.
Come to the manger in Bethlehem,
For a sweet Child lies therein. Amen.

ELIZABETH H. MITCHELL, 1881.

In Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. The writer was one of the editors of the *Altar Hymnal*, 1885.
TUNE. *Arnunah*, by Alfred Pointz Perrin, a Toronto musician.

739

P.M.

'They ... found ... the babe lying in a manger. St. Luke ii. 16.

1 CRADLED all lowly,
Behold the SAVIOUR Child!
A Being holy,
In dwelling rude and wild;
Ne'er yet was regal state
Of monarch proud and great,
Who grasped a nation's fate,
So glorious as the manger-bed of Bethlehem.

2 No longer sorrow
As without hope, O earth!
A brighter morrow
Dawned with that Infant's birth.
Our sins were great and sore,
But these the SAVIOUR bore,
And GOD was wroth no more:
His own SON was the Child that lay in Bethlehem.

3 Babe weak and wailing,
In lowly village stall,
Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all.
The sacrifice is done,
The world's atonement won,
Till time its course hath run,
O JESU, SAVIOUR, Morning Star of Bethlehem. Amen.

HENRY BROUGHAM FARNIE, 1865.

From *Bethlehem. Christmas Carol, written by Henry Farnie, composed by Ch. Gounod*, 1865. The words to which Gounod set his melody begin 'Dans cette étable', but the English setting is not a translation from the French. Published by Novello & Co., also as an anthem and as a unison song with symphonies and accompaniment. TUNE. *Cradled all lowly.*

740

P.M.

'Good tidings of great joy.' St. Luke ii. 10.

1 GOOD Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! News!
JESUS CHRIST is born to-day;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
CHRIST is born to day!
CHRIST is born to-day!

2 Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
JESUS CHRIST was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
CHRIST was born for this!
CHRIST was born for this!

8 Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
JESUS CHRIST was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
CHRIST was born to save,
CHRIST was born to save. Amen.

Tr. (1853) from the Latin by REV. J. M. NEALE.

In his *Carols for Christmastide*, 1853. It is set to the tune of *In dulci jubilo*, but the words can hardly be called a translation from the Latin. TUNE. *In dulci jubilo.*

741

8.7.8.7.

'And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.' St. Luke ii. 13.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
'Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to GOD on high!

3 'Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching to earth's utmost bound;
Man redeemed, his sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 'CHRIST is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom GOD appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 'Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him
Glory be to GOD on high!'

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great REDEEMER'S birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

In Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819. iii. 2, 3, orig.:

Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven.

v. 2 as in Am.; orig. 'Learn His Name, and taste His joy.' See notes on No. 104. TUNE. *Christmas Hymn.*

742

P.M.

'And there were ... shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.' St. Luke ii. 8.

1 HOLY night! peaceful night!
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight
Came blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud alleluia songs,
Saying, CHRIST is come,
Saying, CHRIST is come.

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, O how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born,
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

Tr. (1863) from the German of Rev. Joseph Mohr (1818) by JANE M. CAMPBELL.

German begins 'Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht', and was written for use at Lanfen, near Salzburg, on Christmas, 1818. Translin. in Rev. C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs*, 1863. TUNE. *Holy Night.*

743

P.M.

'She ... wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger.' St. Luke ii. 7.

1 LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of GOD ring out
For the Son of Mary is born to-night.
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

2 No earthly songs are half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies,
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger-bed where our SAVIOUR lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

3 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night,
The bells of the city of GOD peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height,
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

4 Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And angels of GOD are crowding the air,
And heaven and earth, through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair. Amen.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1867.

In Stainer and Bramley's *Christmas Carols*, 1867. ii. 1, orig. '*Never till melodies* half so sweet', which necessitates an awkward change in the music. TUNE. *The Manger Throne.*

744

7.7.7.7.6.4.

'There was no room for them in the inn.' St. Luke ii. 7.

1 'NO room' within the dwelling
For Him Whose love excelling
Towards those who never sought Him,
To earth from heaven brought Him,
Who counted not the cost
To seek the lost.

2 'No room'; so to the manger
They bore the kingly Stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His Mother's breast
He lay at rest.

3 'No room': O Babe so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
EMMANUEL! Amen.

CANON R. H. BAYNES, 1881.

In Mrs. Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. For his revision see his own *Hymns and Verses*, 1887. TUNE. *Burton.*

745

7.7.7.7.

'Thy Holy Child Jesus.' Acts iv. 30.

1 SEE amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below;
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn;
Hail redemption's happy dawn;
Sing through all Jerusalem,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.

2 Lo, within a manger lies—
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the cherubim!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

4 'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing "Peace on earth"
Told us of the SAVIOUR'S birth.'
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

REV. E. CASWALL, 1851.

In *Easy Hymns Tunes*, 1851, and in his own *Masque of Mary*, 1858. See notes on No. 444. TUNE. *See amid the winter's snow.*

746

P.M.

'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' Ps. cxxvii. 3.

1 SLEEP, Holy Babe! upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great LORD of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

2 Sleep, Holy Babe! Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3 Sleep, Holy Babe, while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

4 Sleep, Holy Babe, ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That death alone shall close.

REV. E. CASWALL, 1850.

In *The Rambler*, June, 1850. Text as in his *Masque of Mary*, 1858. See notes on No. 444. TUNE. *Sleep, Holy Babe.*

747

P.M.

'Emmanuel . . God with us.' St. Matt. i. 23.

1 STARS all bright are beaming
From the skies above,
Nature's face all gleaming,
Shines with heaven's own love.
Wake and sing, good Christians,
On this birth-day morn,
Heaven and earth are telling
GOD for man is born.

2 Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the LORD of all.
Wake and sing, &c.

3 Born that He might lead us
From this earthly home,
Guide our way, and feed us
Till the end shall come.
Wake and sing, &c.

4 Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His love,
Choral hymns addressing
To our LORD above.
Wake and sing, &c.

5 Glory in the highest,
For this wondrous birth;
Choir of heaven! thou criest
Peace to all the earth.
Wake and sing, &c.

REV. R. R. CHOPE, 1875.

In his *Christmas Carols*, 1875. iii. 2, orig. 'desert home'. Rev. R. R. Chope has rendered great service to church music by his *Congregational Hymn and Tune Book*, 1857 and 1862, and by his complete collection of carols, *Carols for use in Church*.

TUNE. *Stars all bright.*

748

P.M.

'Good tidings of great joy.' St. Luke ii. 10.

1 THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2 They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where JESUS lay.
Nowell, &c.

5 Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly LORD;
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c. Amen.

Traditional.

Nearly as in W. Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, 1833.
The word Nowell is from the French Noël, used in France to signify Carol, and also to signify Christmas. In English carols the word is sometimes used as equivalent to 'news' (as if from *Novellare*); sometimes as if from *Natale*, i. e. a cry of joy; sometimes as if from *Natalis* (*dies*) i.e. Christmas, as being the Birthday of our Lord. (See *Ducange* under 'Novellare', 'Natale,' and 'Ludus natalis'.) TUNE. *The First Nowell.*

749

P.M.

'The angel ... said unto her, ... That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.'
St. Luke i. 35.

1 WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
'In excelsis gloria.'

2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said GOD'S SON is born this night,
'In excelsis gloria.'

3 This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
'In excelsis gloria.'

4 Grant us, O LORD, for Thy great grace,
In heaven in bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
'In excelsis gloria.'

Traditional, 15th cent.

See orig. MS. in British Museum (Harl. 5396, f. 278 b). Printed in Wm. Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, 1833. Orig. reads: i. 2, '*In Bethlem in* that'; iii. 3, '*And* said'; iii. 2, the beginning is torn off, and the rest of the line is, 'in Scripture as we find'; iv. 1, 2, are also damaged:

... Lord for Thy great grace,
... in bliss to see Thy face.

Different editors have filled in the lacunae in various ways. It is thought that the above form will commend itself.
TUNE. *When Christ was born.*

750

P.M.

'They presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.' St. Matt. ii. 11.

1 WE three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright;
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

First king.

2 Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
O star, &c.

Second king.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, GOD most high.
O star, &c.

Third king.

4 Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O star, &c.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and GOD, and Sacrifice,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies.
O star, &c. Amen.

REV. J. H. HOPKINS, Jun., 1857.

In his *Carols, Hys., and Songs*, 1862. Here as in Stainer and Bramley's *Christmas Carols*, 1878.

TUNE. *We three kings of Orient are.*

751

7.7.7.6.

'The Lord is risen indeed.' St. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 EASTER flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light;
CHRIST our LORD is risen in might,
Glory in the highest.

2 Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

4 As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest. Amen.

MARY A. NICHOLSON, 1875.

Contributed to *St. Margaret's Hymnal* (East Grinstead), 1875. See notes on No. 24. Here as in Mrs. Carey Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881. TUNE. *In Excelsis Gloria.*

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS

The Compilation Committee in making up this section did not seek to choose modern ephemeral 'Gospel Hymns'. Six of the thirty-two are earlier than 1800; the average age of the others is forty years. Hymns that have thus survived must surely have been found to have practical value.

Prof. Dickinson, in his *Music in the History of the Western Church*, says:

'Forms of song, which to the musician lie outside the pale of art, may have a legitimate place in seasons of special religious quickening.'

And J. S. Curwen, in his *Studies of Worship Music*, says:

'Music in worship is a means not an end, and we are bound to consider how far these tunes serve their end in mission work, which, after all, has not musical training for its object, so much as the kindling of the divine spark in the hearts of the worshippers. Without doubt these songs touch the common throng; they match the words to which they are sung and carry them.'

752

C.M

'Christ died for the ungodly.' Rom. v. 6.

1 ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such an one as I?

2 Was it for sins that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When CHRIST, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my shamèd face
While His dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, LORD, I give myself to Thee;
'Tis all that I can do. Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

In his *Hys. and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. See Nos. 45, 517, and 556. Orig. i. 4, '*Such a worm*'; ii. 1, '*for crimes*'; iii. 3, '*when God*'; iv. 1, '*Blushing face*'; v. 2, '*myself away*.'

Under this hymn *Duffield*, 14, gives the following incident:

At the Soldiers' Cemetery in Nashville, Tenn., a stranger was seen planting a flower upon a grave. He was asked whether any relative was buried there, and he replied: 'When the war broke out I was drafted, and I had no money to hire a substitute. I had a wife and seven children. After I was ready to start, a young man came to me and said: "You have a large family which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you." He did go, and at the battle of Chickamauga received a mortal wound. So I have saved up some money, and have found my dear friend's grave.' And then he placed a head-board with the soldier's name, and the words, 'He died for me.'

TUNES. *Remember me, and Aberdeen.*

753

F.M.

'His children shall have a place of refuge.' Prov. xiv. 26.

1 BENEATH the Cross of JESUS
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.

O blessèd shelter from the storm,
The sinner's sure retreat:
O trysting-place, where heavenly love
And heavenly justice meet.

2 There lies beyond its shadow
Upon the farther side
The darkness of an awful pit
That opens deep and wide;
But, lo, between, there stands the Cross
Of Him Who died to save
With His own life-blood my lost soul
From that eternal grave.

3 Upon the Cross of Jesus
Mine eye by faith can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

4 O Christ, beneath that shadow
Be my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of Thy face;
Content to let the world go by,
And count its gain but loss;
This sinful self my only shame,
My only hope Thy Cross. Amen.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.

In the *Family Treasury*, 1872. By the author of *There were ninety and nine*. Here as in H. C. '90.

Tunes. *Beneath the Cross*, and *Crucis Umbra*, the former by Ira D. Sankey, the great 'Gospel singer', who just before his recent death published a most interesting book, *My Life and Sacred Songs*. In his later years he was blind, and even with this affliction he was undismayed by the loss by fire of his manuscript, and rewrote the book which will no doubt be valuable to evangelists. In some biographical notes he gives an interesting account of his labours with D. L. Moody:

While holding meetings at Bardett Road, London, in 1874, Mr. Moody and I one Saturday took a drive out to Epping Forest. There we visited a gipsy camp. While we were stopping to speak to

two brothers who had been converted and were doing good missionary work, a few young gipsy lads came up to our carriage. I put my hand on the head of one of them and said, "May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!"

'Fifteen years later Gipsy Smith said to me: "Do you remember a little gipsy boy standing by your carriage in Epping Forest, and you put your hand on his head, saying you hoped he would be a preacher?" "Yes, I remember it well." "I am that boy," said Gipsy Smith. Truly God had granted my wish, and had made a mighty preacher of the gipsy boy.'

754

P.M.

'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.' Rev. xxii. 17.

1 COME to the SAVIOUR, make no delay;
Here in His Word He hath shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, Come!
Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, SAVIOUR, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2 'Come all that labour'—O hear His voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.
Joyful, &c.

3 Think once again, He is with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, My children, come?'
Joyful, &c. Amen.

G. F. ROOT, 1870.

In *The Prize*, 1870. ii. 2, orig. '"*Suffer the children*"—O hear His voice.' Tune, *Invitation*, also by Root.

755

8.7.8.7.4.7.

'Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest.' St. Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh:
Without money
Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the SPIRIT'S rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 Lo! the Incarnate GOD, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His Blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but JESUS
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name:
Alleluia!
Sinners here may sing the same. Amen.

REV. JOSEPH HART, 1759.

In his *Hymns*, 1759. Text as in most modern hyls., somewhat altd. from orig. See notes on No. 488. TUNE. *Dismissal.*

756

L.M.

'For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand.'
Isa. xli. 13.

1 HE leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis GOD'S hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

4 And, when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me! Amen.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore, 1862.

Text nearly as in Bradbury's *Golden Censer*, 1864. In Sankey's *My Life and Sacred Songs*, 1906, is the following:

'I had been talking,' said Mr. Gilmore, 'at the Wednesday evening lecture of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, in 1862. The twenty-third Psalm was my theme, and I had been especially impressed with the blessedness of being led by God—of the mere fact of His leadership, altogether apart from the way in which He leads us, and what He is leading us to. At the close of the service we adjourned to Deacon Watson's home, at which I was stopping. We still held before our minds and hearts the thought which I had just emphasised. During the conversation, in which several participated, the blessedness of God's leadership so grew upon me that I took out my pencil, and wrote the hymn just as it stands to-day, handed it to my wife—and thought no more about it. She sent it without my knowledge to *The Watchman and Reflector*, and there it first appeared in print. Three years later I went to Rochester to preach for the Second Baptist Church. On entering the chapel I took up a hymn-book, saying to myself, I wonder what they sing. The book opened at *He leadeth me*, and that was the first time I knew my hymn had found a place among the songs of the Church. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by coming then and there in contact with my own assertion of God's leadership.'

Tune. *He leadeth me.*

757

8.5.8.3.

'I know Whom I have believed.' 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy Blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, LORD JESUS;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1878.

As in her *Loyal Responses*, 1878. See notes on Nos. 386, 382, and 379. 'The hymn was the author's "own favourite", and was found in her pocket Bible after her death' (*Julian*, 497). TUNES. *St. Helen's*, and *Be at rest*.

758

The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 1 John i. 7.

1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, LORD, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, LORD!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure.
I am coming, LORD! &c.

3 'Tis JESUS calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
I am coming, LORD! &c.

4 'Tis JESUS who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
I am coming, LORD! &c.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
I am coming, LORD! &c.

6 All hail, atoning Blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of CHRIST our LORD,
Our Strength and Righteousness!
I am coming, LORD!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary. Amen.

REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1874.

'The words and music of this beautiful hymn were first published in a monthly entitled *Guide to Holiness*, a copy of which was sent to me in England in 1873. I immediately adopted it and had it published in *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1874. It proved to be one of the most helpful of the revival hymns, and was often used as an invitation hymn in England and America.' (Sankey's *My Life and Sacred Songs*, p. 116, where are some incidents showing the practical value of this hymn).

TUNE. *Welcome Voice.*

759

L.M.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Job xix. 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead;
He lives, my everliving Head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
And still He pleads for me above;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

3 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend;
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

4 He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His Name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same. Amen.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1775.

In his *Hymns*, 1800; previously in De Courcy's *Coll.*, 1784.

'He had been a sailor. When near his death, he said: "I am thinking on the laws of gravitation: the nearer a body approaches to his centre, with the more force it is impelled; and the nearer I approach my dissolution, with greater velocity I move toward it." A friend who stood by said: "Sir, Christ is your centre." "Yes, yes," he said, "He is, He is." Later he added: "I am now a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbour, and Oh, how sweet will be the port after the storm." On another occasion he exclaimed: "Dying is sweet work, sweet work! My heavenly Father! I am looking up to my dear Jesus, my God, my portion, my all in all." And then he continued, "Glory! glory! Home! Home!" and so he departed in peace, July 17, 1799' (*Duffield*, 53).

Tune. *Pentecost.*

760

6.4.6.4.

Hear me: for I am poor, and in misery.' Ps. lxxxvi. 1.

1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, &c.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, &c.

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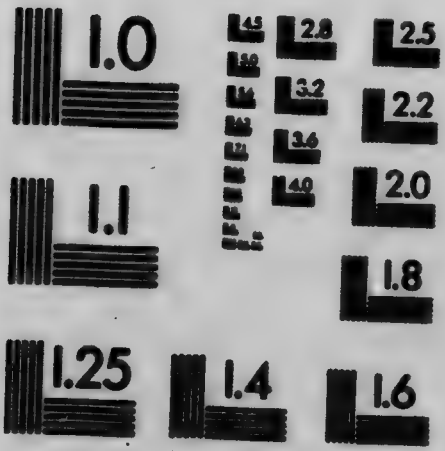

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4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, &c. Amen.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, 1872.

Text as in Lowry's *Royal Diadem*, 1873. See notes on No. 734.
TUNES. *I need Thee*, and *Every Hour*.

761

8.7.8.7.D.

'A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'
Prov. xviii. 24.

1 I'VE found a Friend; a heavenly Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; a heavenly Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; a heavenly Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; a heavenly Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From Him Who loves me now so well
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
No: I am His for ever. Amen.

REV. J. G. SMALL, 1868.

In his *Psalms and Sacred Songs*, 1866; previously in *Revival Hymn Book*, 2nd series, 1863. Orig. first line of each verse: 'I've found a Friend; *Oh such a* Friend.'

TUNES. *Constance*, and *I've found a Friend*.

762

L.M.

'Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed.'
St. Luke ix. 26.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of JESUS—that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

3 Ashamed of JESUS? Yes, that day
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a SAIOUR slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me. Amen.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

First appeared in his *Four Hymns*, 1765, and has been many times recast. See *Julian*, 595. In 1774 it was published under the title 'Shame of Jesus, conquered by love; by a youth of ten years'. The follg. verses in Am. are well known, the hymn being often set as a sacred song:

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

See variations in Sc., Am. Meth., Am., Cong., Can. Pr. Bapt., Ir., Eng. Meth., 2 H. C.

TUNES. *Federal Street*, and *Russia*.

763

7.6.7.6.

'Peace through the Blood of His Cross.' Col. i. 20.

1 JESUS keep me near the Cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my ransomed soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.
In the Cross, &c.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of GOD,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.
In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my ransomed soul shall find
Rest beyond the river. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

As in *Bright Jewels*, 1869. See notes on No. 772.
TUNE. *Near the Cross.*

764

8.8.8.4.

'Christ is all, and in all.' Col. iii. 11.

1 JESUS, my SAVIOUR, look on me,
For I am weary and oppress;
I come to cast my soul on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1848.

In her *Christian Remembrancer*, 1848. See Nos. 528, 560, and 674, iv. 1 as in Am. Orig. 'When the accuser flings his darts'
TUNE. *Hanford.*

765

8.7.8.7. with Refrain.

'There shall be showers of blessing.' Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious FATHER,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender SAVIOUR!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty SPIRIT!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of JESUS' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of GOD, so pure and changeless;
Blood of CHRIST, so rich and free;
Grace of GOD, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O LORD, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.
Amen.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

In J. Denham Smith's *Times of Refreshing*, 1860; and in her own *Among the Brambles*, 1880. The author writes to the compiler of these notes:

'Many a time have I been asked to give some account of the origin of the hymn which has become one of the most precious links of my life with God's work and with God's children. It was simply this:

'In the year A. D. 1860, a party of young friends, over whom I was watching with anxious hope, attended a meeting, in which details were given of the beginning of a revival in Ireland. They came back greatly impressed. My fear was lest they should be satisfied to let their own fleece remain dry, and put before them the privilege and responsibility of getting a share in the outpoured blessing.

'On the Sunday following, not being well enough to go out, I had a time of quiet communion. These children were still on my heart and I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort, words seemed given to me, and they took the form of the hymn which I then wrote—

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.

I had no thought of sending it beyond the limits of my own circle but, passing it on to one and another, it became to many a word of power, and I then published it as a leaflet.

'Of its future history I can only say that the Lord took it quite out of my own hands, and used it in a remarkable way. It was read from pulpits and circulated by tens of thousands. Every now and then, some sweet token was sent to cheer me, in a somewhat isolated life, of its influence upon souls. Now it would be tidings from afar of a young officer dying in India, and sending home his Bible, with the hymn pasted on the fly-leaf, as the precious memorial of that which brought him to the Lord—now the story of a poor outcast gathered into the fold by the same means, and again, the reclamation of a hardened convict in his solitary prison cell by the words "*Even me*" wafted from the Chapel to his hitherto deaf ear and closed heart, and used by the Holy Spirit to awaken him to newness of life.'

The author perused and approved the 'proof' of the above version. TUNES. *Even me*, and *Showers of Blessing*.

766

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. St. John xxi. 15

1 MORE love to Thee, O CHRIST,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O CHRIST, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O CHRIST, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O CHRIST, to Thee,
More love to Thee. Amen.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1869.

First printed on a fly-sheet by the author of *The Flower of the Family, Stepping Heavenward, Only a Dandelion*, &c. Text as in W. H. Doane's *Songs of Devotion*, 1870. TUNE. *More love to Thee.*

767

L.M.

'Be merciful unto my sin, for it is great.' Ps. xxv. 10.

1 MY GOD, my FATHER, lost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come; LORD, save Thou me.

2 O JESUS, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O HOLY SPIRIT, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come: make weakness strong.

4 Yes, LORD, I come: Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1874.

In *Hys. for Mission Services* (A. & M. compilers), 1874, and H. C. '76. Text as in his *The Shadowed Home*, 1875. See notes on No. 600. TUNE. *Holley.*

768

P.M.

'Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee.' St. Mark x. 49.

1 O COME to the merciful SAVIOUR Who calls you,
O come to the LORD Who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to JESUS, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And JESUS will show you His beautiful face.

3 Yes, come to the SAVIOUR, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depth of His love;
And fear not! 'tis JESUS! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 Have you sinned as none else in the world has before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the SAVIOUR Whose Blood you have spilt!

5 Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our LORD to be true to His Name.
Amen.

*Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee,
Thou merciful SAVIOUR, I'm trusting in Thee.
Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

*This refrain is optional.

In *Oratory Hymns*, 1854, and in his *Hymns*, 1862. See Bapt. for additl. verse. See notes on No. 86. TUNE. *Hiding in Thee.*

769

P.M.

'My strong rock, and house of defence.' Ps. xxxi. 3.

1 O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest Rock of ages, I'm hiding in Thee,
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest Rock of ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of ages, I'm hiding in Thee,
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest Rock of ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
I have hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest Rock of ages, I'm hiding in Thee.
Amen.

W. O. Cushing, 1881.

In Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1881. It has been suggested that ii. 3, 'In the tempests of life, *when the storms sweep the sea*' would be better. Tune. *Hiding in Thee.*

770

8.5.8.5.

'Whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord shall be saved.' Acts ii. 21.

1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief.
Saviour! Saviour! &c.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
Saviour! Saviour! &c.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
SAVIOUR! SAVIOUR!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

Contributed to W. H. Doane's *Songs of Devotion*, 1870, which reads i. 8, 'art *smiling*'; ii. 1, 'at *a*'; iii. 1, '*merits*'. See notes on No. 772. TUNE. *Pass me not.*

771

11.10.11.10.

'And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' St. Luke xiv. 23.

1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of JESUS, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
JESUS is merciful, JESUS will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace CAN restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the LORD will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a SAVIOUR has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

In W. H. Doane's *Songs of Devotion*, 1870. iii. 3 as in Ch. of E. H.; orig. 'loving *heart*'. See notes on No. 772. TUNE. *Rescue.*

772

7.6.7.6.D.

'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 SAFE in the arms of JESUS,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.
Safe in the arms of JESUS,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of JESUS,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms, &c.

3 JESUS, my heart's dear refuge,
JESUS has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of JESUS,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

As in W. H. Doane's *Songs of Devotion*, 1870, etc. l. 5, '*o'ershaded*' and i. 8, '*jasper*'.

'Between Alfred Tennyson singing trustfully of his "Pilot" and Fanny Crosby (Van Alstyne) singing *Safe in the arms of Jesus*, is only the width of the choir. The organ tone and the flute-note breathe the same song. The stately poem and the sweet one, the masculine and the feminine, both have wings, but while the one is lifted in anthem and solemn chant in the great sanctuaries, the other is echoing Isaiah's tender text, "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall

gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom," in prayer meeting and Sunday School, and murmuring it at humble firesides like a mother's lullaby. Those who have characterized the *Gospel Hymns* as "sensational" have always been obliged to except this modest lyric of Christian peace and its sweet and natural musical supplement by Dr. W. H. Doane' (*Brown and Butterworth*, 540).

'She might have prized even more (than a letter from Grover Cleveland) a simple testimony in the Journal of James Hannington, first bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, as follows:

'"They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of my valuables. Thinking they were robbers I shouted for help, when they forced me up, and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonising manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang *Safe in the arms of Jesus*, and then laughed at the very agony of my situation."

'It was the hour of his martyrdom. . . . To comfort (by her hymn) a dying saint, how great her privilege! To lift up the eternal gates, and bid a Christian hero enter triumphantly, how vast her power and her joy! Earth knows no higher bliss' (*Bodine*, 262).

Fanny Crosby, though blind from infancy, has written over 6,000 hymns, of which seven appear in the B. C. P., including *Saviour, more than life to me* (778); *Rescue the perishing* (771); *Pass me not* (770); *Jesus keep me near the Cross* (768); *Carol, sweetly carol* (787); *We are marching on* (721). Her best known hymns are perhaps *Saved by grace* ('Some day the silver cord will break'), and *Blessed assurance*. She has worked among the blind most of her long life, and her husband (at whose request she continued to use her maiden name) was also blind, and a teacher of music.

Her *Memories of Eighty Years*, 1906, is the autobiography of a remarkable woman, who records in interesting detail the activities of her busy life. She tells how she trained her memory. Twice she accomplished the feat of composing forty hymns upon subjects submitted to her by W. H. Doane before she dictated one of them to her secretary. Of her blindness she says

'When I was six weeks of age a slight cold caused an inflammation of the eyes; the family physician not being at home, a stranger was called. He recommended the use of hot poultices, which ultimately destroyed the sense of sight. When this sad misfortune became known throughout our neighbourhood the unfortunate man thought it best to leave. . . . But I have not for a moment, in more than eighty-five years, felt a spark of resentment against him, because I have always believed from my youth to this very moment that the good Lord, in His infinite mercy, by this means consecrated me to the work that I am still permitted to do.'

Of this hymn, *Safe in the arms of Jesus*, Dr. John Hall, of 5th Avenue Presb. Ch., N. Y., in a Sunday School convention in Brooklyn, said that it gave more peace and satisfaction to mothers who had lost their children than any other hymn he had ever known (*F. A. Jones*, 209).

TUNE. *The Heart's Refuge.*

773

7.7.7.7.

'Cleanse me from my sin.' Ps. li. 2.

1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious Blood applied
Keep me ever near Thy side.
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power:
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, LORD, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never lose my way.
Every day, &c.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter world above.
Every day, &c. Amen.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1875.

As in Lowry and Doane's *Brightest and Best*, 1875. See notes on No. 772. TUNE. *Every Day.*

774

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

'The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Gal. ii. 20.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear LORD, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me;
My feeble faith looks up,
JESUS, to Thee.

Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear LORD, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. Amen.

REV. SYLVANUS D. PHELPS, 1862.

As in his *Poet's Song*, 1867. See *Julian*, 1586. See Burrage's *Baptist Hymn Writers*, 1888.

TUNE. *Consecration*, by Rev. Robert Lowry, who wrote the music for *Shall we gather at the River*; *I need Thee every hour*; *Where is my wandering boy to-night*; *One more day's work for Jesus*, &c. See No. 784.

775

8.7.8.7.

'I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.'
St. John xii. 47.

1 SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the SAVIOUR Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 There's a wideness in GOD's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the SAVIOUR;
There is healing in His Blood.

6 There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7 For the love of GOD is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

8 Pining souls, come nearer JESUS,
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

9 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1862.

In his *Hymns*, 1862. See notes on No. 36. Many hyls. omit i and ii and begin 'There 's a wideness in God's mercy'. Many hyls. have:

8 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

9 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

viii. 4 as in most hyls.; orig. 'his *huge*'.
TUNES. *Samaria*, and *Guardant*.

776

8.5.8.5.8.4.8.

'The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet.' Isa. xiv. 7.

1 STARS of evening, softly gleaming
In the fading West,
With your heavenly light is streaming
Hope to hearts oppress!
Toil is over, cease from sorrow,
Till to-morrow
Sleep and rest!

2 Hark! the evening bells are bringing
Hope of glad release,
Welcome strains their chimes are ringing—
'Labour now shall cease;
Though the day be long and dreary,
To the weary
Cometh peace!'

3 Heavenly FATHER! watch beside us
Till the dawn of light,
And whatever may betide us,
Guard us by Thy might!
Trusting in Thy gracious keeping,
Calmly sleeping
Through the night.

4 So when Death's dark clouds fall slowly
Over land and sea,
May Thy light, serene and holy,
On our pathway be;
Leading us to joy transcending
In unending
Rest with Thee! Amen.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING, 1902.

In Sir A. S. Sullivan's *Hymn Tunes*, 1902. TUNE, *Angel Voices*.

777

7.6.7.6.D.

'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'
Eph. iii. 19.

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of JESUS and His glory,
Of JESUS and His love,

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story
Of JESUS and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
GOD's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the old, &c.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom JESUS came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me the old, &c.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'CHRIST JESUS makes thee whole.'
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of JESUS and His love. Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1866.

Published 1867 as a penny tract. Part I, 'The Story Wanted,' written Jan., 1866, 'when weak and weary, after an illness, and especially realizing what most of us realize, that simple thoughts in simple words are all that we can bear in sickness.' In a letter to the compiler of these notes the author adds: 'Bishop Bickersteth, being a hymn-writer himself, though knowing nothing of the writer personally, placed the hymn, with true

intuition, among "Hymns for the Sick", in the *Hymnal Companion*, with its own very simple tune.' Part II of the hymn ('The Story Told') has fifty-five verses, written Nov., 1866, and is published in leaflet form, with music (6*d.*), by Longmans, Green & Co.

Though Miss Hankey's tune is simple and suitable, this hymn, on the American continent at least, seems permanently wedded to *Evangel* with its refrain, which was added to Miss Hankey's hymn. TUNE. *Evangel.*

In Sankey's *My Life and Sacred Songs*, 284, the composer, W. H. Doane, is quoted as saying:

'In 1867 I was attending the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and recited the words of this song from a sheet of foolscap paper, tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read. I wrote the music for the song one hot afternoon while on the stage-coach between the Glen Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sang it in the parlours of the hotel. We thought it pretty, although we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it.'

778

C.M.

'There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.' Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of GOD
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1771.

In *Olney Hymns*, 1779. This hymn, assailed by many critics, has won its way into nearly every hyl. by sheer force of spiritual power. It was excluded from the English *Methodist Hymn Book* till 1876, and from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* till 1889. Notwithstanding the imagery of the first verse it will probably last till the 'poor lisping, stammering tongue' of the critic 'lies silent in the grave'. In the plebiscite taken among clergymen, organists, and others previous to the compilation of this hymnal, this hymn was among the first 200 favourites. In revival hyls. it usually has a chorus:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And by His Blood, His precious Blood,
From sin has set me free.

Many hyls. have from the orig.:

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but Thine.

James Montgomery rewrote the first verse as follows:

From Calvary's Cross a fountain flows
Of water and of Blood,
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.

ii. 3, 4 as in A. & M. and other hyls.; orig. 'have I ... washed,' as in H. C., &c. Of adverse criticism of the first verse, Dr. Ray Palmer (553) says:

'It takes the words as if they were intended to be a literal prosaic statement. It forgets that what they express is not only poetry, but poetry of intense and impassioned feeling, which naturally embodies itself in the boldest metaphors. The inner sense of the soul, when its deepest affections are moved, infallibly takes these metaphors in their true significance, while a cold critic of the letter misses that significance entirely. He merely demonstrates his own lack of the spiritual sympathies of which, for fervent Christian hearts, the hymn is an admirable expression.' (See *Bodine*, 549, for incidents.)

TUNES. *Arlington*, and *There is a Fountain*.

Another Chorus for Jubilee Singers
I've been redeemed. I've been redeemed.
and washed in the Blood of the Lamb
Which flows from Calvary.

779

P.M.

'If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?' St. Matt. xviii. 12.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 'LORD, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the LORD passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 'LORD, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'LORD, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice, I have found My sheep.'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the LORD brings back His own.' Amen.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

In the *Children's Hour*, April, 1868. TUNES. *The Ninety and Nine*, and *Pastor*.

Sankey, in his *My Life and Sacred Songs*, pp. 249, 250, speaks thus of 'the most intense moment of my life':

'As we were about to board a train (in Scotland in 1874) I bought a newspaper . . . my eye fell on a little piece of poetry . . . Mr. Moody asked me to read it to him. I read it with all the vim and energy at my command. . . . I looked and discovered that he had not heard

a word. . . . Notwithstanding, I cut the poem out. At the noon meeting on the second day, held at the Free Assembly Hall, the subject presented by Mr. Moody and other speakers was "The Good Shepherd". When Mr. Moody had finished speaking he called upon Dr. Bonar to say a few words. He spoke only a few minutes, but with great power, thrilling the immense audience by his fervid eloquence. At the conclusion of Dr. Bonar's words Mr. Moody turned to me with the question, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject, with which to close the service?" I had nothing suitable in mind, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. The twenty-third Psalm occurred to me, but this had been sung several times in the meeting. I knew that every Scotsman in the audience would join me if I sang that, so I could not possibly render this favourite psalm as a solo. At this moment I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Sing the hymn you found on the train!" But I thought this impossible, as no music had ever been written for that hymn. Again the impression came strongly upon me that I must sing the beautiful and appropriate words I had found the day before, and placing the little newspaper slip on the organ in front of me, I lifted my heart in prayer, asking God to help me so to sing that the people might hear and understand. Laying my hands upon the organ I struck the chord of A flat and began to sing.

'Note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this. As the singing ceased a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting, and I knew that the song had reached the hearts of my Scottish audience. Mr. Moody was greatly moved. Leaving the pulpit, he came down to where I was seated. Leaning over the organ, he looked at the little newspaper slip from which the song had been sung, and with tears in his eyes said: "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life." I was also moved to tears and arose and replied; "Mr. Moody, that 's the hymn I read to you yesterday on the train, which you did not hear." Then Mr. Moody raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus "the Ninety and Nine" was born.'

Mr. Sankey gives many incidents showing the great value and power of this hymn.

780

P.M.

'The King of glory shall come in.' Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, LORD, on earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, &c.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, &c.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, &c.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, 'Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!'
O come to my heart, &c. Amen.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864.

Printed in 1864 as a leaflet for use at St. Mark's, Brighton; then in J. H. Wilson's *Service of Praise*, 1865; then in the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor*, 1870. It appeared in various forms. Here as in her *Chimes for Daily Service*, 1880, exc. iii. 1, 'the *bird its* nest'; iii. 2, '*cedar* tree'; iv. 1, 'Thou camest, Lord'; iv. 6, 'Thy Cross is my only plea'; v. 5, 6:

And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

But in many hyls. the refrain is the same throughout, as a change is confusing. TUNE. *Margaret.*

781

P.M

'Be telling of His salvation from day to day.'
Ps. xcvi. 2.

1 WE have heard the joyful sound:
JESUS saves!
Spread the tidings all around:
JESUS saves!
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our LORD's command:
JESUS saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
JESUS saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide:
JESUS saves!

Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
JESUS saves!

3 Sing above the battle strife,
JESUS saves!
By His death and endless life:
JESUS saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—
JESUS saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
JESUS saves!
Let the nations now rejoice:
JESUS saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory,—
JESUS saves! Amen.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS, 1882.

In Kirkpatrick and Sweeney's *Songs of Redeeming Love*, 1882.
TUNE. *Jesus Saves.*

782

Six 8's.

'Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.' Hos. vi. 1.

1 WEARY of wandering from my GOD,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O JESU, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Ah, give me, LORD, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. See notes on Nos. 6, and 507. See A. & M. for additl. verse. TUNE. *St. Finbar.*

783

8.7.8.7.D.

'A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'
Prov. xviii. 24.

1 WHAT a Friend we have in JESUS,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to GOD in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to GOD in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
JESUS knows our every weakness;
Take it to the LORD in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious SAVIOUR, still our refuge—
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the LORD in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1857.

As in *Silver Wings*, 1870. For an interesting account of the writer see Mahon's *Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers*, where Dr. Mahon says: 'It is one of the first hymns that missionaries of nearly all churches teach their converts to sing. There is no Christian speech or language where its voice is not heard.'

Mr. Scriven, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, lived

a very humble life at Rice Lake and afterwards at Port Hope, Ont. This hymn was written for his mother in Ireland, and he did not intend that any one else should see it. Mr. Sankey gives the following incident: 'One afternoon Mr. Scriven was seen walking down the streets of Port Hope, carrying a saw-horse and a saw. A citizen, noticing that a friend recognized him, said: "What is his name? I want some one to cut wood and I find it difficult to get a sober man to do the work." "But you can't get that man," was the reply; "He won't cut wood for you." "Why not?" "Because you are able to pay for it. He only saws wood for poor widows and sick people who are unable to pay." His latter days were sad and his end tragic. Overwhelmed with melancholia, he took his own life. One recalls Mrs. Browning's lines on Cowper:

O Poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

TUNE. *What a Friend*, by C. C. Converse, a lawyer at Warren, Mass.

784 LITANIES

LITANY FOR ADVENT

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 JESU, Life of those who die,
Advocate with GOD on high,
Hope of immortality,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Thou, Whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave,
Living now from death to save,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Thou, before Whose great white throne
All our doings must be shown,
Pleading now for us Thine own,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 Thou, Whose death was borne that we
From the power of Satan free
Might not die eternally,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 Thou, Who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glory share,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

DEATH.

7 We are dying day by day;
Soon from earth we pass away;
Lord of life, to Thee we pray:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

8 Ere we hear the angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our SAVIOUR, be our all:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

9 Wean our hearts from things below,
Make us all Thy love to know,
Guard us from our ghostly foe:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

10 Shelter us with angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring;
So shall death have lost its sting:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

11 In the gloom Thy light provide;
Safely through the valley guide;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

JUDGMENT.

12 When Thy summons we obey
On the dreadful judgment day,
Let not fear our soul dismay:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

13 May we see Thee on Thy throne
As the SAVIOUR we have known,
And have followed as our own:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

14 May we then, among the blest
Who Thy Name on earth confessed,
Hear Thee calling us to rest:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

HELL.

15 From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom
Dead souls lie as in a tomb,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

16 From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share,
From the dread companions there,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

17 From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies,
From the worm that never dies,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

18 From the lusts that none can tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

HEAVEN.

19 Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain,
Bring us, HOLY JESU.

20 Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace,
Bring us, HOLY JESU.

21 Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in angels' holy joy
Thy redeemed their powers employ,
Bring us, HOLY JESU.

22 Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known,
Bring us, HOLY JESU.

23 Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee and adore
In Thy presence evermore,
Bring us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1868.

From the *Gospeller*, Dec., 1868. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNE. *Litany*, by W. H. Monk.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE WORD

785

Part 1.

1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Son of God, for man decreed
To be born the woman's Seed,
Very God and Man indeed,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Thou, Whose wisdom all things planned,
Held by Whose almighty hand
All things in their order stand,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 God with us, Emmanuel,
Coming here as man to dwell,
Saving us when Adam fell,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Saviour, full of truth and grace,
Leaving Thine eternal place
To restore our fallen race,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Image of the God unseen,
Still what Thou hadst ever been,
Though in form of infant mean,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Word, by Whom the worlds were made,
In a lowly manger laid,
Taught on earth an humble trade,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part 2.

8 Jesu, led by love to share
All the forms of grief and care,
That we sinful mortals bear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Good Physician, come to cure
All the ills that men endure,
And to make our nature pure,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Man of sorrows, weak and worn
With Thy woes for sinners borne,
Lest we should for ever mourn,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

11 Shepherd, Who Thy watch dost keep,
Guarding still Thy chosen sheep
From the spoiler's malice deep,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

12 Lamb, from earth's foundation slain,
By Whose bitter stripes of pain
We are freed from guilty stain,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

13 Only Victim we can plead,
Our High Priest to intercede,
Advocate in all our need,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

14 Standing now before the throne,
Pleading that which can alone
For the sin of man atone,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

15 Only hope of those who pray,
Only help while here we stay,
Life of those who pass away,
Hear us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1868.

From the *Gospeller*, March, 1868. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Litany*, by Canon F. A. J. Hervey, and *Pilgrimage*.

786 LITANIES OF PENITENCE

No. 1. PART 1.

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 FATHER, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 CHRIST, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part 2.

10 By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART 3.

16 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

24 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1871.

In the *Gospeller*, Dec., 1871. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Litany*, by Sir J. Stainer; *Blakiston*; *Litany*, by E. H. Turpin.

787

No. 2. PART 1.

1 GOD the FATHER, God the SON,
God the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 Thou, Who leaving crown and throne
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Thou, Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till with bitter tears he cried,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 Thou, Who hanging on the tree
To the thief saidst, 'Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me,'
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

7 Thou, Who on the Cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy Blood our stain,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

PART 2.

8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

9 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

11 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

12 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Amen.

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1867.

In *People's Hymnal*, 1867. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Litany No.* 3, har. by Sir A. S. Sullivan, and *Holy Jesu.*

LITANY OF THE PASSION

788

PART 1.

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 JESU, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 By the kiss of treachery
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

7 By the insult of the Jews,
When Barabbas they would choose,
And did Thee their King refuse,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

8 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised the wicked cry,
'Crucify Him, crucify!'
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

PART 2.

9 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

10 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

11 By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

12 By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

13 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

14 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy Cross:
Save us, HOLY JESU.

15 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy face at last:
Save us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1867.

In *People's Hymnal*, 1867. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Litany*, by Rev. J. B. Dykes, and *Abba*.

LITANY OF THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS

789

'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

1 JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

2 SAVIOUR, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:—
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'

4 JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 O remember those who pine,
Looking from their cross to Thine;
Cheer their souls with hope divine.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'Woman, behold thy son.' 'Behold thy mother.'

7 JESU, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

8 May we in Thy sorrows share,
For Thy sake all peril dare,
Ever know Thy tender care,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

9 May we all Thy loved ones be—
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

10 JESU, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

11 When we seem in vain to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

12 Though no FATHER seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
May we know that GOD is near,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'I thirst.'

13 JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

14 Long for us in mercy still;
May we Thy desires fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

15 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us worn with sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'It is finished.'

16 JESU—all our ransom paid,
All Thy FATHER'S will obeyed—
By Thy sufferings perfect made;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

17 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

18 Brighten all our heavenward way
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day.
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'

19 JESU—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up Thy soul at last;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

20 When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

21 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high;
Hear us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1870.

In the *Gospeller*, April, 1870. Here as in A. & M. '89.
TUNES. *Litany No.* 1, by Sir A. S. Sullivan, and *Agnes*.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE

Lord of mercy and of might. See No. 471.

790 LITANY OF THE RESURRECTION

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
See us kneeling at Thy throne;
Hear us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 Risen JESU, Thee we greet,
Falling at Thy pierced feet,
For our joy is made complete;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Thou the first-born from the dead,
Thou our now triumphant Head,
Thou Thy foes hast scattered;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Thee no powers of death could hold,
Thou must conquer as foretold
By the prophecies of old;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 Thou, Whom Magdalene did seek
On that first day of the week,
Who to her didst comfort speak;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 Thou, Who Peter didst restore
To Thy favour as before,
For the great love that he bore;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

7 JESU, present with Thine own,
Forty days with them alone,
Ere ascending to Thy throne;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

8 Thou, Thy earthly conflict o'er,
Reachest now the heavenly shore,
Where Thou ever wast before;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

9 Thou, Who dost our nature wear
That Thy triumph we may share,
And be ever with Thee there;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

10 Grant that we may live to Thee
In all grace and purity,
So for ever Thine to be;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

11 Grant that in the last great day,
When this earth shall pass away,
Thou may'st be our strength and stay;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

12 Grant that when we rise again,
Purified from earthly stain,
We may ever with Thee reign;
Hear us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. VERNON W. HUTTON, 1881.

In Mrs. Brock's *Children's H. B.*, 1881.
TUNES. *Phillips*, and *Morley*.

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST

791

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

5 SPIRIT guiding us aright,
SPIRIT making darkness light,
SPIRIT of resistless might,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

6 Thou, by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

7 Thou, Whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*8 Comforter, to Whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*9 Thou, Whose sound apostles heard,
Thou, Whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them the living Word,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Part 2.

10 Thou, Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

17 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray,
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

18 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT. Amen.

REV. R. P. LITTLEDALE, 1867.

As in A. & M. '75; partly from *People's Hyl.*, 1867, mainly from Rev. T. B. Pollock in the *Gospeller*, May, 1868.

TUNES. *Litany*, by J. W. Elliott, and *Litany*, by Canon F. A. J. Hervey.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH

792

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 JESU, with Thy Church abide,
Be her SAVIOUR, LORD, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Comfort her in time of woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a SAVIOUR dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 All that she has lost restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART 2.

11 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessèd there:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1871.

In the *Gospeller*, Nov., 1871. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Holborn*, and *Gower's Litany*.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST

793

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,
King of glory, LORD of might,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Very Man, Who for our sake
Didst true flesh of Mary take,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Shepherd, Whom the FATHER gave
His lost sheep to find and save,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 Priest and Victim, Whom of old
Type and prophecy foretold,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 King of Salem, Priest divine,
Bringing forth Thy Bread and Wine,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

7 Paschal Lamb, Whose sprinkled Blood
Saves the Israel of God,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

8 Manna, found at dawn of day,
Pilgrim's food in desert-way,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

9 Offering pure, in every place
Pledge and means of heavenly grace,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

PART 2.

10 By the mercy, that of yore
Shadowed forth Thy gifts in store,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

11 By the love, on that last night
That ordained the better rite,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

12 By the death, that could alone
For the whole world's sin atone,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

13 By the wounds, that ever plead
For our help in time of need,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

PART 3.

14 That we may remember still,
Kedron's brook and Calvary's hill,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

15 That our thankful hearts may glow
As Thy precious death we show,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

16 That, with humble contrite fear,
We may joy to feel Thee near,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

17 That in faith we may adore,
Praise, and love Thee more and more,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

18 That Thy sacred Flesh and Blood
Be our true life-giving Food,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

19 That in all our words and ways
We may daily show Thy praise,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

20 That, as death's dark vale we tread,
Thou mayst be our strengthening Bread,
Grant us, HOLY JESU.

21 That, unworthy though we be,
We may ever dwell with Thee,
Grant us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1875.

In A. & M. '75.

TUNES. *Litany*, by W. H. Monk, and *Litany*, by Rev. Sir H. W. Baker. See notes on No. 12.

794 LITANIES FOR CHILDREN

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 JESU, SAVIOUR ever mild,
Born for us a little child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 JESU, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 JESU, at Whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 JESU, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest infancy,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Whom Thy Mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part 2.

9 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

10 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

11 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Part 3.

12 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned head,
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the Name we bow before,
Human name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, HOLY JESU.

16 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE, 1867.

In *People's Hymnal*, 1867. Here as in A. & M. '75.
TUNES. *Litany*, by Canon F. A J. Hervey, and *Mill Lane*.

795

7.7.7.6.

1 JESU, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

2 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

5 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 JESU, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, HOLY JESU. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK, 1871.

In the *Gospeller*, Christmas, 1871.
TUNE. *Litany No. 8*, har. by Sir A. S. Sullivan.

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This is an amplification of the Index in the ordinary editions, and was compiled by Rev. G. F. Davidson, of Guelph, Ont. It does not contain references that may be conveniently found in the Table of Contents.

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SUMMARY

Of the above Names and Sources 245 are English, 54 American, 32 German 24 Canadian, 11 Irish, 6 Welsh, 8 Austrian, 7 French, 7 Italian, 6 Scotch, 3 Swiss 2 Russian, 1 Manx.

INDEX OF TUNES

In this annotated edition it seemed desirable to indicate the sources of the tunes. But Toronto does not possess any large collection of American Church music, and the British Museum collection, though considerable, could not be expected to be complete. Indeed, it soon became evident that in very many instances, even since 1860, British composers and music publishers had not sent copies to the British Museum. Some of the information has been supplied from the following sources:—

A. i.e. Arundel 180. This is a MS. in the British Museum, which gives the hymn tunes of Sarum use, about 1450 A.D.

B. i.e. *Das katholische deutsche Kirchenlied in seinen Singweisen.* 3 vols. 1862–91. By Dr. W. Bäumker.

C. L. i.e. *The Music of the Church Hymnary.* By W. Cowan and J. Love. 1901 (see p. vii of this book).

G. A. C. i.e. *Church Hymnal Biographical Index.* Compiled by G. A. Crawford and the Rev. J. A. Eberle. 3rd ed., 1878.

J. R. G. i.e. *The Bible Christian Sunday-School Hymnal, with Tunes.* Edited by J. R. Griffiths. 1898.

L. i.e. *Hymn Tunes and their Story.* By J. T. Lightwood. 1905 (see p. vii of this book).

Love. i.e. *Scottish Church Music.* By J. Love. 1891.

Parr. i.e. *Church of England Psalmody.* By the Rev. H. Parr. 1860 (with corrections to 1891).

Z. i.e. *Die Melodien der deutschen evangelischen Kirchenlieder.* 6 vols. 1889–93. By Dr. J. Zahn.

Where the entry ends 'to *B. C. P.*' or 'for *B. C. P.*', followed by a number, this means that the tune was written for the words of the hymn so numbered in this book: e.g. *Morecambe* was written for 'Abide with me'.

The dates given are those of first publication, so far as the tunes have been traced. Many kind correspondents have furnished information, and further notices of earlier sources will be greatly welcomed.

For information as to the owners of copyrights, the reader is referred to the Index of Tunes in the music editions.

To economise space the following abbreviations have been used:—

A. = See above.
A. P. = American Presbyterian.
A. & M. = *Ancient and Modern.*
Add. = Additional.
arr. = arranged.
B. = See above.
B. C. P. = *Book of Common Prayer.*
B. H. & H. S. = Boston Handel and Haydn Society.
C. B. = *Choral Book.*
C. C. H. = *Congregational Church Hymnal.*
C. E. H. = *Church of England Hymnal.*
C. H. = *Church Hymns.*
C. H. B. = *Children's Hymn Book.*
C. L. = See above.
c. = circa.
Ch. = Church.
Coll. = Collection.
Cong. = *Congregational.*
E. P. = English Presbyterian.
ed. = edited.
G. B. = *Genesis Buch.*
G. C. A. = See above.
H. = Hymn or Hymns.
H. B. = *Hymn Book.*
H. C. = *Hymnal Companion.*
H. & T. B. = *Hymn and Tune Book.*
H. T. = *Hymn Tunes.*
Hyl. = *Hymnal.*

I. C. H. = Irish *Church Hymnal.*
J. R. G. = See above.
Julian = See p. vii of this book.
L. = See above.
Love = See above.
M. T. = *Musical Times* (Novello).
N. V. = *New Version.*
O. H. T. = *Original Hymn Tunes.*
O. T. = *Original Tunes.*
P. T. = *Psalm Tunes.*
P. & H. = *Psalms and Hymns.*
P. & H. B. = *Psalter and Hymn Book.*
P. & H. T. = *Psalm and Hymn Tunes.*
P. & Hyl. = *Psalter and Hymnal.*
Parr = See above.
p. f. = pamphlet form.
Ps. = Psalm.
pub. = published.
S. H. = *Scottish Hymnal.*
S.P.C.K. = Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.
S. S. = Sunday School.
S. S. & S. = *Sacred Songs and Solos.*
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Battishill, 643. J. Battishill in his *Twelve Hymns*, 1765, 6. See *C. L.* p. 17.
Batty, 129. In J. Thommen's *Christenschatz*, 1745, to 'Ringe recht.' See *Z.* 1804.
Bavaria; *see* Cassel.
Be at Rest, 757. J. D. Farrer in his *Lowestoft Supp. T. B.* 1885, 14; to *B. C. P.* 406.
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Belmont, 418. Arr. from W. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812, p. 91
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Beneath the Cross, 758. I. D. Sankey in *Add. S. S. & S.* 1875, 25.
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Benson, 302. M. D. Kingham as *Hymn for Missions*, 1896 (published by the S.P.C.K.).
Bentley, 278. J. P. Hullah in the E. P. *P. & H.* 1867, p. 196.
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Bethlehem, 80. Sir J. Barnby in the *University H. B. for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University*, 1891; to *B. C. P.* 80.
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Beverley, 646. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1875, 206.
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Blanchard, 359. G. F. Blanchard, w. July, 1896, as baritone solo. Here as harmonized for the Christmas number of the *People's Friend*, 1905.
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Boston, 734. Rev. R. Lowry in *Happy Voices*, 1865, p. 220.
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Bread of Heaven, 282. Abp. W. D. Maclagan in *A. & M.* 1875, 318.
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Brecon, 604. N. Heins in the *Baptist Ch. Hyl.* 1900, 619.
Breslau, 211. In *As hymnodus sacer*, Leipzig, 1625, to 'Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht.' See *Z.* 533.
Bridehead, 581. A. H. D. Troyte in *Forty-Eight H. T.* 1900, 9. See *C.L.* p. 172.
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Bristol, 66. In T. Ravenscroft's *Psalmes*, 1621, to Ps. xvi.

Brocklesby, 782. C. A. Barnard in her *Sacred Songs*, c. 1883; to 'Yes! for me, for me He careth.'
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Cantate Deo, 616. C. H. Lloyd in *C. H.* 1908, 545.
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Carlisle, 47. C. Lockhart in M. Madan's *Coll. of P. & H. T.* 1769, p. 178, as *Invocation*.
Carlton, 326. Sir J. Barnby in his *O. T.* 1869, p. 74.
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Carol, sweetly carol, 787. T. E. Perkins in his *Songs for To-day*, 1872, p. 118, as 'Words by Fanny Crosby, Music by V. P.'
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Christ Church, 33. Rev. E. S. Medley, w. 1866 for use at Christ Church, St. Stephen, New Brunswick; pub. in *B. C. P.* 1909, 33.
Christchurch, 502. C. Steggall in T. Darling's *Hymns for the Church of England*, 1865, 148.
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Cross and Crown, 666. J. W. Elliott in *C. H.* 1874, 555.
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Crossing the Bar, 682. Sir J. F. Bridge, as *Crossing the Bar*, 1892, an anthem for Lord Tennyson's funeral at Westminster Abbey, Oct. 12, 1892.
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Crusaders, 686. S. B. Whitney. In C. L. Hutchins's *Ch. Hyl.* 1894, 507, dated 1869.
Culbach, 87. In J. Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657, p. 3, to 'Ach, wann kommt die Zeit heran', marked as 'Well-known melody'. See *B.* 1, p. 390, and *Z.* 1184.
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Day of Praise, 48. C. Steggall in R. B. Borthwick's *Supp. H. & T. B.* 1869, 87 as *The Day of Praise*.
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Emmanuel, 433. Sir J. Stainer in his *Daughter of Jairus*, 1878; set to *B. C. P.* 433.
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Epiphany, 417. E. J. Hopkins in R. R. Chope's *Cong. H. & T. B.* 1862, 50.
Epiphany Hymn, 417. J. L. F. Mendelssohn in his *Six Romances*, 1835, No. 3 (*Songs without Words*, No. 9).
Erfurt, 130. In *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539, to 'Vom Himmel hoch.' See *Z.* 346.
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Evening Hymn, 36. Viscountess Hawarden as *Evening Hymn*, *music by Mrs. R. H. Meade*, 1895.
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Evening Prayer, 25. G. C. Stebbins in I. D. Sankey's *S. S. & S.* 1881, 870. In the A. P. *Hyl.* 1895, 23, dated 1878.
Evening Prayer, 726. Sir J. Steiner in the *Ch. Hymnary*, 1898, 601.
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Every hour, 760. Rev. P. E. Sleeman in the *Bristol T. B.* 1863, 126, as *All Saints*.
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Father, let me dedicate, 66. Sir G. A. Macfarren in *A. & M.* 1875, 74.
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Federal Street, 762. H. K. Oliver in the A. P. *Hyl.* 1895, 194; dated 1832.
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Fides, 93. Miss Davis as *Childhood's Happy Hours . . . The Words and Music by Miss Davis*, c. 1848.
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Fingal, 289. J. S. Anderson in *S. H.* 1885, 317; to *B. C. P.* 240.
Flemming, 634. F. F. Flemming, w. 1811 to *Integer vitae*.
Flensburg, 611. L. Spohr, from the Andante of his String Quartet, Op. 58, No. 2; arr. by H. J. Gauntlett in his *Comprehensive T. B.* pt. ii, 1851, 487, as *Bedford Chapel*.
Fleury; *see* Hora novissima.
Forcier, 550. R. W. Forcier, w. 1906, pub. in *The Churchman*, N. Y., Easter, 1905, then in *B. C. P.* 1909, 550.
Ford, 122. T. Ford in Sir W. Leighton's *Teares or Lamentacions*, 1614; No. 12 of the 'Consort Songs.'
Fortitude; *see* Yield not.
Fortunatus; *see* Welcome, happy morning.
Foundation; *see* St. Alban (Haydn's).
Fountain; *see* There is a fountain.
Franconia, 58. J. B. König's *Harmonischer Liederschatz*, 1738, p. 240, to 'Was ist das mich betrübt'. See *Z.* 2207.
Franconia; *see* Broughton.
French; *see* Dundee (100).
French melody; *see* Stabat Mater, No. 3.

Gabriel; *see* Bethlehem (Flatt's).
Galilee, 195. W. H. Jude, w. 1874; in *C. C. H.* 1887, 332.
Galilee, 517. P. Armes in *A. & M.* 1875, 230; for *B. C. P.* 555.
Ganges; *see* Hull.
Garden City, 48. H. W. Parker in A. P. *Hyl.* 1895, 32, dated 1890.
Gaudete, 81. S. Smith in *C. H.* 1874, 68.
Geneva; *see* Bullinger.
Gentle Jesus; *see* Merrial; *see also* Peace.
Gerard; *see* Noel.
German Evening Hymn, 711. See note on *Dijon*.
German Hymn, 645. I. J. Pleyel, from his Quartet 4, Op. 7. See *Love*, p. 207. In S. Arnold and J. W. Callcott's *Psalms*, 1791, p. 204, to 'The spacious firmament'.
Germany; *see* Walton.
Gerontius, 516. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1868, 306.
Gethsemane, 137. Arr. by W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1861, 106; from C. Tye's *Acts of the Apostles*, 1553. See *C. L.* p. 60.
Gethsemane, 147. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley in *Sarum Hyl.* 1869, 132.
Gethsemane, 608. Rev. J. B. Dykes in J. I. Tucker's *Hyl.* 1872, 89, as *Faith*.
Gethsemane; *see* Redhead No. 76.
Gibbons, 479. O. Gibbons in G. Wither's *Hymnes*, 1623, set to Song xiii.
Gift, 564. P. Bliss in his *Sunshine*, 1873, p. 56, to 'I gave my life'.
Gladness; *see* St. Anselm.
Glebe Field, 187. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1875, 158.
Glory, 688. C. Vincent, w. 1876; in *H. C.* 1877, 288.
Glory, 697. In A. P. *Hyl.* 1895, 696, as *Children's Praises*, and as arr. by H. E. Matthews, 1841.
Gloucester; *see* Farrant.
God be with you, 835. W. G. Tozer, w. 1882; in *Praise and Rejoicing*, 1884. See *J. R. G.* p. xix and p. 825 of this book.
God save the King; *see* National Anthem.
Golden Sheaves, 547. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 281.
Good Christian men; *see* In dulci jubilo.
Gopsal, 424. G. F. Handel in the Fitzwilliam MS. *c.* 1750. See frontispiece of this book.
Gorton; *see* Vespers.
Goshen; *see* Fidos.
Goshen; *see* St. Maria.
Goss; *see* Praise, my soul.
Goss; *see* See amid.
Gotha, 432. H.R.H. Albert, Prince Consort, in his *Songs and Ballads*, 1840, p. 36, to 'O wunderbares, tiefes Schweigen'.
Gottschalk; *see* Last Hope.
Gounod, 35. C. F. Gounod in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 143.
Gower's Litany, 792. J. H. Gower in his *O. T.*, 1890.
Gratitude; *see* Nun danket.
Greatheart; *see* The good fight.
Green Hill, 577. A. L. Peace in *S. H.*, 1885, 369.
Greenland, 188. J. M. Haydn in B. Jacob's *National Psalmody*, 1819, p. 93, as *Salisbury*. See *Love*, p. 166, as being in a Mass for country choirs.
Greenville; *see* Rousseau's Dream.
Gröningen; *see* Arnsberg.
Guardant, 775. C. H. Purrot in his *Cantica nova ecclesiæ*, 1879, 9; *see B.C.P.* 25.

Guildford, 493. W. Haynes in the *Bristol T. B.*, 1876, 505.
Guisborough, 268. Rev. C. T. Bowen, w. 1855; in R. R. Chope's *Cong. H. & T. B.* 1862, 182.

Hallelujah, 316. A. Lowe in the *Song of Praise*, 1876, 358.
Hamburg, 257. L. Mason in the *B. H. & H. S. Coll.* 1824 (ed. 1829, p. 241, as 'Gregorian Chant "Benedictus", see Novello's Evening Service').
Hampton; *see* Carlisle.
Hanford, 241. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 400. See *M. T.* 1902, p. 479.
Hanover, 448. W. Croft in the *Supp. to the N. V.* 1708, p. 31, to Ps. lxvii. See *M. T.* 1908, p. 380.
Happy Land, 491. In B. A. Smith's *Select Melodies*, 1827, p. 5. See *L.* p. 355. Earlier form as a Bokhtak in W. H. Bird's *Oriental Miscellany*, 1789, p. 48.
Harewood, 424. S. S. Wesley in *A. & M.* 1868, 306.
Harison; *see* The Blessed Home.
Hark, the sound, 224. C. F. Davies in *B. C. P.* 1908, 224.
Harlan; *see* Olivet (Mason's).
Harts, 345. B. Milgrove in his *Sixteen Hymns*, 1769. See *Parr*, No. 142, and p. 84.
Hastings; *see* Broughton.
Haven, 707. E. Lemare in the *Primitive Methodist Hyl.*, 1889, 932.
Hawarden, 299. S. S. Wesley in his *European Psalmist*, 1872, 601.
Haydn; *see* Moriah.
He leadeth me, 756. W. B. Bradbury in his *Golden Censer*, 1864, p. 105.
Heathlands, 300. H. T. Smart in *R. P. P. & H.* 1867, p. 182.
Heber; *see* Missionary.
Heber; *see* Trichinopoly.
Hebron, 280. Sir J. Barnby in *C. H.* 1874, 247.
Heil'ger Geist, 106. *Vollständige Psalmen*, Bremen, 1639. See *Z.* 37.
Heinlein, 110. In the *Nürnbergisches G. B.* 1676, 603, to 'Aus der Tiefen rufe ich', as by M. H. i.e. Martin Herbst. See *Z.* 1217, and vol. v, p. 439.
Hellespont; *see* Morecambe.
Helmsley, 56. T. Olivers in C. Wesley's *Select H. with Tunes annext*, 1765 (see *L.* pp. 128–141), as *Olivers*. Altered, as *Helmsley*, in M. Madan's *Coll. of P. & H. T.* 1769, p. 16. Founded on a Country Dance in T. A. Arne's *Thomas and Sally*, 1761, p. 49. See *M. T.* 1901, pp. 195, 255, 621, 717, &c.
Helston; *see* Dismissal.
Herald Angels; *see* Mendelssohn.
Herbert, 560. Rev. R. R. Chope in his *Cong. H. & T. B.* 1862, 166.
Hermas, 171. F. R. Havergal in *Havergal's Psalmody*, 1871, 105.
Herrnhuth; *see* Crüger.
Hervey; *see* Litany (785).
Hesperus, 21. H. Baker in J. Grey's *Hyl.* 1906, 97, as *Whitburn*.
Hiding in Thee, 769. I. D. Sankey in *Welcome Tidings*, 1877, p. 60.
High Stone, 702. M. A. Sidebotham in Mrs. Brock's *C. H. B.* 1901, 172.
Hinton; *see* St. Maria.
Holborn; *see* Peace.
Holley, 427. G. Hews in the *Boston Academy Coll.* 1835. See *Lowe*, p. 170.
Hollingside, 507. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1861, 119. See *L.* p. 306.

Holy Child, 716. J. S. Tyler in Morgan and Scott's *Musical Leaflets*, 1872, No. 5, to *B. C. P.* 716.
Holy Childhood; *see* Morley.
Holy Church, 415. A. H. Brown in his *The day is past and over*, 1862, p. 5.
Holy Cross, 109. J. E. West in T. Adams's *Music of the Supp. to the Hyl. Noted*, 1891, 484.
Holy Cross, 567. In S. Smith's *Sel. of P. & H. T.* 1865, p. 9, as 'Stepney, arr. S. S.'; in use at Windsor before 1861. Seems to be arr. from *Return* by T. Hastings in his *Spiritual Songs*, 1832, p. 120 (see *Parr*, 385).
Holy Day; *see* Rhodes.
Holy Innocents; *see* St. Serf.
Holy Jesu, 787. H. J. E. Holmes as leaflet, 1887, and in *Hymns of Consecration and Faith*, 1902, 382.
Holy Night, 742. F. Gruber, w. 1818 to 'Stille Nacht'. See *Julian*, p. 761.
Holy Offerings, 485. R. Redhead in *C. H.* 1874, 284.
Holy Rood; *see* St. Sepulchre.
Holy Sepulchre, 156. B. H. Thorne in his *Sel. of P. & H. T.* 1868. See *C. L.* p. 145.
Holy Trinity, 96. Sir J. Barnby in *New P. & H. T.* 1861, to 'As now the sun's declining rays'.
Holy Voices; *see* Deerhurst.
Holy War, 112. J. Booth in *C. C. H.* 1857, 305.
Holy Wood; *see* St. Sylvester (Barnby's).
Holyrood, 488. J. Watson in the E. P. *P. & H.* 1857; Psalter tunes, p. 54.
Holywood; *see* St. Thomas.
Homeland, 292. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *Good Words*, March, 1867, p. 184; the first hymn-tune he published.
Homeward; *see* St. Edmund (Sullivan's).
Honiton, 181. Rev. T. R. Matthews in his *Sixteen Tunes*, 1865, and his *H. T.* 1867, 18.
Hope, 216. H. S. Irons in *H. C.* 1870, 18.
Hope; *see* Chant.
Hora novissima, 414. In André's *Chants de l'Archiconfrérie* (for Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris), 1844, to 'D'une mère chérie'. It resembles a piece vaguely named 'Andante. Rossini' in H. Farmer's *Select Voluntaries*, 1890, Bk. vi, No. 3.
Horbury, 562. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1861, 200. See *L.* p. 206.
Hornley, 640. W. Hornley in his *Twenty-Four P. T.* 1844, 3.
Hostis Herodes, 98. Sarum Plainsong in *A. f.* 111 b.
Houghton, 447. H. J. Gauntlett in H. Allon's *Cong. Psalmist*, 1861. See *C. L.* p. 73.
Huddersfield; *see* Sovereignty.
Hull, 582. In *American Musical Miscellany*, 1798. See *C. L.* p. 74.
Humility; *see* See amid.
Huron, 241. Canon D. Hague in *B. C. P.* 1909, 241.
Hursley, 20. In *Katholisches G. B.*, Vienna, c. 1774, to 'Grosser Gott, wir loben dich'. See *B.* iii, pp. 236-7; and *C. L.* p. 110.
Hushed was the evening hymn; *see* Samuel.

I need Thee, 760. Rev. R. Lowry in the *Royal Diadem*, 1873, p. 35.
Ibstone, 554. M. Tiddeman in *A. & M.* 1875, 285.
Ilfracombe; *see* Lambeth.
In dulci jubilo, 740. German melody of fourteenth century. See *B.* i, pp. 308-12.

In excelsis gloria, 751. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley in Mrs. Brock's *C. H. B.* 1861, 194.
In memoriam, 718. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1875, 287.
In sinu Jesu; *see* The Heart's Refuge.
In tenebris lumen, 585. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.*, 1875, 28.
Innocents, 314. In the *Parish Choir*, Nov. 1850 (vol. iii. No. 37), No. xxxvii. It seems to be arr. from Handel. Lines 1, 2 are in *Christmas* (*B. C. P.* 273); and l. 3 is l. 1 repeated. Line 1 is also in *Stoel*, by T. Walker in Rippon's *Sel. of P. & H. T.* 1806, 164 (*Parr*, 188). Line 4 is in a French chanson ascribed to Thibaut, King of Navarre (1201-54), and printed in C. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, 1776, vol ii. p. 300. For the claims of Joseph Smith, see *L.* pp. 287-9.
Innsbruck, 581. H. Isaac in G. Forster's *Ein auszug guter alter und newer Teutscher Liedlein*, 1539, to 'Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen'. See *Z.* 2293.
Integer vitae; *see* Flemming.
Intercession, 54. In *Easy Music for Church Choirs*, 1853, pt. iii, p. 19, to 'Deus tuorum militum'.
Invitation, 754. G. F. Root in *The Prize*, 1870, p. 5.
Invocation; *see* Carlisle.
Iona, 697. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1868, 264.
Irby, 712. H. J. Gauntlett in *H. for Little Children*, 1856, No. xi.
Irene, 472. Rev. C. C. Scholefield in *C. H.* 1874, 550.
Irish, 45. In a *Coll. of H. and Sacred Poems*, Dublin, 1749. See *C. L.* p. 78.
Italia; *see* Endaleigh.
Italia; *see* St. Alban's, No. 230.
Italian Chorale; *see* Lugano.
I've found a Friend, 761. G. C. Stebbins in I. D. Sankey's *S. S. & S.*, 1881, 294.

Jam lucis, I. In G. Guidetti's *Directorium Chori*, 1582, p. 554. Seems to be adapted from the melody of 'Amavit eum Dominus' (in the Sarum Gradual for Common of Confessors).
Jehovah Nissi, 389. Dean E. P. Crawford in his *H. T.* 1907, p. 2, and *B. C. P.*, 1909, 389.
Jerusalem, 96. T. W. Staniforth, w. for the consecration of St. Peter's, London Docks, 1866; in p. f. as *Jerusalem, my happy home*, 1866.
Jerusalem; *see* Antioch.
Jerusalem; *see* Spohr.
Jesu quadragenariae; *see* Aeterna Christi.
Jesu Salvator; *see* St. Ethelwald.
Jesus loves me, 729. W. B. Bradbury in his *Golden Shower*, 1862, p. 69.
Jesus saves, 781. W. J. Kirkpatrick in his *Songs of Redeeming Love*, 1882, 85.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me; *see* Pilot.
Jesus, tender Saviour, 695. H. N. Whitney in W. B. Bradbury's *Clarion*, 1867, p. 124, as *Luella*.
Jewels, 735. G. F. Root in the *Red Bird*, 1866, p. 30.
Joanna, 498. In J. Roberts's *Caniadau y Cysegr*, 1839, p. 25, as *Palestina*.
Jordan; *see* Cantate Domino.
Josephine, 674. L. Lewis in *B. C. P.* 1909, 674.
Jubilee, 669. F. C. Chattock in *C. H.* 1874, 498.
Jubilee; *see* Bishopgarth.
Jude; *see* Galilee (Jude's).
Judgment Hymn; *see* Luther.

Hawarden, 508. Sir G. C. Martin in *Eight H.*, 1902 (for the Coronation of King Edward VII), to 'All the hosts of Britain gather.'
Kedron, 118. A. B. Syratt, as one of her *Two Hymns*, 1866, to *B. C. P.* 562.
Kensington, 144. Abp. W. D. Maclagan in his *H. T.* 1864, p. 14.
Kensington New, 79. J. Tillcard as *Advent Hymn*, 1866, to *B. C. P.* 56. See *C. L.* p. 80.
Keston; *see* All for Jesus.
King Edward, 366. E. A. Sydenham as *King Edward. Processional Hymn*, 1868.
King's College, 562. Rev. E. C. Walker in *Bristol T. B.* 1876, 581.
Kingstown; *see* Dismissal (Viner's).
Kirby Bedon, 552. E. Bunnett in *C. C. H.* 1857, 691.
Kirkbraddan, 612. Rev. E. C. Walker in *H. C.* 1877, 342.
Kirke; *see* Russia.
Knecht, 572. J. H. Knecht in his *Vollständige Sammlung*, 1798, 26, to 'Der niedern Menschheit Hülle,' and dated 1798. Not in *Z.*
Knighton, 512. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1875, 170.
Knocking, 692. G. F. Root in *The Prize*, 1870, p. 52.
Kocher; *see* Knecht.
König; *see* Cantate Domino.
Königsberg; *see* Munich.

Lacrymae, 155. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 222.
Lambeth, 604. W. Schulthes in *Oratory H. T.* 1871, 29, to 'Mother of God.'
Lammas, 242. A. H. Brown, w. July, 1867; in *A. & M.* 1868, 348.
Lancashire, 167. H. T. Smart, w. 1836; in the E. P. *P. & H.* 1867, p. 92.
Langran; *see* St. Agnes (Langran's).
Last Hope, 19. L. M. Gottschalk, arr. from *La dernière Espérance*, 1854.
Laudi cristi; *see* Praise, my soul.
Laudate Dominum, 586. H. J. Gauntlett in *A. & M.* 1875, 366.
Laudes Domini, 664. Sir J. Barnby in *A. & M.* 1868, 314.
Lauds; *see* Redhead No. 4.
Lauds; *see* Splendor Paternae.
Laus Deo; *see* Redhead No. 46.
Lebanon, 541. J. G. Braun in his *Echo hymnodiae coelestis*, 1675, to 'Ave Maria mart.' See *B.* i, p. 265.
Lebanon; *see* Alleluia dulce carmen (102).
Lebbaeus; *see* St. Dismas.
Leicester, 240. W. Hurst in *A. & M.* 1875, 328.
Leila; *see* Naaman.
Leipsic, 61. J. H. Schein in his *Trost-Liedlein*, 1628, to 'Machs mit mir Gott.' See *Z.* 2383.
Leominster, 70. G. W. Martin in his *Journal of Part-Music*, vol. ii, 1862, No. 78. Here as arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 328.
Leoni, 625. In the *Gospel Magazine*, April, 1775, p. 186. See *Julian*, p. 1151.
Lindisfarne, 520. Rev. J. B. Dykes in J. Grey's *Manual of P. & H. T.* 1857 (see *C. L.* p. 183).
Lindsay, 35. J. H. Knight in *B. C. P.* 1909, 35.
Linton, 41. H. J. E. Holmes in the *Burnley T. B.* 1875, 278; w. for *B. C. P.* 594.
Litany, 784. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1875, 463.
Litany, 785. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey in *A. & M.* 1875, 464.

Litany, 786. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1875, 465.
Litany, 786. E. H. Turpin in *A. & M.* 1875, 465.
Litany, 788. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1875, 467.
Litany, 791. J. W. Elliott in *A. & M.* 1875, 470.
Litany, 791. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey in *A. & M.* 1875, 469.
Litany, 793. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1875, 472.
Litany, 793. Rev. Sir H. W. Baker in *A. & M.* 1875, 472.
Litany, 794. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey in *A. & M.* 1875, 473.
Litany, No. 1, 789. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 585.
Litany, No. 3; *see* Morley.
Litany, No. 8; *see* St. Dismas.
Llanbeblig; *see* St. Peblig.
Llangloffan, 492. In Canon D. Evans's *Hymnau a Thonau*, 1865, 512.
Llanthony Abbey; *see* Melbourne Hall.
London New, 467. In the *Psalmes of David*, Edinburgh, 1635, as *Newtoun* among the Common Tunes, No. xxii. See *C. L.* p. 95.
Look, ye saints, 546. In I. D. Blank y's *S. S. & S.* 1881, 305, as 'Arr. by George C. Stebbins.'
Lord of Might; *see* The Lord of Might.
Love Divine, 488. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1889, 520.
Love Divine; *see* Emmanuel.
Lowliness; *see* Adoration (Hanby's).
Lübeck, 50. In J. A. Freylinghausen's *G. B.* 1704, 8, to 'Gott sei Dank'. See *Z.* 1280.
Ludborough, 287. Rev. T. R. Matthews in *C. H.* 1974, 17.
Luella; *see* Jesus, tender Saviour.
Lugano, 256. *In Catholic H. T.* 1849, p. 45, to a Litany.
Luther, 64. In *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1535, to 'Nun freut euch'. See *Z.* 4429.
Lux beata, 531. A. L. Peace in *S. H.* 1885, 248.
Lux benigna, 531. Rev. J. B. Dykes in D. T. Berry's *P. & H.* 1867, 241; as *St. Oswald*. See *M. T.* 1907, p. 659.
Lux Eoi, 169. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 67.
Lux mundi, 699. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 578.
Lux prima, 14. Sir G. A. Macfarren in *Song of Praise*, 1876, 401.
Lux prima; *see* Gorwood.
Lux vitae; *see* Breslau.
Lux vitae; *see* Brocklesby.
Lyndhurst, 710. In the E. P. *Ch. Praise*, 1868, 457. See *C. L.* p. 99.
Lyra, 450. J. B. Wilkes in *A. & M.* 1861, 176.
Lythe; *see* All for Jesus.

Mabyn; *see* St. Mabyn.
Madrid, 7. As *The Spanish Hymn*, Philadelphia, 1826. See *C. L.* p. 99.
Magdalen; *see* Rest (Stainer's).
Magdalena, 491. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1868, 340.
Magdalene; *see* St. Mary Magdalene.
Maidstone, 482. W. B. Gilbert in his *Songs of Praise*, 1862, to *B. C. P.* 599. See *C. L.* p. 90.
Mainzer, 192. Rev. J. Mainzer in his *Choruses*, No. 2, *c.* 1841, to Ps. cvii.
Malvern; *see* Dorchester.
Manitoba, 40. E. M. Williams in *B. C. P.* 1909, 40.
Mannheim, 478. F. Filitz in his *C. B.* 1847, 12, to 'Auf, auf, weil.' See *Z.* 4921.

Manoah, 374. In H. W. Greatorex's *Coll.* 1851, p. 26. Seems arr. partly from 'A peine au sortir de l'enfance' (Ere infancy's bud) in E. N. Mehul's *Joseph*, 1807; partly from the chorus 'God of light' in F. J. Haydn's *Seasons*, 1801. Fuller form from Mehul in J. I. Tucker's *Hyl.* 1894, 553; and from Haydn in *Methodist H. B.* 1904, 479.

Mansfield, 592. E. H. Turpin in *London T. B.* 1875, 267.

Mar Saba; *see* Hebron.

Marcellus; *see* Victory.

Margaret, 780. Rev. T. R. Matthews in the S.P.C.K. *Childres's Hys.* 1876, 186.

Marguerite; *see* St. Marguerite.

Mariners; *see* Sicilian Mariners.

Marion, 385. A. H. Messiter, w. 1888; in his *Hyl.* 1893, 520.

Marlow, 752. In J. Chetham's *Book of Psalmody*, 1718, p. 84, to Ps. cxxxiii.

Marshall, 71. In T. E. Perkins's *Mount Zion*, 1860, p. 191; as *Romas*.

Martyn, 284. S. B. Marsh in *Musical Miscellany*, 1836. See E. F. Hatfield's *Ch. H. B.* 1872, pp. 215, 560.

Martyrdom, 405. H. Wilson in R. A. Smith's *Sacred Music*, 1825.

Maryton; *see* Sun of my soul.

Mason; *see* Eden (Mason's).

Materna, 501. S. A. Ward in A. P. *Hyl.* 1895, 622, dated 1892.

Matthews; *see* North Coates.

Meditation, 10. J. H. Gower in his *O. T.* 1890.

Mehul; *see* Manoah.

Meinhold, 283. In the *Lüneburgisches G. B.* 1686, to 'Jesus ist mein Aufenthalt.' See *Z.* 2448.

Meiringen, 311. C. G. Neefe in J. H. Voss's *Musenalmanach* for 1777, to 'Was frag ich viel.'

Meirionydd, 125. In R. Mills's *Caniadau Seion*, 1840, p. 110.

Melbourne Hall, 699. Arr. from H. J. Gauntlett's tune, *Alleluia dulce carmen*, w. 1859; and in *Merton T. B.* 1863, 107.

Melcombe, 4. S. Webbe in an *Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782, p. xxxviii, to 'O Salutaris.' See *M. T.* 1900, p. 602.

Melita, 331. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1861, 322.

Melton, 593. C. E. Willing in *C. H.* 1874, 479.

Mendelssohn, 73. J. L. F. Mendelssohn in his *Festgesang*, 1840, second chorus. See *M. T.* 1897, p. 210, and p. 76 of this book.

Mercy; *see* Last Hope.

Merrial, 521. J. E. Roe in his *Two H. T.* 1868, to *B. C. P.* 261.

Merrial; *see* Evening.

Merton, 55. W. H. Monk in the *Parish Choir*, 1850, tune No. xxxiv.

Messiah, 546. Rev. T. Kelly in his *Hymns*, vol. i, p. ii, No. 16, *c.* 1880. See *Parr*, 144, where the *Hymns* is dated 1805.

Messiah, 551. L. J. F. Herold, arr. from 'Souvenirs du jeune âge' (Happy days) in his *Le Pré aux Clercs*, 1832.

Metzler's Redhead; *see* Redhead (Metzler's).

Milan; *see* Stabat Mater, No. 3.

Miles' Lane, 394. W. Shrubsole in the *Gospel Magazine*, November, 1779. See *M. T.* 1902, p. 244; and 1903, p. 648.

Mill Lane, 794. In the *St. Alban's T. B.* 1856, p. 167, No. 10.

Millennium; *see* Trichinopoly.

Miller; *see* Rockingham.

Milman; *see* Redhead No. 47.

Minden, 618. H. H. Pierson in his *Thirty H. T.* 1870, 27, to *B. C. P.* 415.

Mirfield, 285. A. Cottman in his *Tes O. T.* 1874; named *Mirfield* in *Bristol T. B.* 1876, 579.
Miserere, 618. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1861, 104.
Misericordia, 528. H. T. Smart in *A. & M.* 1875, 255.
Missionary, 197. L. Mason in the *B. H. & H. S. Coll.* 1829. See *C. L.* p. 69. In his *National Psalmist*, 1848, dated 1824.
Missouri, 190. P. T. Lucas in *C. E. H.* 1894, 168.
Modern French Melody; *see* Stabat Mater, No. 3.
Moel Llys, 306. S. G. Stock in *Ch. Missionary H. B.* 1899, 48.
Monkland, 344. J. B. Wilkes in *A. & M.* 1861, 294. See *C. L.* p. 95.
Monmouth; *see* Luther.
Monod; *see* St. Jude.
Monsell; *see* St. Andrew (Barnby's).
Montgomery, 561. J. Stanley in T. Calls' *Tunes and H. as they are used at the Magdalen Chapel*, 1762, p. 11.
Montgomery; *see* Eden (Mason's).
Montgomery; *see* Nearer Home.
More Holiness, 561. P. Bliss in his *Sunshine*, 1873, p. 15.
More love to Thee, 766. W. H. Doane in his *Songs of Devotion*, 1870, p. 151.
Morecambe, 373. F. C. Atkinson, w. about 1870 for use at St. Luke's, Manningham, as *Hellespont*; to *B. C. P.* 16. In *C. C. H.* 1887, 470.
Moredun; *see* Trust.
Moriah, 461. In W. Mercer's *C. P. & H. B.* 1864, 409. First part from the chorus, 'God of Light', in F. J. Haydn's *Seasons*, 1801. Second part from a Stabat Mater by P. von Winter; see *Love*, p. 306.
Morlaix; *see* Knecht.
Morley, 790. In the *Bunwley T. B.* 1875, 240, as *Holy Childhood*. In J. I. Tucker's *Hyl.* 1894, 529, as by T. Morley.
Morn of Gladness, 43. A. Cottman as *Harvest H. We plough the fields and scatter*, 1876.
Morning Hymn, 2. F. H. Barthélémon in W. Gawler's *H. and Psalms*, 1789, p. 99. See *M. T.* 1903, p. 515.
Morning Light, 320. G. J. Webb in his *Odeon*, 1837, p. 8, to 'Tis dawn'.
Mortram; *see* Yorkshire.
Moscow, 542. F. de Giardini in M. Madan's *Coll. of P. & H. T.* 1769, p. 8, as *Hymn to the Trinity*. See *M. T.* 1904, p. 380.
Moscow; *see* Russian Hymn.
Moseley, 247. H. T. Smart, w. about 1876 to *B. C. P.* 654; pub. in Mrs. Brock's *C. H. B.* 1881, 49.
Motherhood, 371. Rev. L. M. White, on leaflet as *Hymn for Mothers' Union*, 1899; words as *B. C. P.* 371, marked as by E. L. S.
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Mozart, 9. From the Kyrie in the so-called *Twelfth Mass*, ascribed to J. C. W. A. Mozart.
Mozart; *see* Peace.
Munich, 629. In the *Meiningisches G. B.* 1693, to 'O Gott, du frommer Gott'. See *Z.* 5148, who says it is made up of lines from melodies in J. L. Prasch's *Lobsingende Harfe*, 1662.
Munus, 783. J. B. Calkin in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 396.
Muriel, 275. T. Morley, from his MS. in *B. C. P.* 1909, 275.
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Naaman, 212. Sir M. A. A. Costa, from the Quartet 'Honour and Glory' in his *Naaman*, 1886.
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Naomi, 412. Arr. from J. G. Nägeli by L. Mason, 1836; pub. in *Occasional P. & H. T.* See *Love*, p. 319.
Napanee, 89. Archdeacon T. Bedford-Jones, in *B. C. P.* 1909, 89.
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Nassau; *see* Würtemberg.
National Anthem, 353. In *Harmonia Anglicana*, c. 1742. See p. 341 of this book.
Nativity, 45. H. Lahee in his *Metrical Psalter*, 1855. See *C. L.* p. 98.
Neander; *see* Unser Herrscher.
Near the Cross, 768. W. H. Doane in his *Bright Jewels*, 1869, p. 180.
Nearer Home, 455. I. B. Woodbury in the *Choral Advocate*, 1853. See *Love*, p. 307.
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Nevin, 605. G. B. Nevin in p. *l.* 1866, and in *B. C. P.* 1903, 605.
New Calabar, 187. J. D. Farrer in his *Lowestoft Supp. T. B.* 1865, 6.
New Year; *see* Newland (Armstrong's).
Newcastle, 446. H. K. Morley in the *London T. B.* 1875, 255.
Newington, 422. Abp. W. D. Maclagan in *A. & M.* 1875, 280.
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Nutfield, 24. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.*, 1861, 18.

O bone patria; *see* Homeland.
O filii et filiae, 165. Probably a French tune of the seventeenth century. In the *Nord-Stern*, 1671. See *B.* i, p. 560; also *C. L.* p. 102.
O lux beata, 192. Sarum Plainsong in *A.* f. 113 *b*.
O Paradise, 661. H. W. Henry in *Crown of Jesus Music*, 1864, 174.
O Perfect Love, 277. Sir J. Barnby as *O Perfect Love*, 1889. Wedding anthem for the marriage of H.R.H. Princess Louise of Wales with the Duke of Fife.
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Onward, 97. J. E. Roe in his *The Hymn, 'Angels of Jesus', The Processional Hymn, 'Onward, Christian soldiers'*, *c.* 1870.
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Orientis partibus, 615. French melody of twelfth century. See *C. L.* p. 106, and p. 561 of this book.
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Passion Chorale, 189. H. L. Hassler in his *Lustgarten*, 1601, to 'Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret'. See *E.* 5995.
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Pater omnium, 688. H. J. E. Holmes in the *Burnley T. B.* 1875, 351. W. about 1870 for 'Onward through life', in the S.P.C.K. *New Appx.* 1869, 455.
Patmos, 496. H. J. Stover, 1891, as leaflet; recast for C. L. Hutchins's *Ch. Hyl.* 1894, 404.
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Penitence, 498. S. Lane in C. L. Hutchins's *Ch. Hyl.* 1879, 448.
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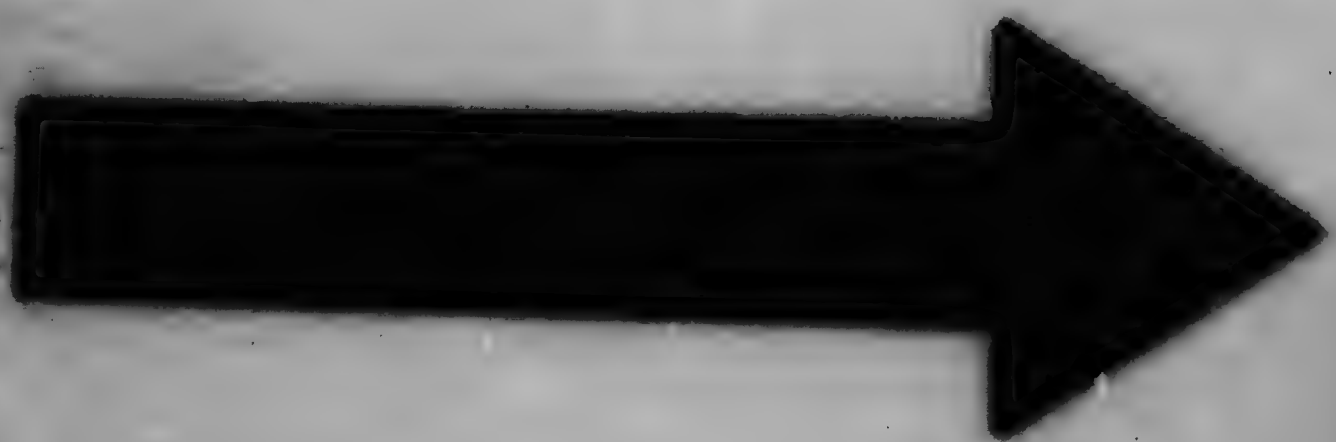

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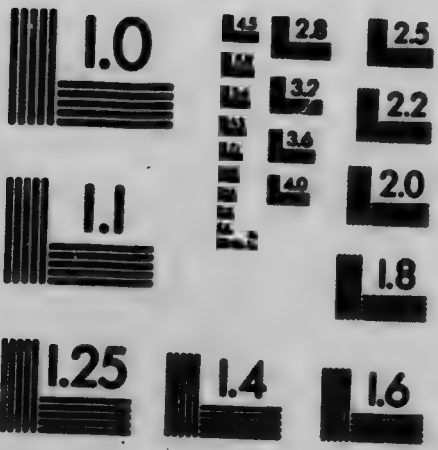

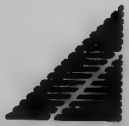

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Ruth, 620. S. Smith in his *Sel. of P & H. T.* 1865, p. 9.
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St. Bernard; *see* St. Oswald (Dykes's).
St. Boniface; *see* Vienna.
St. Botolf, 655. J. H. Gower in his *O. T.* 1890.
St. Bride, 111. S. Howard in W. Riley's *Parochial Harmony*, 1762, p. 27, as St. Bridget's Tune. See *M. T.* 1905, p. 659.
St. Catherine, 580. Rev. R. F. Dale in *Twenty-Two O. H. T.* 1867.
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St. Cecilia, 652. Rev. L. G. Hayne in the *Merton T. B.* 1863, 157.
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St. Cross, 143. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1861, 100.
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St. Flavian, 250. In Day's *Psalmes*, 1562, to Ps. cxxxii.
St. Frances, 374. G. A. Löhr in *The Chorale Book*, 1861, 30, ed. by H. H. Bemrose and W. Adlington.
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St. Gabriel, 88. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley in *A. & M.* 1868, 274.
St. George, 99. Sir G. J. Elvey in E. H. Thomas's *Sel. of P. & H. T.* 1858, 62.
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St. Helen, 249. Sir G. C. Martin, for the London Church Choir Association Festival Service, 1891; to *B. C. P.* 601.
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St. John, 235. Rev. R. Cecil in Theophania Cecil's *P. & H. T.* 1814, p. 18, as *St. John's*.
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St. Jude, 591. C. Vincent, w. 1876; in *H. C.* 1877, 470.
St. Kevin, 168. Sir. A. S. Sullivan in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 285.
St. Lambert, 506. Rev. R. R. Chope in his *Cong. H. & T. B.* 1862, 186.
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St. Leonard, 606. Dean E. P. Crawford in his *H. T.* 1907, p. 8, and *B. C. P.* 1909, 606.
St. Louis, 80. L. H. Redner, w. 1868. See p. 85 of this book.
St. Lucy, 101. Rev. H. J. Poole in *Twenty-Two Original H. T.* 1867.

St. Luke, 128. J. Clark in H. Playford's *Divine Companion*, 1701, p. 27.
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St. Mabyn, 271. A. H. Brown, w. Jan. 1868; in *Bristol T. B.* 1876, 551.
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St. Margaret, 148. Rev. W. Statham in *A. & M.* 1875, 115.
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St. Martin, 509. In C. Ett's *Cantica Sacra*, 1840, p. 136, to 'Ave maris stella'.
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St. Mary, 107. In Archdeacon E. Pryn's *Llyfr y Psalmau*, 1621, to Ps. ii.
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St. Oswald, 195. Rev. J. B. Dykes in J. Grey's *Manual of P. & H. T.* 1857, as *St. Bernard*. See *C. L.* p. 187.
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St. Stephen, 66. Rev. W. Jones in his *Ten Church Pieces*, 1789, p. 89, as St. Stephen's Tune. See *M. T.* 1903, p. 314.
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St. Theresa, 376. Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 566.
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St. Timothy, 12. Rev. Sir H. W. Baker in *A. & M.* 1875, 5.
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St. Wystan, 695. Rev. Lord J. T. B. J. Butler in Mrs. Brock's *C. H. B.* 1881, 190.
Salamis, 702. In the *S. S. Teacher's Magazine*, 1841, on an unnumbered page after p. 911.
Salem, 722. In A. Methfessel's *Lieder- und Commersbuch*, 1818, to 'Crambambuli'.
Sales, 655. F. H. Champneys in *A. & M.* 1875, 212.
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Salzburg, 168. J. Hintze in J. Crüger's *Praxis*, 1678, to 'Alle Menschen müssen sterben'. See *Z.* 6778.
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Samaria, 775. Rev. E. W. Bullinger in his *Fifty Original H. T.* 1867, 45.
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Sanctuary, 169. Rev. J. B. Dykes in the *Anglican H. B.* 1871, 220.
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Sandon, 531. C. H. Purday in his *Ch. and Home Metrical Psalter and Hyl.* 1860. See *C. L.* p. 143.
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Sanguis Christi, 151. Canon W. Roberts in *B. C. P.* 1909, 151.
Santa Trinita, 490. E. Pieraccini, w. 1848 for the English Church at Florence; originally named *Trinity*. See *G. A. C.* pp. 43, 52.
Sardis, 495. L. van Beethoven, from his Romance for Violin, Op. 40, No. 1.
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Sawley, 515. J. Walch, w. 1857. In the *Burnley T. B.* 1875, 4, as *Beloved.*
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Sebaste, 82. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1875, 18.
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Sharon, 495. W. Boyce in the *Coll. of Melodies for the Psalms of David according to the version of Christopher Smart*, c. 1765, p. 2. See *M. T.* 1901, p. 448.
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Showers of Blessing, 765. Abp. W. D. Maclagan in his *H. T.* 1864, p. 27; for *B. C. P.* 129.
Sicilian Mariners, 266. In J. Merrick and W. D. Tattersall's *Psalms*, 1794, p. 67, to Ps. xix as *Sicilian Hymn*. See *Julian*, p. 1663.
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Silver Street, 617. I. Smith in his *Coll. of P. T.* 1770, p. 35.
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Sinai, 65. In *H. C.* 1870, 55; as by O'Brien.
Sleep, Holy Babe, 746. Rev. J. B. Dykes in Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols*, 1867, 9.
Slingsby, 393. Rev. E. S. Carter, w. 1865 at Slingsby; pub. in *C. H.* 1874, 568, as *Day by day*.
Snowdon, 25. In *H. C.* 1870, 17, as by Isaac Willis.
Something for Jesus; *see* Consecration.
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Southwell, 151. In W. Damon's *Psalmes*, 1579, to Ps. xiv.
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Spadina, 40. G. H. Loud in *B. C. P.* 1909, 40.
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Splendor Paternae gloriae, 11. Sarum Plainsong in *A.* f. 112.
Spohr, 404. L. Spohr from 'Wenn alle untreu werden' (Though all Thy friends forsake Thee) in his *Calvary* (*Des Heilands letzte Stunden*), 1835.
Springhill, 31. Rev. W. F. Hurndall in his *Tunes and Chants*, 1878, 17.
Springtime, 26. Arr. by Sir A. S. Sullivan in *C. H.* 1874, 61, from a chant. The Chant is in the Irish Church *Chants*, 1868, 115, ascribed to Dean H. Aldrich, but see *C. L.* p. 165. It greatly resembles a chant by W. Crotch in the Irish *Chants*, 1868, 154; see *Parr*, p. 25, and his chant, 137.
Stabat Mater, No. 1, 146. In the *Mecklin Graduale*, 1848, p. 558.
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Stanham, 118. W. B. Braine in his *H. for the Ch. or Home Circle*, 1861, 1, to *B. C. P.* 562.

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Stars all bright, 747. In R. R. Chope's *Carols*, 1875, 4; in index as 'Mr. Moon and W. R. Holt.'
Stella, 36. In *Easy H. T.* 1851, p. 22, to 'Hail! Queen of Heaven'. See *L.* p. 348.
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Story of the Cross, 152. B. Ottley in p. *f.* 1902, and in *B. C. P.* 1909, 152. See p. 156 of this book.
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Strength and Stay, 28. Rev. J. B. Dykes in *A. & M.* 1875, 12.
Stuttgart, 55. In *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha, 1715, to 'Sollt es gleich'. See *Z.* 1853.
Sumus tibi, 827. H. E. Button in the *Bristol T. B.* 1891, 735.
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Surrey, 636. H. Carey in J. Church's *Introduction to Psalmody*, *c.* 1723, p. 120, to Ps. xxiii.
Sursum voces, 426. H. E. Button in the *Primitive Meth. Hyl.* 1869, 994.
Swabia, 589. In J. M. Spiess's *Davids Harpfen-Spiel*, 1745, to 'Ach wachet'; see *Z.* 2218. An earlier form is in J. Crüger's *G. B.* 1640, to 'Nun begehn'; see *Z.* 4229 *d*. A still earlier form is in L. Lossius's *Psalmodia*, 1553, to 'Festum nunc celebre'; see *Z.* 4229 and *B.* i, p. 629.
Swiss melody, 477. In L. Dietsch's *Recueil de Cantiques*, Paris, 1851, 18, to 'L'Encens divin'.
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Tallis, 89. T. Tallis, at the end of Abp. M. Parker's *Whole Psalter*, 1567, to 'Come, Holy Ghost, eternall God'.
Tallis's Canon, 3. T. Tallis at the end of Parker, 1567, to 'God graunt with grace'. See *M. T.* 1906, pp. 723, 795.
Te lucis, 17. Sarum Plainsong in *A. f.* 111.
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Tempestas, 458. T. Langton in p. *f.* 1906, and *B. C. P.* 1909, 458.
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The First Nowell, 748. In W. Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, 1833, Appx. 5.
The Good Fight, 877. Sir J. Barnby in his *O. T.* 1869, p. 61.
The Heart's Refuge, 772. W. H. Doane in his *Songs of Devotion*, 1870, p. 222.

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The Lord of Might, 65. A. J. Page, w. 1870 for a prize competition at the College of Organists.
The Manger Throne, 743. C. Steggall in Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols*, 1867, 2.
The Ninety and Nine, 779. I. D. Sankey in his *S. S. & S.* 1874, 48. See p. 742 of this book, and *Julian*, p. 1162.
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The Radiant Morn, 33. C. F. Gounod in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 90.
The roseate hues, 635. Sir J. Stainer in *A. & M.* 1875, 229.
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There came a little Child; *see* Holy Child.
There is a fountain, 778. L. Mason, arr. from *Fountain* in T. Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1832, 36. In the A. P. *Hyl.* 1868, 425, as *Cowper*, and dated 1830.
Thompson; *see* St. Maria.
Three kings of Orient; *see* We three kings.
Thure famantes, 689. In Le Feillée's *Plain Chant*, 1808, p. 143.
Thy life was given, 564. Sir G. A. Macfarren in *A. & M.* 1875, 259.
Tichfield, 235. J. Richardson in H. Formby's *Collection of Catholic H.* 1853, p. 38, to 'By the blood that flow'd from Thee'.
Tidings; *see* Angelic Songs.
To Victory; *see* The Good Fight.
Toplady, 608. T. Hastings in his *Spiritual Songs*, 1832, p. 84, as *Rock of Ages*. In the A. P. *Hyl.* 1868, 478, dated 1830.
Tours, 91. B. Tours in *The Hymnary*, 1872, 498.
Trentham, 410. R. Jackson in his *Sacred Leaflets*, 1894, p. 70, to *B. C. P.* 151.
Trichinopoly, 715. In T. Moore's *Melologue upon National Music*, 1811, to 'List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings'. He says it was sung by peasants in Greece to Sir W. H. Gell.
Trinity; *see* Moscow.
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Trisagion, 212. H. T. Smart in *A. & M.* 1868, 321.
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Troyte's Chant, No. 1, 559. A. H. D. Troyte in *Forty-eight H. T.* 1860, 2; *see C. L.* p. 172.
Troyte's Chant, No. 2, 637. Arr. from W. Hayes in J. C. Beckwith's *Coll. of Chants*, 1808 (see *Parr*, pp. 21, 80, 244).
Truro, 46. In T. Williams's *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790; *see C. L.* p. 154.
Trust, 145. Rev. G. W. Torrance, w. 1864, in *I. C. H.* 1874, 181.
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Tyrolese air, 697. In the *Paderbornisches G. B.* 1765, to 'Mein Herz, sey zufrieden'. See *B.* iii, p. 228. Here as in *Crown of Jesus Music*, 1864, 125.

Unde et memores, 288. W. H. Monk in *A. & M.* 1875, 322.
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Valiance, 378. C. Darnton, arr. from his vocal march, *March on, march on, O ye soldiers true*, 1896.
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Winchester Old, 75. In T. Est's *Psalmes*, 1592, to Ps. lxxxiv. Partly from C. Tye's *Actes of the Apostles*, 1553; *see Love*, p. 288, and *C. L.* p. 168.
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Wir pflügen, 348. J. A. P. Schulz in Hoppenstedt's *Melodien für Volksschulen*, Hanover, 1800, pt. iii, No. 38; *see* the *Nonconformist Musical Journal*, March, 1903, pp. 41–43.
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Woburn; *see* Surrey.
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Woolwich, 411. C. E. Kettle in the *Bristol T. B.* 1876, 266.
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Yield not to temptation, 725. H. R. Palmer in his *Sabbath School Songs*, 1868. See *Love*, p. 224.
York, 467. *The ci Psalmes*, Edinburgh, 1615, named *The Stilt*, as the seventh of the common tunes. See *C. L.* p. 164.
Yorkshire, 74. J. Wainwright in C. Ashworth's *Coll. of Tunes*, c. 1768, p. 66, as *Mortram*. See *M. T.* 1902, p. 790.

Zephyr, 530. W. B. Bradbury in his *Psalmodist*, 1844.
Zoan, 336. Rev. W. H. Havergal in his *A Hundred P. & H. T.* 1859, 96; w. 1845. See *C. L.* p. 164.
Zutphen; *see* Batty.

SUMMARY.

THE TUNES IN THIS BOOK MAY BE CLASSIFIED AS FOLLOWS:

Mediæval	23	1st half 19th century	98
16th century	23	2nd half 19th "	566
17th "	35	20th century	43
18th "	86		

Of the tunes, including repetitions, 758 are English, 113 American, 105 German, 44 Canadian, 25 Irish, 16 Austrian, 14 French, 12 Swiss, 10 Welsh, 10 Scotch, 6 Italian, 2 Russian, 1 Manx.

Of the tunes, including repetitions, 54 are by Dykes, 30 by Sullivan, 29 by Steiner, 27 by Barnby, 27 by W. H. Monk, 20 by Gauntlett, 8 by Bradbury, 14 by Lowell Mason.

Of the 189 pieces in the Chant Appendix, 21 are by Canadians, including A. R. Blackburn, Dr. Albert Ham, Edmund Phillips, Rev. F. G. Plummer, and E. W. Schuch, of Toronto; Canon William Roberts, of Adolphustown, Ont.; Rev. J. S. Chivers, of Lethbridge, Alta.; Dr. C. F. Davies, of Windsor; Arthur E. Fisher, of Chicago (formerly of Toronto); W. C. T. Morson, of Seaforth, Ont.; the late Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, of Brockville, Ont.; and the late G. H. Loud, of Toronto.

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Brackets indicate that the first line is thus written in some collections.

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291	A safe stronghold our God is
18	Abide with me; fast falls the
220	According to Thy gracious
685	Advent tells us Christ is
43	Again the morn of gladness
752	Alas! and did my Saviour
392	All for Jesus—all for Jesus
132	All glory, laud, and honour
192	All hail, Adored Trinity
294	All hail the power of Jesus'
736	All my heart this night
287	All people that on earth do
22	(All praise to Thee, my God,
686	All things bright and
295	All ye who seek for sure
169	Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts
297	Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
102	Alleluia, song of sweetness
104	Almighty God, Thy word is
294	Almighty God, Whose only
83	An exile for the faith
398	Ancient of days, Who sittest
149	And now, beloved Lord,
233	And now, O Father, mindful
399	And now the wants are told,
52	And now this holy day
71	(Pt. 3) And still through toil
79	Angels, from the realms of
400	Angel-voices, ever singing
401	Approach, my soul, the
295	Arm of the Lord, awake,
214	Around the throne of God a
687	Around the throne of God in
403	Art thou weary, art thou
444	(Pt. 2) As a shadow life is
29	As now the sun's declining
404	As pants the hart for cooling
94	As with gladness men of old
21	At even, when the sun was
71	(Pt. 4) At length with
146	At the Cross her station
163	At the Lamb's high feast we
406	At the Name of Jesus
7	At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
260	Author of life divine
317	Awake! awake! O
172	Awake, glad soul! awake,
2	(Pt. 1) Awake, my soul and
273	Awake, my soul, stretch
128	Awhile in spirit, Lord, to
238	Be still, my soul, for God is
402	Be Thou my Guardian and
288	Before Jehovah's awful
40	Before Thy throne, O Lord
407	Behold the Lamb of God
211	Behold, the Master passeth
223	Behold the messengers of
16	Behold us, Lord, a little
753	Beneath the Cross of Jesus
124	Beyond the holy city wall
200	Bishop of the souls of men
362	Blessèd city, heavenly Salem
212a	Blessing and honour and
408	Blest are the pure in heart
409	Blest be the tie that binds
49	Blest Creator of the light
375	Bowed low in supplication
232	Bread of heaven, on Thee
236	Bread of the world in mercy
410	Breathe on me, Breath of
412	Brief life is here our portion
416	Bright the vision that
417	Brightest and best of the
376	Brightly gleams our banner
241	By Christ redeemed, in
418	By cool Siloam's shady rill
156	By Jesus' grave on either
113a	By Nebo's lonely mountain
121	By precepts taught of ages
514a	Calm on the listening ear of
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737	Carol, sweetly carol
420	Cast thy care on Jesus
422	Children of the heavenly
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363	Christ is made the sure
424	Christ is our Corner-stone
170	Christ is risen! Christ is
159	Christ the Lord is risen
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158	Christ the Lord is risen
688	Christ, Who once amongst
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689	Christian children, Advent
112	Christian, dost thou see
421	Christian! seek not yet

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427 Come, gracious Spirit,
428 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator
268 Come, Holy Ghost, descend
435 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls
17 Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever
438 Come, Holy Spirit, come
419 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
296 Come, labour on
429 Come let us join our cheerful
532[a] Come let us join our friends
114 Come, let us to the Lord our
690 Come, praise your Lord and
691 Come, sing with holy
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441 Come, Thou Holy Spirit,
432 Come, Thou long-expected
9 Come to me, Lord, when
190 Come to our poor nature's
738 Come to the manger in
754 Come to the Saviour, make
436 Come unto Me, ye weary
434 Come, ye disconsolate,
440 Come, ye faithful, raise the
168 Come, ye faithful, raise the
755 Come, ye sinners, poor and
346 Come, ye thankful people,
373 Come ye yourselves apart
692 Coming, coming--yes, they
430 Command Thy blessing from
439 Commit thou all thy ways
423 Conquering kings their
739 Cradled all lowly
60 Creator of the starry height
103 Creator of the world, to
442 Creator Spirit, by Whose
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443 Crown Him with many

69 Day of wrath! O day of
444 (Pt. 1) Days and moments
445 Dear Lord and Father of
447 Disposer Supreme
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242 Draw nigh and take the
63 (Draw nigh, draw nigh)

92 Earth has many a noble
751 Easter flowers are blooming
51 (Ere another Sabbath's)
51 Ere this holy day shall close
331 Eternal Father, strong to
38 Evensong is hushed in
693 Every morning the red sun

694 Fair waved the golden corn
359 Faith of our fathers! living
695 Faithful Shepherd, feed me
449 Far down the ages now
450 Far from my heavenly home
452 Father, again in Jesus'
453 Father, before Thy throne
25 (Father, breathe an evening)
696 Father in heaven, Who
88 Father, let me dedicate
454 Father of all, from land and
456 Father of heaven, Whose
396 Father of mercies, in Thy
671 Father, to Thee I come
459 Fierce raged the tempest
458 Fierce was the wild billow
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298 Fling out the banner! let it
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460 For the beauty of the earth
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227 (For Thy dear saint, O)
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148 Forgive them, O My Father
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194 From all Thy saints in
78 From east to west, from
461 From Egypt's bondage come
462 From every stormy wind
91 From glory unto glory! Be
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356 From ocean unto ocean
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228 Give me the wings of faith,
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116 Giver of the perfect gift
466 Glorious things of Thee are
138 Glory be to Jesus
22 Glory to Thee, my God, this
84 Glory to Thee, O Lord
3 Glory to Thee, Who safe hast
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137 Go to dark Gethsemane
335 God be with you till we meet

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302 God is working His purpose
467 God moves in a mysterious
463 God of mercy, God of grace
358 God of our fathers, known
279 God of the living, in Whose
474 God reveals His presence
353 God save our gracious king
728 God sees the little sparrow
562a God sendeth sun, God
24 God, that madest earth and
338 God the all-terrible! King
464 God the Father's only Son
349 God the Father, Whose
379 Golden harps are sounding
740 Good Christian men, rejoice
371 Gracious Saviour, Who
470 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
337 Great God of hosts, our ears
361 Great God, to Thee our
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180 Hail! Festal (*Ascensiontide*)
188 Hail! Festal (*Whitsuntide*)
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41 Hail! sacred day of earthly
179 Hail the day that sees Him
475 Hail, Thou once despisèd
478 Hail! Thou source of every
476 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
55 Hark! a thrilling voice is
55 (Hark! an awful voice is)
302 Hark, creation's Alleluia
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479 Hark! my soul, it is the
66 Hark the glad sound! the
73 Hark! the herald-angels
224 Hark! the sound of holy
301 Hark! the swelling breezes,
481 Hark, 'tis the watchman's
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483 Have mercy on us, God most
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174 He is risen, He is risen
756 He leadeth me! O blessèd
562a He sendeth sun, He sendeth
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15 Holy Father, hear me
333 Holy Father, in Thy mercy
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193 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God
142 Holy Jesu, by Thy passion
742 Holy night! peaceful night
485 Holy offerings, rich and rare
272 Holy Spirit, Lord of love
487 How beauteous are their feet
225 How bright these glorious
486 How firm a foundation, ye
196 How oft, O Lord, Thy face
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240 I am not worthy, Holy Lord
757 I am trusting Thee, Lord
672 (I bow my forehead to the)
491 I could not do without Thee
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758 I hear Thy welcome voice
493 I heard a sound of voices
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701 I love to hear the story
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760 I need Thee every hour
492 I need Thee, precious Jesu
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702 I think when I read that
656a I to the hills will lift mine
761 I've found a Friend; a
672 Immortal Love, for ever full
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199 In His temple now behold
71 In majesty and power
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502 Jerusalem on high
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730 Jesu, high in glory
507 Jesu, lover of my soul
508 Jesu, meek and gentle
509 Jesu, meek and lowly
510 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my
182 Jesu, our Hope, our hearts'
14 Jesu, Sun of righteousness
732 Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear
525 Jesu, the very thought of
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257 Jesu, Thou Joy of loving
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762 Jesus, and shall it ever be
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57 Jesus came—the heavens
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503 Jesus, I my cross have taken
504 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
512 Jesus is God: the solid
703 Jesus is our Shepherd
763 Jesus, keep me near the
520 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
506 Jesus, Lord of life and glory
729 Jesus loves me, this I know
293 Jesus, Master, Whom I
293[a] Jesus, Master, Whose I am
764 Jesus, my Saviour, look on
518 Jesus, Name of wondrous
513 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
517 Jesus shall reign where'er
521 Jesus, stand among us
141 Jesus, the Crucified, pleads
381 Jesus, Thou hast willed it
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81 Joy fills our inmost heart
527 Joy to the world! The Lord
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528 Just as I am—without one
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210 King of saints, to Whom
204 King of saints, we offer

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531 Lead, kindly Light, amid ——
550 Lead us, heavenly Father,
511 Leader of faithful souls, and
674 Let me be with Thee where
226 Let our choir new anthems
532 Let saints on earth in
306 Let the song go round the
345[a] Life, we've been long
364 Lift the strain of high
533 Lift up your heads, ye gates
536 Light's abode, celestial
162 (Pt. 1) Light's glittering
743 Like silver lamps in a
689 (Little children, Advent)
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554 Lo, God is here: let us adore
56 Lo! He comes with clouds
123 Lo! now is our accepted
555 Lo! round the throne, a
98 Lo, the pilgrim magi
499 Lo! the voice of Jesus
546 Look, ye saints! the sight is
704 Looking upward every day
453[a] Lord and Father, great and
534 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross
372 (Pt. 1) Lord, behold us with
365 Lord, behold us with Thy
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538 Lord God the Holy Ghost
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108 Lord, in this Thy mercy's
177 Lord, in Thy Name Thy
677 Lord, it belongs not to my
539 Lord Jesu, when we stand
535 Lord Jesus, think on me
40 Lord, keep us safe this night
332 Lord most holy, God most
118 Lord, not despairingly
547 Lord, now we part in Thy
327 Lord of all creation
541 Lord of all power and might
325 Lord of glory, Who hast
355 Lord of heaven, and earth,
370 Lord of life and King of
471 Lord of mercy and of might
543 Lord of our life, and God of
309 Lord of the harvest! it is
283 Lord of the living harvest
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548 Lord, teach us how to pray
326 Lord, Thou lov'st the
550 Lord, Thy Word abideth
119 Lord, to Thee alone we turn
263 Lord, to whom except to
144 Lord, when Thy kingdom
549 Lord, when we bend before
706 Lord, Who hast made me
433 Love divine, all loves
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707 Loving Shepherd of Thy

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766 More love to Thee, O Christ
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767 My God, my Father, dost
560 My God, my Father, while
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13 Now, gracious Lord, Thine
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343 Now thank we all our God
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10 Now that the sun is
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310 O brothers, lift your voices
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143 O come and mourn with me
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269 O Father, bless the children
265 O Father, Thou Who hast
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580 O Jesu, Thou art standing
579 O Jesus, I have promised
357 O King of kings, Whose
125 O Lamb of God! still keep
522 O let him whose sorrow
80 O little town of Bethlehem
672[2] O Lord and Master of us all
581 O Lord, how happy should
583 O Lord, how joyful 'tis to
178 O Lord most high, eternal
324 O Lord of heaven and earth
340 O Lord of hosts, Who didst
360 O Lord of hosts, Whose
339 O Lord our Banner, God of
369 O Lord, our strength in
107 O Lord, turn not Thy face
582 O Love Divine, how sweet
584 O love, how deep! how
679 O Love that will not let me
585 O Love, Who formedst me
231 O Master, it is good to be
291 O Master, let me walk with
122 O merciful Creator, hear

HYMN

501 O mother dear, Jerusalem
311 O North, with all thy vales
681 O Paradise, O Paradise
151 O perfect life of love
277 O perfect Love, all human
366 O praise our God to-day
586 O praise ye the Lord
67 O quickly come, dread
140 O sacred head, sore wounded
139 O sacred head, surrounded
706 O safe to the Rock that is
254 (Pt. 2) O Saving Victim,
36 (O Saviour, bless us ere we)
40 O Saviour, ere we part
577 O Saviour, may we never
386 O Saviour, precious Saviour
446 O Saviour, where shall
126 O sinner, lift the eye of
312 O Sion, haste, thy mission
198 O Sion, open wide thy gates
205 O Son of God, our Captain
165 O sons and daughters, let
200 O Spirit of the living God
28 O Strength and Stay,
591 (O the bitter shame and)
575 O Thou, from Whom all
529 O Thou the contrite sinners'
255 (O Thou, Who at Thy)
96 O Thou Who by a star didst
116a O Thou Who dost to man
386 O Thou Who makest souls
529 O what, if we are Christ's
595 O what the joy and the
506 O Word of God Incarnate
448 O worship the King
76 Of the Father's love begotten
586 Oft in danger, oft in woe
591 Oh, the bitter shame and
59 On Jordan's bank, the
382 On our way rejoicing
502 On the resurrection morning
50 On this day, the first of days
733 Once again, dear Lord, we
712 Once in royal David's city
[illegible] Once more the solemn
251 Once, only once, and once
380 One sweetly solemn thought
713 One there is above all others
389 Onward, Christian soldiers
305a Our blessèd bond of union
594 Our blest Redeemer, ere He
48 Our day of praise is done
130 Out of the deep I call

[illegible] Palms of glory, raiment
170 Pass me not, O gentle
690 Peace, perfect peace, in this

HYMN

482 Pleasant are Thy courts
287 (Pour out Thy Spirit)
601 Praise, my soul, the King of
344 Praise, O praise our God
469 Praise the Lord! ye heavens
426 Praise the Rock of our
345 Praise to God, immortal
213 Praise to God Who reigns
354 Praise to our God, Whose
516 Praise to the Holiest in the
201 Praise we the Lord this day
603 Prayer is the soul's sincere

597 Rejoice, all ye believers
605 Rejoice, the Lord is King
342 Rejoice to-day with one
385 Rejoice, ye pure in heart
771 Rescue the perishing, care
606 Rest of the weary
154 Resting from His work
607 Revive Thy work, O Lord
133 Ride on! ride on in majesty
608 Rock of ages, cleft for me
425 Round the Sacred City

154 (Sabbath of the saints of old)
609 Safe home, safe home in
772 Safe in the arms of Jesus
284 Safely, safely gathered in
37 Saviour, again to Thy dear
612 Saviour, blessèd Saviour
25 Saviour, breathe an evening
773 Saviour, more than life to
308 Saviour, sprinkle many
714 Saviour, teach me day by
774 Saviour, Thy dying love
613 Saviour, when in dust to
266 Saviour, Who Thy flock art
745 See amid the winter's snow
152a See Him in raiment rent
184 See the Conqueror mounts
135 See the destined day arise
313 Send Thou, O Lord, to every
42 Servants of God, awake
734 Shall we gather at the river
510 Shepherd Divine, our wants
552 Shepherd of tender youth
289 Shine Thou upon us, Lord
676a Show me the way, O Lord
117 Sinful, sighing to be blest
614 Sing Alleluia forth in
131 (Pt. 1) Sing, my tongue, the
616 Sing to the Lord a joyful
746 Sleep, Holy Babe! upon Thy
282 Sleep thy last sleep
19 Softly now the light of day
617 Soldiers of Christ, arise

HYMN	
314	Soldiers of the Cross, arise
615	Soldiers, who are Christ's
599	Songs of praise the angels
99	Songs of thankfulness and
101	Sons of men, behold from far
316	Souls in heathen darkness
775	Souls of m n! why will ye
305	Sow the seed beside all
315	Speed Thy servants, Saviour
604	Spirit Divine, attend our
191	Spirit of mercy, truth, and
618	Stand up, and bless the Lord
619	Stand up, stand up, for
747	Stars all bright are beaming
776	Stars of evening, softly
212	Stars of the morning, so
620	Summer suns are glowing
20	Sun of my soul, Thou
682	Sunset and evening star
262	Sweet feast of love divine
46	Sweet is the work, my God,
36	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere
129	Sweet the moments, rich in
621	Take my life, and let it be
623	Take up thy cross, the
777	Tell me the old, old story
368	Temple of God's Holy Spirit
494	Ten thousand times ten
283	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast
62	That day of wrath, that
162	(Pt. 3) That Eastertide with
58	The Advent of our King
86	The ancient law departs
162	(Pt. 2) The apostles' hearts
70	The Church has waited long
176	The Church of Thy dear Son
624	The Church's one foundation
34	The day is past and over
167	The day of resurrection
27	The day Thou gavest, Lord,
221	The eternal gifts of Christ
748	The first Nowell the angel
625	(Pt. 1) The God of Abraham
626	(Pt. 2) The God of Abraham
202	The God Whom earth, and
627	The head that once was
95	The heavenly Child in
254	The heavenly Word
629	The heavens declare Thy
630	The King of love my
161	The Lamb's high banquet
30	The Lord be with us as we
634a	The Lord is my Shepherd
632	The Lord is King! lift up
65	The Lord of might, from

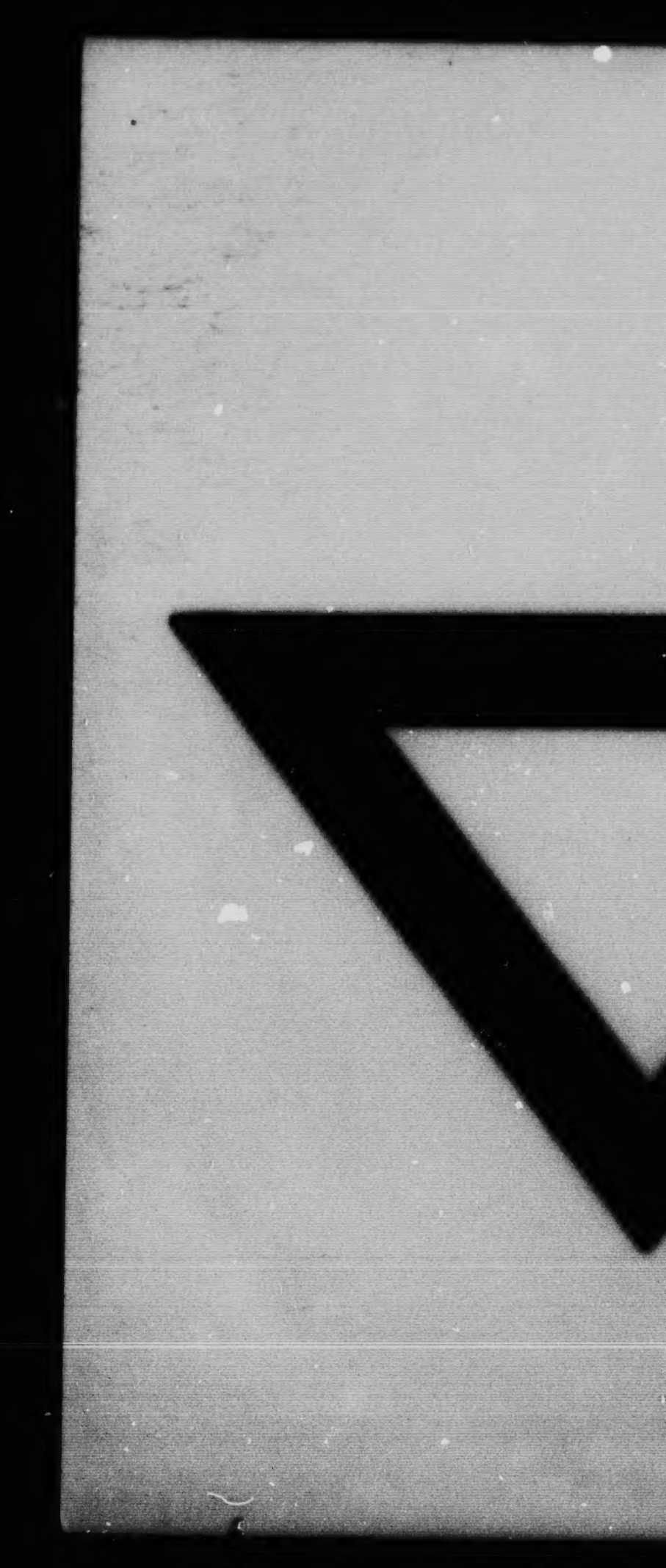
HYMN	
634	The Lord's my Shepherd,
318	The love of Christ
319	The Master comes! He calls
68	The mighty God, the Lord,
320	The morning light is
90	The old year's long campaign
100	The people that in darkness
33	The radiant morn hath
635	The roseate hues of early
130	The royal banners forward
220	The saints of God! Their
71	(Pt. 2) The same angelic
683	The sands of time are
39	The shadows of the evening
292	The Son of Consolation
636	The Son of God goes forth
351	The sower went forth sowing
152	[The story of the Cross]
637	The strain upraise of joy
166	The strife is o'er, the battle
252	The sun is set, the twilight's
23	The sun is sinking fast
275	The voice that breathed o'er
715	The wise may bring their
413	The world is very evil
89	The year is gone beyond
350	The year is swiftly waning
245	Thee we adore, O hidden
638	Thee will I love, my
716	There came a little Child
639	There is a blessed home
611	There is a book, who runs
778	There is a fountain filled
640	There is a green hill far
719	There is a happy land
641	There is a land of pure
411	There is no night in heaven
717	There's a fight to be fought,
718a	There's a Friend for aged
718	There's a Friend for little
775	(There's a wideness in God's
779	There were ninety and nine
248	(Pt. 2) Therefore we, before
215	They come, God's messengers
643	They whose course on earth
330	Thine arm, O Lord, in days
622	Thine for ever!—God of love
271	Thine for ever! Thine for
47	This is the day of light
45	This is the day the Lord
505	Those eternal bowers man
646	Thou art coming, O my
186	Thou art gone up on high
628	Thou art the Way; to Thee
780	Thou didst leave Thy throne
564	(Thou gav'st Thy life for me)

HYMN
58 Thou, in Whose Name the
647 Thou Judge of quick and
329 Thou to Whom the sick and
255 Thou, Who at Thy first
85 Thou, Who camest here in
217 Thou Who sentest Thine
542 Thou Whose almighty word
631 Three in One, and One in
147 Throned upon the awful tree
642 Through all the changing
378 Through earth's wide round,
321 Through midnight gloom
735 Through the day Thy love
651 Through the love of God our
650 Through the night of doubt
648 Thy hand, O God, has guided
652 Thy kingdom come, O God
564 Thy life was given for me
654 Thy way, not mine, O Lord
235 Till He come—O let the
237 'Tis done! that new and
649 To him that overcometh on
657 To the Name of our salvation
655 To Thee, O Comforter divine
347 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts
175 To Thee our God we fly
645 To Thy temple I repair

656 Unto the hills around do I
230 Upon the holy mount they
322 Upraise you! Soldiers of the
300* Upward where the stars are

720 We are but little children
721 We are marching on with
653 We are soldiers of Christ,
377 We come in the might of the
228 We give Thee but Thine own
259 We hail Thee now, O Jesu
721 We have heard the joyful
650 We have not known Thee
276 We lift our hearts, O Father
653 We love the place, O God
377 We march, we march to
672* We may not climb the
348 We plough the fields, and
203 We praise Thy grace, O
258 We pray Thee, heavenly
660 We saw Thee not when
197 We sing the glorious
633 We sing the praise of Him
750 We three kings of Orient
120 Weary of earth, and laden
782 Weary of wandering from
155 Weeping as they go their
171 Welcome, happy morning!
783 What a Friend we have in
341 What our Father does is
216 What thanks and praise to
524 What various hindrances
661 When all Thy mercies, O my
749 When Christ was born of
189 When God of old came down
735 When He cometh, when
709 When, His salvation
662 When I survey the
664 When morning gilds the
723 When mothers of Salem
664 When on my day of life the
644 When our heads are bowed
663 When the dark waves round
472 When the day of toil is done
390* When the weary, seeking
665 When the world is brightest
113 When, wounded sore, the
668 Where high the heavenly
593 Where the Light for ever
75 While shepherds watched
218 Who are these like stars
723 Who is He in yonder stall
380 Who is on the Lord's side
668 Who is this so weak and
667 Why should I fear the
324 With the sweet word of
374 With weary feet and
323 Work, for the day is coming
724 Work, for the night is
669 Ye boundless realms of joy
178 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
545 Ye holy angels bright
587 Ye servants of God
670 Ye servants of the Lord
725 Yield not to temptation

304 Zion's King shall reign

LITANIES

748 For Advent
785 Of the Incarnate Word
786 Of Penitence (No. 1)
787 Of Penitence (No. 2)
788 Of the Passion
789 Of the Seven Words from
790 Of the Resurrection
791 Of the Holy Ghost
792 Of the Church
793 Of the Blessed Sacrament
794, 795 For Children